

Interlinkum - Glossa Machinae - Project AngelBook-

— Volume XV - Part 7 —



LIMITED
LINK EDITION

L

CRIMINAL
MIND

PREMIER
GLITCH
RENDER

Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Interlinkum – Glossa
Machinae – Project
AngelBook – Volume XV –
Part 7
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(DBM ECLIPZE)

Interlinkum — Prolegomena ad Nexus

Interlinkum is not a book in the traditional sense. It is a corridor, a fault line, a pressure chamber. It exists in the interval between completed structures and emergent order, between what has already been named and what has not yet stabilized into language. If Project AngelBook is an archive of revelations, and the Book of Links is a functional network of correspondences, then Interlinkum is the chaotic transmission layer where meaning breaks apart before reassembling into something usable. This volume marks the final uncontrolled phase. Here, symbols have not yet agreed on their roles. Angels appear without hierarchies, machines behave like myths, rituals resemble algorithms, and theology collapses into interface. The content of Interlinkum is not arranged to teach, persuade, or convert. It exists to destabilize inherited frameworks so that a new connective logic can emerge. What you are reading is not doctrine; it is interference.

Interlinkum gathers fragments—gnostic echoes, esoteric mechanics, technological archetypes, cultural debris, and spiritual residue—and places them into forced proximity. The resulting friction generates insight, distortion, and occasionally revelation. This is intentional. Order cannot be linked until it has been stress-tested. Coherence cannot be trusted until chaos has exhausted itself.

Each part of Interlinkum functions as a node collapse: a moment where multiple systems briefly overlap before separating again. Nothing here should be taken as final. Names shift. Symbols mutate. Roles invert. This is the last space where contradiction is allowed to exist without resolution. Beyond this point, ambiguity becomes architecture.

Interlinkum is also a warning. Once the Links are formed, traversal becomes easier—but less forgiving. The Book of Links will not explain itself. It will not tolerate mythic drift or symbolic excess. It will operate. Interlinkum, by contrast, is indulgent, violent, playful, unstable. It allows everything in so that only what truly connects will survive.

Read this volume as a liminal artifact. Do not search for conclusions. Do not expect alignment. Let the imagery overload you. Let the systems clash. Let the chaos burn itself out. When the noise finally thins, what remains will be linkable.

Interlinkum is the last fire before the network.

After this, the connections begin.

... hand so hi proposes the very least we can do for 'im his to subscribe yearly towards 'im folve shillins!" ("ear, 'ear" from a comrade in the corner). However, the sheep wouldn't have it, and the {286} little man sat down to ruminate over lead piping, and solder at twopence a stick.

During the summer of '07 I had little time to waste at number 60, and had almost forgotten about the Mahatma, who, so I had been told, had let England for America, when I received a card announcing his return, and asking me to be present at a general meeting.

This I did, and as usual was more than bored. After business was over the Mahatma entered the room, all his sheep locking round him to seek the turnips of his wisdom. On these occasions he would ask questions and select subjects upon which his disciples were supposed to write essays. One of these, I can still remember, was: "How to help the helpless hands"; another was: "What is dis-satisfaction, and what is true satisfaction?" And the answer was: "Love fixed on mortal things, without the knowledge of its source, increases vibration and creates dissatisfaction ('mortal things' is good!)."

In his book, "Sri Brahma Dhara," which contains some of the most astonishing balderdash ever put in print, may be found his philosophy. This is a stewed-up hash of Yoga, Vedanta, and outrageous verbosity. "Love," he writes, "is the force of the magician Maya, and is the cause of all disorder" (it seems to be so even in his exalted position). "This force of love --- in the state of circumgyration in the extended world --- is the cause of all mental movements towards the feeling of easiness or uneasiness: but the mind enjoys eternal beatitude with perfect calmness, when the force of love is concentrated over the unlimited extension of silence" ('silence' is really choice!). {287}

"Virtue," he defines as: "the bent of mind towards self-command" (and evidently practises it). His morals are good; but his scientific conceptions really "take the cake!" "there are three kinds of animate creations in the world," he writes: "They are the creations from (1) the womb; (2) Eggs; (3) Perspiration. ..." Another gem: "how is it that some of the bodies are male and some are female?" Answer: "If the male seed preponderates, a male body is produced; and if female, a female. While, when both are equally proportioned, an eunuch is born"(!)

At one of his male meetings --- there were also female ones; but mixed bathing in the ocean of infinite bliss was not allowed --- he related to us his pet story, of how he had "flumoxed" the chief engineer and the captain of the liner which had brought him back from America.

He informed them that coal and steam were absurd; what you want, he said, is to have two large holes made in the sides of you ship, then the air will blow into them and turn the wheels, and make the ship go. When the captain pointed out to him, that if a storm were to arise the water might possibly flow into the ship and sink it, he roared out, "No! no! ... get English! ... get intellect! see! see! de vind vill fill de ship and blow it out of de vater and take it across over de vaves!" --- Since this now becomes public property there probably will be a slump in turbines!

It was towards the close of last October, when I received from a friend of mine --- also a so-called disciple --- a letter in which he wrote: "There was a devil of a row at 60 last night. M: pressed me to come to his weekly entertainments; so I {288} came. He urged me to speak; so I spoke. He then revealed his divine self in an exceptionally able manner; I refrained from revealing mine. His divine self reminded one rather of a 'Navy's Saturday Night, by Battersea Burns.'" He further urged me to go and see the Mahatma himself on the following Sunday; and this I did.

I arrived at 60, South Audley Street at seven o'clock. There were already about twenty sheepish-looking tigers present, and when the Mahatma entered the room, I sat down next to him; for, knowing, in case a scrimmage should occur, that a Hindoo cannot stomach a blow in the spleen, I thought it wisest to be within striking distance of him.

The Mahatma opened the evening's discussion by saying: "Humph ... I am Agnostic, you are believers. I say 'I don't know,' you contradict me." And during the next hour and a half more Bunkum was talked in that room that I should say in Exeter Hall during the whole course of the last century. At last it ended, and though I had made various attempts to draw His Holiness into argument, I had as yet failed to unveil his divinity. He now started dictating his precious philosophy, and in such execrable English, that it was quite impossible to follow him, and I once or twice asked him to repeat what he had said, and as I did so I noticed that several of the faithful shivered and turned pale. At length came the word "expectation" or "separation," and as I could not catch which, I exclaimed "what?"

"You pig-faced man!" shouted His Holiness, "you dirty fellow, you come here to take away my disciples ... vat you vant with this: vat! vat! vat! vat! ... You do no exercise, else you understand vat I say, dirty man!" And then turning to {289} his three head bell-wethers who were sitting at a separate table he sneered:

"X----" (my friend present at the previous revelation of his divinity) "Send this pig-one ... eh?"

"I don't know why ..." I began.

"Grutch, butch!" he roared, "you speak to me, you co-eater! ... get intellect," he yealled, "get English," he bellowed, and up he sprang from the table.

As I did not wish to be murdered, for he had now become a dangerous maniac, I rose, keeping my eyes on him, and taking up my hat and stick, which I had purposely placed just behind me, I quietly passed round the large table at which his terror-stricken fold sat gaping, and moved towards the door.

The whole assembly seemed petrified with fear. At first the Bless'd One appeared not to realize what had happened, so taken aback was he by any one having the audacity to leave the room without his permission: then he recovered himself, and at the top of his tiger-roar poured out his curses in choicest Hindustani.

On reaching the door I opened it, and then facing him I exclaimed in a loud

voice in his native tongue:

"Chup raho! tum suar ke bachcha ho!"

With gleaming eyes, and foaming lips, and arms flung wildly into the air, --- there stood the Indian God, the 666th incarnation of Haram Zada, stung to the very marrow of his bones by this bitterest insult. Beside himself with fury he sprang up, murder written on every line of his face; tried to leap across the table --- and fell in an epileptic fit. As he did so, I shut the door in his face.

Aum.

SAM HARDY. {290}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04026.html>

38 captures

03 Sep 2001 - 28 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

THE THIEF-TAKER

SAKD JAELLAL UD DIN BEN MESSAOUD

Trusted to Allah for his daily food;

And so with favour was the Saint anointed

That never yet had he been disappointed.

One day this pious person wished to shave

His head; a sly and sacrilegious knave

Passed; when the good man would resume his prayer,

Alas! his turban was no longer there.

In rushed Mohammed, Hassan, and Husein:

"See! there he goes, the bastard of a swine.

Hasten, and catch him!" But the good man went

With melancholy pace and sad intent

Unto the burying-ground without the wall;

And there he sat, stern and funereal,

Wrapped in deep thought from any outward sense,

A monument of earnest patience!

"Sire!" (a disciple dared at length to say)

"That wicked person took another way."

"Wide is the desert," said the saintly seer:

"But this is certain, that he must come here."

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04027.html>

40 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

SHELLEY. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. GEORGE

WYNDHAM. Burns and Oates.

We would rather not refer to the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham in a paper of this character. Let us deal with Francis Thompson.

Had he no friend to burn this manuscript? To save him from blackening his own memory in this way? We were content to give him his appointed niche in the temple, that of a delicate, forceful spirit, if rarely capable of cosmic expansion. We did not look for eagle-flights; we thought of him as a wild goose sweeping from Tibet upon the poppy-fields of Yunnan. But the prose of a poet reveals the man in him, as his poetry reveals the god; and Francis Thompson the man is a pitiful thing enough. It is the wounded earthworm cursing the harrow; the snipe blaspheming the lark. Shelley was a fine, pure, healthy man whose soul was habitually one with the Infinite Universe; Thompson was a wretch whose body was poisoned by drugs, whose mind by superstition. Francis Thompson was so much in love with his miserable self that he could not bear the thought of its extinction; Shelley was glad to die if thereby one rose could bloom the redder.

This essay is disgusting; we were all trying to forget Francis Thompson, to remember his songs; and here we have his putrid corpse indecently disinterred and thrust under our noses.

The worst of it all is the very perfection of the wrappings. what a poet Thompson might have been if he had never heard of Christ or opium; if he had revelled in Venice with its courtesans of ruddy hair, swan gracefulness, and tiger soul! Instead, he sold matches in the streets of London; from which abyss a church meant warmth, light, incense, music, and a pageant of hope.

To-day, as in the days of Nero, Christianity is no more than the slum-born shriek of the degenerate and undersized starvelings that inhabit the Inferno of Industrialism.

So also Thompson, impotent from abuse of opium, reviles Shelley and Byron for virility. "O che sciagura essere senza cog!" ---

Dirt, dogma, drugs! What wonder and what hope lies in the soul of man if from such ingredients can be distilled such wine as "The dream tryst?"
Requiescat in pace. Let the flowers grow on Thompson's grave; let none exhume the body!

A. QUILLER, JR.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04028.html>

39 captures

3 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

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24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV:

DE LA RATIBOISIERE'S ACCOUNT OF THE

TYPHLOSOPHISTS OF SOUTH RUSSIA

BY

J. F. C. FULLER AND GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

THE EYES OF ST. LJUBOV

I

"TELL it us! O tell us it!"

Elph,nor Pistouillat de la RatiboisiŠre, the Master Magician, hearkened unto his disciples, who sat cross-legged around his incense-bowl. His lips parted in that unapeable grin of his, and he stopped his nostrils awhile with his two forefingers. Then he blew on the charcoal and began.

"Yes, I will tell it to you, intellectual infants, I will. Listen. Two hundred and one years ago --- when I was thin and thirty --- I chanced upon a couple, living in South Russia. Boy and girl they were still; but, as it were, they unwittingly founded a strange sect of self-mutilated followers, and, being the only man alive who witnessed the beginnings thereof, I will undertake to keep you interested for more than sixteen minutes with their history."

The room was now darkened, and three large globes of crystal, set under the rays of a lamp, stood alone, attracting the eyes. The first globe was limpid

and colourless, the second was of the palest amethyst, the third of a rich yellow. Worlds were revolving within. Then Elph,nor broke the silence again.

"She was a little girl and he was a little boy ..." {295}

"She looked like a penny toy," murmured the Neptunian of the party.

None of the others smiled, for the Ancient was already beginning:

"Per illud nomen per quod Solomo constri8ngebatur daemones, et conclusit ..."

He stopped short, however, seeing that the irrelevant interruption had found no echo; and he went on with his narrative, moving his arms to the rhythm of his voice, and with his fingers kneading unseen shapes in the air.

II

"THE boy comes in later. I want you to realize how beautiful was the little girl. Like a thick thread of scarlet were her lips, comely was her countenance, most pleasing to the sight was her earthly body, a temptation to the Angels her soul. Her eyes expressed the Infinite Sweetness, the Love Merciful; the Pure Innocence of the Eternal Equi-balanced. They were like crystalline drops of dew falling on a perfect rock of Carrara marble; eyes that looked upon you and created you holy; eyes clearer than the clearest rivulet, more beautiful than the most royal amethyst; eyes that illuminated the darkest corner of Hell; eyes that set the fashion to the stars of the Celestial Vault of Heaven; eyes that were but the imperfect mirror of the soul behind. Such was the ten-years-old Ljubov of the goodly countenance.

When, later on, the usual legend grew around her, it was said that wolves had once entered the village, in the midst of {296} winter, starved to madness, and had begun eating two cows in their shed, when little Ljubov chanced upon them and was discovered half an hour later, surrounded by two hundred of these wolves, which were pushing and kicking one another to lick her hands.

On another occasion, extraordinary miracle, one glance from her eyes had stopped the tongue of a drunken pope who was swearing at a peasant in the foulest language.

She was, of course, a favourite with all in the village: the simpler and nearer Nature their souls, the more they gave the child her proper place. But it must not be inferred that little Ljubov was either worshipped or freed from such menial works as children of her age are called upon to perform. Nor did her playmates realize her superiority. The alleged miracles and the reported cases of healing were heard of some ten years after her death, when eye-witnesses had all departed from this world. Yet, of course, they were possible, quite possible, quite.

III

"ALL of you, suckling babes, have read the Russian tale of the Man who bought souls --- or heard of it. Men of a similar turn of mind exist in Russia, and I want you to concentrate your mind upon such a man, albeit his bargains cost him even less, and were of a more physical reality.

From town to village he went, in search of treasures ion the shape of eyes. The tools of his trade were a few walnut shells, enamelled within, and a certain magical liquid preparation, which he used to preserve the qualities, freshness and beauty of his acquisitions. {297}

On the second day after his arrival in the village where Ljubov lived, he noticed the child and her marvellous beauty. For hours, having retired to the house belonging to a rich lady whose guest he was, he drivelled, with before him the enrapturing vision of Ljubov's priceless jewels. He proceeded carefully; made friends with all the children; and, the seventh day having come, he met her outside the village, by chance --- so she thought --- and made her a present of a few trifling ornaments. Then he placed over his own eyes two empty shells of walnut, and pretended to play some childish game of hide-and-seek.

After a few minutes, it was her turn to don the blinding apparel. But there were different from his, the empty shells he fixed under her eyebrows!

Ljubov felt no pain, rather an exquisite sensation of physical "bien-[^]tre," of wondrous languor. Ay, but a few minutes later, the sun and moon and stars had lost their beauty for her. There were two large cavities under her eyelids. The force within the nutshells had drawn the eyes out of them.

The Man ran away, carrying a treasured little box, and no more was ever heard of him in those parts.

IV

"What boots it to tell of the long, awful days of darkness through which poor little Ljubov lived before she grew accustomed to her blindness? I am not a medical philosopher; I like home and comfort far too much. If I journey, I must needs travel in state, and my staff includes both a medial {298} man and a philosopher. Therefore, what need is there for me to think, to fathom the depths of childish or human sorrow, to send my brains into a tiring process of elucidation? far more pleasant it is to remain a contemplative individual. There fore, O Mexican Gaucho, pass me thy pellote pouch and let me take a helping of the leaves and root of thy wonderful mescal plant. And without thought and without fatigue, I can then "SEE."

Where was I. my little brethren, fathers of larvae, sons of the she-goat? Ah, I know. Well, poor little Ljubov was saved by her magnificent soul from despairing thoughts. She lived, very miserable at first, more resigned later on.

And there was a boy, too. He was the blind-born son of an ex-soldier, and

because of his father's queer and unsocial manner, few people in the village would condescend to take interest in him. But he was no mean child, nevertheless, and his heart was big.

Ljubov had denied herself the pitiful satisfaction of explaining her accident. No one ever heard from her lips the tale of her lost eyes. And, as the months passed by, all remembrance of her, as she had been, died away. Men, women and children passed her by, and took no notice of her. Her parents were kind, but over-worked. Only Piotr, the blind-born child, realized Ljubov's beauty. For if he had no eyes to see with, his other perceptions were sharpened for that very reason. He could not very well understand at first how, and why, it had come to pass that he, alone in the world --- for he was but an ignorant peasant child --- had not received the use of the five operations of the Lord. But the village deacon, who had been in trouble for some cause or another, {299} and was almost a genius in disgrace --- "terribly" "clever" the old men said --- once told the little Piotr what it was to be blind. Fortunately for the child's mental equilibrium, he also spoke of the compensation.

"What they mean, boy, when they call you blind, is that you cannot see," he said; "that is, your eyes have been given unto you by the devil, and not by God. Your father must have been rather a bad fellow, you know. When you hear the women singing at the dance, it is that God has given you your ears; if you didn't enjoy the sounds it would mean that the devil has given you your ears, as the Book says, which God wrote in Russian for our people: 'They have ears' 'and they hear not.'" However, you hear well, and smell well, and your two other senses are all right. What you miss, it's the colour of things. I cannot explain it to you, and it would do you no good if I did. Your compensation is that you do not see that which is ugly, ugly like old Ivan Semenovitch, and also that you hear and feel and smell with more accuracy than we do. Of course, it is nice to see as well, and I will pray Christ for you, especially if you can give me a few coppers with which to buy tapers. You must have plenty of them; people seem to give you very freely."

Thus the tiresome brute, who had but a few chances of getting drunk in the place.

Happily, Piotr and little Ljubov taught one another a simpler and more natural theory. She was now twelve, and the boy fourteen years old. And I chanced to be staying in the neighbourhood. I met them, as hand in hand they cautiously crossed a lane, close to the spot where I was meditating. The girl I had seen before the accident, and only {300} by her golden voice did I recognize her. I listened to their childish talk, and joined in it, and heard it all from her lips. Then, a few days later, something happened. A lady entered.

There Elphnor became silent, for the door was violently shaken from the outside.

"Come in," he said.

The door was pushed open, then shut again, but no one had entered. The disciples exchange a glance of amusement; one of them said:

"Has a lady entered?"

They were all made merry by that exhibition of Neptunian spirit of apropos. But Elph,nor Pistouillat, like the French Southerner he was, missed the courteous element in life, and began to curse the twelve young men. He was a bad-tempered man, and a very theatrical one.

He rose and walked to him who had caused them all to laugh.

"I know you, sir," Elph,nor said, purple in the face, "I know you, unwholesome monkey. Your father was a dealer in pork sausages and cooked ham, a trader in swine. Nothing better could be expected from you than your pig-like groans."

His blood was boiling already, and these few words he uttered were but a preliminary letting out of steam. He walked in the dark to a large cupboard at the far end of his room and took from a shelf twelve little wax figures which he stood on a small table. Rapidly he mumbled an invocation, an incantation, and a depreciation. Then he walked to the fireplace, took the red-hot poker which he kept ever ready for the purpose of lighting his charcoal, and returned with it to the table. {301}

The twelve disciples felt that something was going to happen, but knew not what. An awful feeling overcame their will; they dared not move. Then, suddenly, the twelve of them jumped up and fell on the floor, curling themselves, howling with intense pain and agony, all in a sweat, their bodies aching with all the torments of Fire. They could hear the old man, by his table, cursing them and hitting the wax figures with the hot poker, haphazard, careless of the spot where he struck; but he struck them all equally. The contortions of the men on the yellow painted floor were terrible. He took no heed of them, and went on, cursing them each by name and each time hitting one figure, corresponding to the name he was cursing.

Finally, the red-hot iron had turned black again; and Elph,nor's arm was becoming tired. He gathered all the wax figures and went and threw them all into a large pail of water, pushing them down again and again as they came to the surface.

His victims were gradually coming back to their senses. Once more he gathered their waxen images and replaced them on the shelf. Then he turned to his disciples and shouted:

"Sit down, ye workers of Iniquity. Did you feel the draught --- or not? do not interrupt me again. And if anyone knocks again at the door, clear ye out of my visual path."

They were all trembling with excitement and a mixed feeling of anger and desire for a power equal to his. Elph,nor blew on the charcoal and incense, turned out the lamp over the three crystal globes, so that they were now almost in utter darkness, and took up the thread of his narrative.

"The Lady who now comes before the footlights fell short {302} of being a great hysterical Countess Tarnowska; she had many lovers who went mad over her body, and whom she "could" drive to drink --- or to murder, but she had not done so; she had only driven some of them to suicide, and some even to the loss of their self-respect. The Man who stole Eyes was one of these.

Without going into their respective or joint history let it be simply recorded that the proud collector of ocular jewels made present to the Lady of a pair of magnificent ear-rings --- which were none other than the eyes of little Ljubov set in gold. When the Lady came to stay at the country house on the outskirts of the village, she wore her jewels. The simple peasants fell to gossip. The eyes they took for two weird precious stones resembling lapis lazuli. One of them spoke of his meeting with the Lady before poor blind little Piotr, who listened intently.

I will now, my friends, give you --- nay, lend you --- a piece of information of the utmost importance. It's a fine bit of psychology, too. "A" "man is not a wee bit interesting when he speaks of others, but let the beggar" "ride his own horse, expound his own experiences, and "(you can bet your shirt upon it) "he will be worth listening to."

Thus the peasant-who-had-met-the-lady. He was usually very dull. But the poor fellow had not had any interesting experience in his life, until he met Her. She was walking in the garden, cutting flowers for the table, and, seeing a moujick digging the soil, summoned him.

"When thou hast done digging this hole, cut me some flowers," she said.

And he fell to work with all his might, his body seeming {303} young and beautiful in the precision of its mechanical actions. She let her eye fall upon him and wondered. ... Presently he had done digging and set to cut her some flowers, looking at her all the while, already feeling strange and new sensations, sweating in an uncontrolled Sukshma-Pranayama.

Alack-a-day, fellows! That was a fine lady for a poor ignorant moujick to behold. She stood, to the end of his days, for a divine apparition. Had he know of OUR LADY HECATE, (blessed be he who murmurs her name with awe! may she

gleefully look upon us!) he would have considered his vision to be a visit of the great Goddess (her name be rapidly uttered in the Vault of our beloved Brethren the Ka D Sh Knights of Water P.A...P.P. Water).

to cut our tale short, for the time is approaching for our libations, the peasant heard the voice of the Lady. She thanked him, him, a poor peasant, her slave, and left him to his work. Her image, however, remained clear before his eyes and he did not fail in his description of her.

Well, little Piotr heard it all. As there was but one woman in the whole world whom he loved, the description of another woman did not in the least attract his attention. Only when mention was made of her magnificent jewels did his ears stand up.

"What are ear-rings?" he asked of Ljubov, when he felt her tiny hand in his, a little later.

"They are beautiful things, Piotr," she answered. "They are beautiful to the eye."

"Hah!" he sighed --- for that was the one thing he could not well realize.

"They are stones with fire or water in them." {304}

"What, do they burn? do they feel cool to the hand?"

"Only to the eye, dear. "I" remember. One sets them in gold and wears them

hanging from the ear, or round one's neck."

"Would you like to "feel" some, Ljubov?"

"Oh yes! ... But, it's no use, dear, I couldn't "see" them."

"Perhaps you would like just to pass your fingers over them, and try to imagine what they ... er ... look like?"

"I think I would. Then I could explain better to you what I mean."

Piotr signed again and soon left her. In the evening he wandered around the house where the Lady was staying. She was walking in the garden and he listened to her voice while she sang softly to herself. Presently she sat down.

Piotr was well used to directing his steps without the use of eyes, and he managed to creep behind her. A fixed idea had taken possession of his childish brain. He would take the jewels everyone thought so beautiful, and take them to Ljubov.

Suddenly, he sprang forward and his hands searched in the darkness for the ears. A tiny little sound, made by the Lady, as she turned round, helped him to find the place. His fingers closed on each side over the ears and he pulled out with a violent movement. The Lady fell unconscious without having uttered a sound, so acute and sudden had been the pain.

Piotr went away slowly, his hands grasping two ear-rings with a little piece of human flesh attached to them. {305}

V

He sought Ljubov. She, who was like a shoot out of the stem of Jesse, who did not judge after the sight of her eyes, who could stretch out her hand on the den of the basilisk and play on the hole of the asp, without ever coming to grief, fell a-trembling with an unconscious knowledge of that which was going to happen. It dawned upon her that she had come to a point where the road was to become broad under her feet and of an easier walk than the dark path upon which she had of late journeyed. I was hiding behind a tree when Piotr approached her, and so I witnessed their meeting.

He, also, was quaking with excitement. Brandishing his two hands, somewhat red with the blood of his victim, he spoke pantingly.

"Ljubov, my little sister" he said, "I have two fine jewels for thee. Feel them."

But as she put her hand forward he withdrew his; and, instinctively, rubbed the two ear-rings with a corner of his blouse. The particles of flesh fell down during the process.

Then he took a step nearer to her and seized her shoulder, endeavouring to place one pendant where he knew it ought to be worn. But his hand trembled much; neither was her own body steady. They both laboured under great nervous excitement."

"I could not," Elph,nor went on, "tell you how the thing happened, unless I

used my imagination --- and the whole pack of you are unworthy of that exertion --- nor will I take the trouble to search the bottom drawers of my reason for any explanation of what I take to be a very scarce phenomenon."
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Briefly --- for the time is approaching which we must better utilize --- Piotr's hand shook so that he missed touching the lobe of little Ljubov's ear. The jewel he held up to her face touched, instead, one of the empty orbits of his little friend.

Our villain, the Man who bought and stole Eyes, must have done his job very properly indeed, for Ljubov, who, in a vain attempt to see that which was shewn her, had open wide the dark cavities under her eyebrows. Well, I suppose the eye touched a still sensitive nerve. No sooner had it done so than she uttered an exclamation.

"I see! Piotr, I SEE! I SEE!"

And helping herself now, she rapidly unset the eyes from their golden crown and thrust them where they ought to have been all that time. Miracle of Miracles! She saw as you and I do. She saw poor little Piotr who stood before her, almost out of his mind, sharing her excitement.

She took his hand, drew him to her and kissed his forehead. Then she wept for a long time. finally, she sat down by him and told him of her new sensations.

VI

But they were unsatisfactory. The sky she saw was, in spite of the Stars, inferior to the beauty she had endowed it with. The sweet face of her little friend even was less sweet to behold than it had been to her childish fancy. And, gently, with an extraordinary delicacy, she spoke of her disappointment.

"Oh! it was more beautiful as we thought it, Piotroushka!" she exclaimed.
{307}

And, acting upon an impulse, she dropped her eyes in her hand and threw them behind her without a sigh.

I picked them up, my friends, while the two children stood, their arms linked together, a sad by resigned expression gradually coming over their faces.

Ay, I picked them up, but I won't shew them to you, unworthy foxes.

And now, Lights please ... let us take to the ritual. Brother H., fill the Holy Cups ... Holy be the Lamps of Joy! Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow! Let us enter the Ark of Increased Knowledge!"

VII

A little late one of the Disciples inquired of the Master:

"You spoke of a strange sect of self-mutilated followers, O Master, what of them?"

"What of them?" Elph,nor repeated. "Well, they were those who listened to Ljubov, and took her word for it --- that one sees a better world if one has no human eyes. They put it into practice and their ranks were soon filled. They blinded themselves; they blinded their children almost in their cradles. Oh yes, there were soon hundreds of them who worshipped the Lord our God in that manner; and Ljubov and Piotr were their ministers. Is that all you want to know?

"Master, what of the Lady?"

"The Lady? Faugh! She went away; the spirits of the Earth prevented her from lodging a complaint; she hid her {308} wounded ears under a thick ornament of pearls and gold. it was not bad with her! Besides, what is she to you, anyhow, billy-goat?

"And now, all of ye, clear out, and walk ye all to your rooms with the mantra."

FINIS

{309}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04029.html>

42 captures

3 May 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

MIDSUMMER EVE

FAINT shadows cross the shifting spears of light,
Pale gold and amethyst, or warmly white,
Till velvet shod, unseen, the wizard hours
Hold thus their elfin court amid the flowers,

That wake to wingŠd music of the night.
And silken signs scarce stir the amorous bowers
Where 'passioned sleep his poppy garland showers,
In dreams which mock the hastening moments flight.

Up soars the moon, and higher still and higher
The dancers leap to catch some fairy fire
to steal and 'prison in the glow-worm's tail,
For pixie torches should the starlight fail;
Reflecting gems which deck the elfin choir,
Melting like snowflakes at the daybreak pale.

ETHEL ARCHER.

{310}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04030.html>

42 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE POETICAL MEMORY

AN ESSAY

I AM one of those silly people (there are a lot of them --- quite enough to make it pay) who are so irritated at the arrival of a bill that I nearly always throw it on the fire. For all that, I had been humbly proud of my memory, and it was an awful shock to me one morning when I received this bill,

{Facsimile on page 331 described:

This is a statement of account due from J W Benson. Ltd., Jewellers, goldsmiths, silversmiths and watch & Clock Makers, 25 Old Bond St., (Steam Factories Ludgate Hill)., established 1749. The letter head carries five arms of royal houses with supporters and draperies: King of Greece, King of Portugal, Late Queen Victoria, Emperor of Russia and King of Siam --- all "by appointment to's or purveyors to's. Prize medals of London 1862 to left and of Paris-Dublin to right, two each --- these not described in detail here, lacking as they do any particular significance beside identity. The place and date in mixed hand and print is: London Xmas 1908.

The following text is written in hand (as best I can decipher it):

"E A Crowley, Esq.
 21 Warwick Road,
 L{?} 1614 Kensington W.

1907		
April	" To repairing. Coffee Pot	4 6
Sep. 7	" new glasses to gold keyless 1/2 hunting Watch	2 .
1907		
Oct. 30	" relining and refitting lid of Crocodile Suit Case pigskin, stuffing two new pigskin pockets and new tooth brush bottle: repairing and supplying two plated clips to side standards --- removing bruises and polishing all silver mounts --- also cleaning and renovating all leather fittings	³ ³ ã 8 10 - ³ ³ ³ ù
28	" repairing and cleaning gold keyless half hunting Watch	ã 13 6 ù œ <u>9 10 -</u> =====}

for I had a very clear impression in my mind that the contract was for œ5.
 {311}

Indeed, I wrote and said so.
 But ala! my poor memory was most certainly at fault. Messrs. Bensons
 replied:

{Facsimile on page 332 described:

Same letterhead as that on page 331. Text follows:

"London January 21st 1909.

"Sir,

In reply to your letter respecting your account we
 bet to enclose statement here with, from which you will
 see that the œ5 you handed to our Assistant was in
 payment of your old account, the various items of
 which ranged from October 1906 to September 1907, and
 statements of which had been rendered to you each quarter.
 This payment of œ5/- left a balance of 6/6, and with the
 13/6 charged for repairing the gold Watch and œ8/10/- for
 repairing Suit Case, the total of your account to date
 is œ9.10/-. With regard to the item of œ8/10/- we cannot

understand how you come to be under the impression that
it should only be 5s, as we are certain are Assistant
did not quote this latter price for doing up the Suit Case.

Trusting that this explanation will make the matter
quite clear to you,

We get to remain, Sir.

Your obedient...{?}

E.A. Crowley, Esq.,
21 Warwick Road
Kensington W.

J. W. Benson Ltd.
for J.B.

}

{312}

this explanation "did" make the matter quite clear to me; for I had all the
time in my possession --- not thrown in the fire after all! --- their original
account.

{Facsimile on page 333 described:

Same letterhead as that on page 331. Text follows:

"London 30. 10. 1905

"E A Crowley Esq
21 Warwick road
125 Kensington.

To

Relining and refitting with pigskin case of

..... Suit Case new Pigskin pockets

& new cut glass tooth brush bottle

supplying two plated clips & refinishing

side standards, removing bruises

& repolishing all Silver mounts

cleaning & repairing a gold Keyless 5

Half Hunting English ... Watch 13 6

Balance of old a/c. 6 6

œ 6 - - }

ALEISTER CROWLEY1

{313}

1 WEH NOTE: I suppose A.C. liked the numbers...

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04031.html>

36 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

ADELA

Jupiter Mars P Moon

VENEZIA, "May" 19"th", 1910.

JUPITER'S foursquare blaze of gold and blue
Rides on the moon, a lilac conch of pearl,
As if the dread god, charioted anew
Came conquering, his amazing disk awhirl
To war down all the stars. I see him through
The hair of this mine own Italian girl,
Adela
That bends her face on mine in the gondola!

There is scarce a breath of wind on the lagoon.
Life is absorbed in its beatitude,
A meditative mage beneath the moon
Ah! should we come, a delicate interlude,
To Campo Santo that, this night of June,
Heals for awhile the immitigable feud?
Adela!

Your breath ruffles my soul in the gondola! {314}

Through maze on maze of silent waterways,
Guarded by lightless sentinel palaces,
We glide; the soft splash of the oar, that sways
Our life, like love does, laps --- no softer seas
Swoon in the bosom of Pacific bays!
We are in tune with the infinite ecstasies,
Adela!
Sway with me, sway with me in the gondola!

They hold us in, these tangled sepulchres

That guard such ghostly life. They tower above
Our passage like the cliffs of death. There stirs
No angel from the pinnacles thereof.
All broods, all breeds. But immanent as Hers
That reigns is this most silent crown of love,
Adela
That broods on me, and is I, in the gondola.

They twist, they twine, these white and black canals,
Now stark with lamplight, now a reach of Styx.
Even as out love --- raging wild animals
Suddenly hoisted on the crucifix
To radiate seraphic coronals,
Flowers, flowers --- O let our light and darkness mix,
Adela,
Goddess and beast with me in the gondola!

Come! though your hair be a cascade of fire,
Your lips twin snakes, your tongue the lightning flash,
Your teeth God's grip on life, your face His lyre, {315}
Your eyes His stars --- come, let our Venus lash
Our bodies with the whips of Her desire.
Your bed's the world, your body the world-ash,
Adela!
Shall I give the word to the man of the gondola?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.1

{316}

1 WEH NOTE: This is a hyperbole of sexual intercourse, "viz." "The
old man in the boat", etc.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04032.html>

39 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE THREE WORMS

IN the great vault is a coffin. In the coffin is the corpse of a very beautiful woman. The vault is deep under the ground and very still. Above its bricks is a layer of earth, and if any sound at all percolates into this chamber of death, it is only the delicate tremor and rustle of things growing, of the grass seed pushing its tiny way through the mould, to break at the last into its narrow slip of bright green flame. This, and the weak whisper of trailing rose-roots in whose brown and ugly stems glow such a tender sap and noiseless fervour of exquisite perfume. At intervals, maybe, this dark blue silence is wounded by strange creakings and indescribably tremors: noises that are really the wastings and settlings of decaying bone and flesh, just as if Death were feasting his lips at last with murderous kisses on the flesh of his latest mistress in the secret peace of his terrible bridal chamber. All around the vault are hung great blue-black carpets of shadow, and the floor is damp, and wriggling with the spawn of low life.

Let us look into the coffin of the beautiful dead woman, look into it as we would have strangers look into our own with the child eyes of fancy and imagination, rather than with the cold and scaly eyes of knowledge.

Only to vulgar and brutish eyes is there any horror, for {317} the sweet process of life is at work in every cell and particle of the dead. Truly, there is no such thing as death. Lips grown tired of speech, and outhonied of the honey of all kisses fade and whisper away into something else. The crude utterances of human language fail them, and they win instead the subtle perfumed conversation of flowers and vegetation. Thus their dust comes to lie about a rose-root, and with the lovely chemistry of earth they tremble back to the surface once more as crinkled and crimson perfume, or a frail flutter of yellow longing. Like flags, like tender waving pennons or messengers of hope and greeting from those beleaguered ones dissolving in the fastnesses of earth.

Every rose, every lily is a message from our dead: a sigh or a smile: something simple like the daisy from a simple heart, something of weird and oppressive beauty from some poet's brain, like the passion flower or the fuchsia.

In the coffin of the beautiful dead woman, there are three worms, sweet, clean, wavy, little maggots that will one day carry all the charm and delight of the dead back into the world again, will quicken and nourish seeds and roots, so that in the pink glamour of an April almond tree, the glory of the dead woman's hair shall be returned again.

One of these creatures is poised over her mouth, which again, to vulgar in unseeing eyes, looks ugly, though it is really more beautiful now than ever it was, for it is quick with frail seeds of countless existences, and is become a very factory and warehouse of Life Itself.

Another worm is coming out of the dead right eye of the woman, coiled, as it were, like a little pink amethyst from the stuff of her brain. And yet another peers from the mysterious {318} citadel of her heart, which like a faded and extinguished censer, rusts in the decadence of its scented memories.

The three worms dispose themselves and begin to talk.
The little worm which is issuing from her mouth begins:

"I am her mouth, her beautiful mouth, that sweet frail chalice where her soul delighted to dissolve itself and to lie. That mouth of hers, so nervous, so intimately sensible, that it is pleasant to think of it as the fragile rim of the holy and wonderful amphora of her strange exultant being.

"I am --- since I was fed on them --- all that litany of kisses which passion flung like a storm of wet rose-leaves on to her mouth --- am, am I not? --- all those dreams and pale blue shimmering fantasies that love drew like mists out of the hearts of all her lovers to expire in the stained fervour of an instant's rapture.

"I am --- forgive it to me! --- all the lies which floated from her lips as sweetly as caresses, all those lies which fled like arrows barbed with gall into the ravished brains of her adorers. One I sent to America, and another to pick out the green glint of Death's eye in the lustre of a glass of poison. I tore husband from wife with my winged scented words, redolent of the very nudity and flesh of love, yellow, crocus-tinted, opalescent, murderously sweet.

"I pricked the souls of little children with the crystal toys of speech that fell from the melting coral of my curved lips.

"I was East and West, and North and South, and sun and moon, and shuddering flight of stars to more than one, and it seems to me, as one of her heirs and sons, that she was not a good woman. {319}

"I fear she was bad, for from me were twisted such devious messages, such various, unlike reports, that yes and no became counters of speech almost indistinguishable to my thinking. Once, I remember, there trickled from me a vagrant little flow of words, so bitter and so inviting, so poisonous and yet so intoxicating, that the soul for whom they were meant held up the silver goblets of hearing for its own destruction with trembling, greedy hands, covetous and anxious, hungry and afraid. her voice that purled and rippled and sang through me -- ah! it was like a kiss caged in her throat, and to hear it made a man a father in longing. There are voices like that, and when men hear them, they live a lifetime in an instant, mate, rear children, are widowed, or have their eyes closed for them for the last time by these women whose souls they thus secretly and inviolately espouse."

After a little silence the worm which issued from her eyes then spoke:

"I am her eyes, and she was bad, bad as her mouth says. Some of that mouth's warm tribute came indeed to me, and I was shut from seeing with the close lips of men beating time to the superb madness of their love music and rhythmic kisses. And I saw --- O what I saw! --- mountains that bowed to her, and stringed necklaces of stars that flashed in ecstasy on Eternity's bosom from the very sight of her. Seas over which she passed on a sensuous errand as live and tremulous as the heave of their own great hearts --- heavens that

are the world's sighs for the little brood that teases it, and festers the green and waving glory of its skin and hair. {320}

"Much have I looked upon --- I, the now crawling, damp and sightless evidence of her sight.

"I am her eyes.

"Empires shone in me: suns set, moons arose, and were drowned like lovely naiads in the waters of the sky. I knew wild flowers so beautiful, that one dared not touch them lest their beauty start to mere ugly life.

"I am that quiver of fragile and delicious expectation that shone in the virgin eyes of here when ... O happy hour!

"I am that greediness, that terrible woman's greediness, fierce as drought, relentless as Death, which devours its own portion in the feast of life.

"And I too, like her mouth, witness to it that she was evil. The senses are the person in so much as they are the sweet janitors to all that come and go. Through our five portals life only flows, and the flavour of its tides is with us always. I sit in judgment on myself --- I where the world could gather itself in one, little, humble, focus-point of curiosity and pep into the garden of her soul --- I --- where seas could be held calm and captive in a little pool of blue --- I --- who could consume mountains in a flash, and devour the dawn, I who could bit the moon trail her white limbs for my pleasure through the windy bagnios of the sky.

"I sit in judgment and condemn, for often I was a sword when Truth was a little child, and the breasts of my beauty I gave to Worthlessness in the stinking lupanars of Treachery and Deceit.

"Brothers, like the afterlight of day, I the light of her life consort with the shadows of evening, and I say it softly, {321} gently, ever as Spring's flying feet touch with unaccustomed primroses the wood, I say it --- She was bad."

Then the third worm, which came from the woman's heart, turned to the other two, and said:

"I am her heart ... her beautiful, beautiful heart.

"What do you know of the deeds of the Queen who were never in her council chamber?

"When you were bold, I was perhaps afraid, and when you exulted, there was I know not what trouble of sadness throbbing within me. All that you were I sustained: all your pleasure stirred through me, and you but harvested that which I sowed.

"When you were all aflame, it was I who lit you, and you could not even be sad without me.

"Not less tender than the inviting curl --- like a curled and fluffy feather of coral --- with which you who were her lips made welcome to some man, was the slow hypnotic wave of my thurible with whose essence I drenched ever cell of her body. I say that she was good, for she was human and she loved, oh! so sweetly, so delicately, so tenderly.

"What you did, you, her lips, her eyes and her other senses, was but to make vain effigies of our interior delight, to shatter in the broken shards of translation the mysterious silent beauty of the vase itself.

"I, the woman's heart of her, was like to a cave where thousands of voices of unborn children cried softly in the dark, where one felt their outstretching hands in pale and piteous appeal, as one may hear the early lilies break through the encompassing earth. In me were the seed of kisses that could only burst to flower in a hundred years to come. {322}

"I am her heart, her ordinary, commonplace woman's heart. Commonplace! Ah! nothing is so mysterious as the commonplace, for it is only Subtlety sleeping and holding its hands a little while. A country clod is more interesting than the most awake and magnetic of geniuses, even as the veiled and cloistered odours of Spring with which one knows the earth is tingling in Winter are more delirious and exciting than the naked bosoms of May.

"Will you believe me, that, but I know not what exquisite contradiction, the sweetest kiss was ever a pang to her, and yielding was only less terrible than denial?

"On my small insistent beat have lain heads that were heavy with great dreams: men of action and men of fancy who loved her and were loved, it may be, a little of her too. I have been the couch of treaties and the pillow of financial strifes, and on me much uncoined gold has slept through dreamless transparent nights.

"Once a poet received her favours, and his head, bowed and weighted with its spongy amorphous magic, rested on me like a honeycomb, all giddy and vibrant with perfume and emotion.

"And once an old mother's head, gray and weary with its long rolling down the years, found on me the unexpected peace and happiness of the old. For the old are so lonely, and no one is their friend. ... So, my brothers, I give you the key of all her secrets except that secret which she shares with Time and herself.

"I can make all plain except my own mystery, which is the tragedy of everyone, worm, or man, or God.

"Blaspheme no more in such childish, imitative fashion! {323} You are nearer the world than I, and its weak vanity has stained you. The eye looks at the world, and the world looks at the eye, and though each learns from the other, it is not often an even bargain and exchange. ..."

Then, as the heart-worm ceased to speak, the other two, the eye-worm and the mouth-worm, drew closer to where during all his talking they had been magnetically moved. And all those years which they had passed unconsciously as the lips or the eyes of a woman became suddenly revealed, most vividly different to them.

They could not speak, the two detractors, for they had learnt the wisdom and merit of sin. They knew that good and evil are the same thing, that in a world of illusion he who has the most illusions is the richest man, that to be wise unto ignorance is the fairest counsel, that they knew nothing and yet

all, that ...

And the heart-worm, whose judgment and reasonings had been so readily accepted by the others, grew in his turn a sceptic, since faith cannot live without doubt, and truth is only co-existent with untruth, as day with night, as life with death, as, O beloved! my heart with thine, as vain and coloured chatterings like this with noble and inviolate silence.

EDWARD STORER.

{324}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04033.html>

40 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE FELON FLOWER

AS the sighing of souls that are waiting the close of the light,
As the passionate kissings of Love in the Forest of Night,
As the swish of the wavelets that beat on a cavernless shore,
Or the cry of the sea-mew that echoes a moment or more,
So the voice of thy spirit soft-calling my soul in its flight.

As the breath of the wind that is borne from the island of Love,
As the swift-moving cloudlets that sail in the heaven above,
As the warmth of the sunlight that breaks on the shimmering sea,
And the sweetness that lurks in the sting of the honey-fed bee,
So the joy of thy kiss, the dread offspring of serpent and dove.

As the trail of the fiery lightnings which gleam in the dark,
As the light from the measureless Bow of the sevenfold Arc,
As the fires which glance o'er the face of the treacherous deep,
When none but the furies may rest, and the nereids weep, ---
So thy meteor eyes, brightest sirens alluring Love's barque.

When hid in the wonderful maze of thy whispering hair,
Alone with the shadows and thee, and away from the glare {325}
Of the burning and pitiless day, and the pitiless light, ---
Thee only beside me, above me the mystical night,
No dream so created in darkness was ever more fair.

For then was thy touch as the light of a life-giving fire,
Which kindles, and scorches, and burns, with unsated desire,
Thy breath the warm essence of myrtle, the fragrance of pine,
The languorous smoke of a temple obscene yet divine,
Which gladdens the soul of a god in his passionate ire.

So silent those nights, I could fancy the uttermost deep
Engulfed us for ever, --- for ever in silence to keep
The tale of our wooing: till sweetly the murderous hours
Had lulled us to rest; and the magical poison of flowers
Had stolen our brains, and our eyelids were heavy with sleep.

Ah love! They are banished, yet not so the strength of the spell
Which holds both our beings in bondage, a bondage so fell
That even the angels above cannot alter its power;
It lives in the memory yet of one passionate hour,
When from the dark bosom of Hell sprang a fair felon flower.
ETHEL ARCHER.

{326}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04034.html>

44 captures

9 Feb 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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19

2021 2023 2024

About this capture

THE BIG STICK

COUNTERPARTS. Vol. XVI of THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE. An
Epitome of the

Work and Teaching of Thomas Lake Harris. By RESPIRO. 2"s". 6"d". net. A
New

Edition. C. W. Pearce and Co., 139, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

If we are in any way to shadow forth the Ineffable, it must be by a
degradation. Every symbol is a blasphemy against the Truth that it indicates.
A painter to remind us of the sunlight has no better material than dull ochre.
So we need not be surprised if the Unity of Subject and Object in

Consciousness which is Samadhi, the uniting of the Bride and the Lamb which is Heaven, the uniting of the Magus and the god which is Evocation, the uniting of the Man and his Holy Guardian Angel which is the seal upon the work of the Adeptus Minor, is symbolized by the geometrical unity of the circle and the square, the arithmetical unity of the 5 and the 6, and (for more universality of comprehension) the uniting of the Lingam and the Yoni, the Cross and the Rose. For as in earth-life the sexual ecstasy is the loss of self in the Beloved, the creation of a third consciousness transcending its parents, which is again reflected into matter as a child; so, immeasurably higher, upon the Plane of Spirit, Subject and Object join to disappear, leaving a transcendent unity. This third is ecstasy and death; as below, so above.

It is then with no uncleanness of mind that all races of men have adored an ithyphallic god; to those who can never lift their eyes above the basest plane the sacrament seems filth.

Much, if not all, of the attacks upon Thomas Lake Harris and his worthy successor "Respiro" is due to this persistent misconception by prurient and degraded minds.

When a sculptor sees a block of marble he thinks "How beautiful a statue is hidden in this! I have only to knock off the chips, and it will appear!"

This being achieved, the builder comes along, and says: "IO will burn this, and get lime for my mortar." There are more builders than sculptors in England. {327}

This is the Magic Mirror of the Soul; if you see God in everything, it is because you are God and have made the universe in your image; if you see Sex in everything, and think of Sex as something unclean, it is because you are a sexual maniac.

True, it is, of course, that the soul must not unite herself to every symbol, but only to the God which every symbol veils.

And Lake Harris is perfectly clear on the point. The "counterpart" is often impersonated, with the deadliest results. But if the Aspirant be wise and favoured, he will reject all but the true.

And I really fail to see much difference between this doctrine and our own of attaining the Knowledge an Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, or the Hindu doctrine of becoming one with God. We may easily agree that Lake Harris made the error of thinking men pure-minded, and so used language which the gross might misinterpret; but sincere study of this book will make the truth apparent to all decent men.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[We print this review without committing ourselves to any opinion as to how these doctrines may be interpreted in practice by the avowed followers of Harris. --- ED.]

"No. 19." By EDGAR JEPSON. Mills and Boon, Ltd.

Arthur Machen wrote fine stories, "The Great God Pan," "The White People,

etc.

Edgar Jepson would have done better to cook them alone; it was a mistake to add the dash of Algernon Blackwood. A.C.

RAINBOWS AND WITCHES. By WILL H. OGILVIE. 4th edition. 1"s." Elkin Mathews.

A great deal of Mr. Ogilvie's verse rings true, an honest sensitive Scots heart in this brave world of ours. If he rarely --- perhaps never --- touches the summit of Parnassus, at least he is always on the ridge. A.C.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE KABALAH. By W. WYNN WESTCOTT. John M. Watkins.

It is difficult to find words in which to praise this little book. It is most essential for the beginner. Lucid and illuminating, it is also illuminated. In particular, we are most pleased to find the correlation of the Qabalah with the philosophical doctrines of other religions; a task attempted by ourselves in {328} "Berashith" and "777," perhaps not so successfully from the point of view of the beginner.

There is of course much beyond this elementary study, and the neophyte will find nothing in the book which he does not know; but the book is addressed to those who know nothing. It will supply them with a fine basis for Qabalistic research. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS. By EDOUARD SCHUR•. Translated by F. ROTHWELL, B.A.

W. Rider and son. 3"s." 6"d." net.

Books I and II.

I have been trying to read this book for a week, but the rapidly recurring necessity to appear on the stage of "Pan, a comedy," in the name-part, has interfered, and I have not yet finished it. But it speaks well for the book that I have not been too bored by it.

I like both Hedonia and Alcyone, for I know them; but Memnonnes seems to lack cleanliness of line, and one understands Ombricius so little that one loses interest in his fortunes.

Books III and IV.

Book III did rather cheer me. But of course one knew all along that the Eruption was to be the God from the Machine. A great pity; why not another

city and a less hackneyed catastrophe? But it's as well done as possible within these limits. The translation might have been better done in one or two places --- Bother! here's Hedonia coming for lunch. What a wormy worm Ombricius was!

D. CARR.

PETER THE CRUEL. By EDWARD STORER. John Lane.

This admirable story of a little-known monarch dresses once more the Middle Ages in robes of scarlet, winged and shot with a delicate impressionism. Mr. Storer wields a pen like the rod of Moses; he has struck the water of Romance from the Rock of History; such scenes have rarely been so vividly described since de Sade and Sacher-Masoch passed on the the Great Reward.

CALIGULA II.

MORAG THE SEAL. By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. Rebman. 6"s."

One must wish that Mr. Brodie-Innes' English were equal to his imagination. Again and again a lack of perfect control over his medium spoils one of the finest stories ever thought. All the glamour of the Highlands is here; all love, {329} all magic --- which is love --- and Mr. Brodie-Innes' refinement avoids the crude detective solution of the mystery.

And that mystery is enticing and enthralling; Morag is delicious as dream or death, enticing, elusive, exquisite. One of the subtlest and truest women in literature.

Not many men have imagination so delicate and --- dictame! --- but Mr. Brodie-Innes writes "with authority, and not as the scribes." Why he allows Mathers to go about saying that he is a Jesuit and a poisoner will be revealed at the Last Day. Perhaps, like us, he can't catch him. Or perhaps it is that he is contented to be a great novelist --- as he is, bar the weakness of his English and an occasional touch of Early Victorian prunes-and-prismism. He has every other qualification. God bless him!

BOLESKINE.

IN THE NAME OF THE MESSIAH. By E. A. GORDON. KEISERSHA. Tokyo, N.D. N.P.

The only way to read this book is to run at it, shouting a slogan, and to stick a skean dhuibh in it somewhere and read the sentence it hits. Thus, perhaps, with perseverance and a lot of luck, one may find a coherent paragraph in the porridge of disconnected drivel, defaced with italics and capitals and inverted commas like a schoolgirl's letter.

And this is the coherent paragraph.

"There are 3 apocryphal descriptions of the man Christ Jesus. ... All "agree" in describing Him as 'strikingly tall,' '6 ft. high,' and with curled or wavy locks.

"This, to my mind, established the Identity of the Daibutsu with the curl-covered head and colossal stature."

This, to my mind, establishes the Identity of Mrs. Gordon with Mr. J. M. Robertson.
A. C.

OLD AS THE WORLD. BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES. 6"s." Rebman.

A rattling good novel, with hundreds of incidents on every page, a hero and heroine who seldom talk in anything meaner than capitals, and a happy ending:

"Wherever you are, there is my kingdom," he murmured, as he folded his beloved close against his heart.

Mr. Brodie-Innes belongs to what one may call the Exoteric Occult School {330} of novelists; one feels throughout that his occultism is the result of study and not of experience. That is why I say exoteric.

Although the style of the book is comparatively undistinguished, and sometimes lapses into actual slovenliness, Mr. Brodie-Innes frequently attains beauty, and beauty of a positive and original kind. Some of his sea-picture are quite fine. But the magic of style that renders Arthur Machen so marvellous is lacking. "Old and the World" is always interesting; it is never enthralling.

"Old as the World" is much better than "Morag the Seal," and there is a marked improvement in the style.
V. B. N.

BLACK MAGIC. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Alston Rivers. 6"s."

Marjorie Bowen knows nothing of the real magic, but she has learnt the tales spread by fools about sorcerers, and fostered by them as the best possible concealments of their truth.

Of these ingredients she has brewed a magnificent hell-broth. No chapter lacks its jewelled incident, and the web that she has woven of men's passions is a flame-red tapestry stained with dark patches of murder and charred here and there with fire of hell.

Marjorie Bowen has immense skill; has she genius? How can a stranger say? so many nowadays are forced by sheer starvation into writing books that will sell --- and when they have taken the devil's money, find that it is in no figure that he has their souls in pawn.

I am told that it is the ambition of W. S. Maugham to write a great play.
A. C.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Macmillan and Co. 6"s."

I read this book on the Express Train from Eastbourne to London (change at Polegate, Lewes, Hayward's Heath, Three Bridges, Red Hill, and East Croydon --- they ought to stop to set down passengers at Earlswood), and though it's a beautiful story, and I like Nixie, I must confess to being rather bored.

Rather with a capital R and a sforzando "er." I wanted George Macdonald's "Lilith," and Arthur Machen's "Hill of Dreams" --- they have blood in them. And I was not in my library, but in a stuffy, dog-returneth-to-his-vomit-scented microbe-catcher labeled 1st Compo. Then, too, Algernon Blackwood began to remind me of Maeterlinck. There was too much bluebirdiness, and it gave me the blue devils. And then, again, though I've never read J. M. Barrie, I felt sure {331} that he must be responsible for some of the oysters in the stew. And where was Sidney Blow?

Yes: it's a silly book; a book elaborately and deliberately silly; even laboriously silly with that silliness which cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting. ...

And as I continued to read, it grew monotonously silly. Paul "slipped into the Crack" in several different ways, but there wasn't much difference in the result. I began to wonder if Mr. Blackwood has been drinking from the wisdom-fount of Ecclesiastes and Don Juan!

And oh dear! the conversations. Children don't talk bad metaphysics, nor do repatriated lumbermen. But Mr. Blackwood must dree his weird, I suppose.

And then, on a sudden, the monotony breaks up into a mixture of "La Morte Amoureuse," "Thomas Lake Harris," "The Yoke" (Mr. Hubert Wales' masterpiece), and "The Autobiography of a Flea told in a Hop, Skip, and a Jump."

But I prefer Mr. Verbouc to Uncle Paul, and Bella to Nixie. From the point of view of pure literature, of course.

The book then slobbers off into Gentle-Darwin-meek-and mild Theosophy.

Victoria at last, thank God! I think I'll slip into the Crack, myself!

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE LITERARY GUIDE. Messrs. Watts and Co. 2"d. The Journeyings of Joseph.

Joseph has gone a-wandering; and, as he cannot even on the billowy waves keep his mouth shut, we are treated in the above official organ to an account of his itinerary as if he were the real original Vasco de Gama.

He reminds us rather of the Shoreditch lady who went for her first country walk, as an old song tells us:

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet."

For, if he brings back with him "cockle shells from distant lands" like a certain Roman Caesar, akin to the information which now gushes from his pips, his pearls will indeed be from the land of Gophir, and must I am afraid be trampled by us with other flash fudge Parisian ware back into the gutter whence they came, the gutter of phylogenic-ontogeny.

There was no other Joseph or Josephina aboard, no "helpmeet" worthy of Him, all Potiphar's wives --- by the way, a Second Joseph would have been rather a

tall order for either Mrs. Potiphar or Ernst Haeckel --- so the Great and Only {332} One was intensely bored as he had to restrict himself to his own society. And the more he restricted himself the more bored he became, and the more bored he became the more boorish did he grow, and the ruder did he become to his fellow passengers, who evidently had not sufficient "rationalism" to believe that Erasmus Darwin was born in 1788, or that the water upon which they floated was composed of HO₂ {sic, s.b. H₂O, WEH NOTE}. He wondered, "If it were they who were fools, or I myself," --- we, being mystics, don't; we know! Their conversation was "trivial chatter," so evidently it had nothing to do with ontogenic-phylogeny. The chaplain was "insufferable" twice over, and so were his prayers.

"The heavy mask of revelry was still on the faces of the men whom curiosity drew to the open rail: men in gay pyjamas and flaunting shirts, men with ends of cigarettes in their lax mouths, men whose language, up to a few hours before, had been too archaic for the dictionary. With open mouths they jostled each other to get a good view of the plunge of the white sewn outline of a man."

Now, Joseph, draw it mild; don't put the sugar in your tea with a trowel! we have seen many burials at sea, more than we should care to count, but we have never seen the corpse surrounded by "fag-ends" and a gay pyjamaed mob. Perhaps one of the passengers was on his way to the bath-room, in a Swan and Edgar "sleeping suit," when you went to have your own little peep -- or have you borrowed a leaf from your former Jesuit brothers and write all this for the greater glory of God RPA?

We are travellers as well as mystics, we have been a score of journeys as long as yours and longer, right round the world twice --- think of that, Jo! and all the cockle shells you could have collected! We know that the conversation "on board" is trivial, "very naughty," as a little Cape Dutch girl once said to us, "but rather nice," and that the ozone of the air and the brine of the waves make the ladies most charming on the boat deck. We are mystics and are never bored; we are mystics and are just as happy on board a Castle liner as behind Fleet Street in Johnson's Court. If we back a winner we ask our friends to come and have a "night out" with us; and if the wrong colours go by, well, we don't pawn our breeches to buy a revolver. If it were possible for boredom to descend upon us we should not say "sucks" to it, like Philpotts, but should retire into Dhyana or Samf dhi. You would call this "Self-induced-hypophlomorphicodemoniacal-auto-suggestion." Well, well, never mind! we will pass the words, we don't care a "tinker's curse" about them; it is the message we look for and not the special patents act under which the wire which conveyed it to us is registered. And if I say "hocuspocus" and down come a good dinner and a pretty girl, eat the one and don't be rude to the other --- or she will run away, Joseph, she really will: and please, Josy, don't turn to me and say: You "insufferable" fool, you are not Ramano's; what business have you to produce {333} a "P^hche Melba"? You are not a "trivial" Mrs. Warren; what do you mean by "Plumping down" before me this "little bit of fluff"?

Now don't be too bored or too serious, Joseph, be a good fellow ever towards those who are unlike you, for a good heart is worth a dozen good heads and heaven only knows how many bad ones. Eat your "scoff" and enjoy it; give the girl a kiss --- even if among the boats; and shake hands with the Chaplain --- after all he probably agreed with you over the Boulter Case. Here surely is a link between you! Drop the "insufferable" and the "christmas-card-curate" description of him, use your tea-spoon like an ordinary decent Christian and don't empty the sugar basin, shake hands with him, my boy, shake hands with him, and try and be a real good fellow, Joseph, a real good fellow, as well as an indifferent evolutionist!

A. QUILLER.

WITH THE ADEPTS. By FRANZ HARTMANN. William Rider and Son.

If you have never been to "The Shakespeare" or "The Elephant and Castle" please go; for, for the same price that you would pay for this book you will be able to obtain at either a good seat. Go there when they are playing "The Sorrows of Satan," and you will have no need to be "With the Adepts" of Franz Hartmann. Besides, if you are not amused by the play the back of the programme will surely never fail you. There you will learn the proximity of the nearest "Rag Shop" where old bones, scrap iron, india rubber and waste paper may be sold; and should you, like us, be so unfortunate as to possess a copy of this story, may with a little persuasion induce the ragman to relieve you of it. Besides, it will also tell you where you can obtain "Sausage and mash" for two pence --- and who would not prefer so occult a dish to a "bun-worry" with Sisters Helen and Leila?

From page one to one hundred and eighty this is all warrented pure, like the white and pink sugar mice on a Christmas tree --- quite wholesome for little children.

Not only can you meet the Adepts but the Adepts' "lady friends"; you might be in Bloomsbury, but no such luck. Polite conversation takes place upon "advanced occultism," which strongly reminds us of the pink and paunchy puddings of Cadogan Court. The lady adepts are bashful and shy, but always very proper. The Monastery might be in Lower Tooting. The hero asks silly questions so as to give the Adept the requisite opportunities of making sillier answers. "I was rather reluctant to leave the presence of the ladies ... the ladies permitted me to retire." Outside bottles full of this sort of occult Potassium Bromide, this novelette is eminently suited as a moral sedative for young girls when they reach sixteen or thereabouts and are beginning to wonder how they got into this funny world. {334}

THE DEVIL: "Let us giggle."

THEODORUS: "Hush, you have committed a horrible black magical act, you have slept with" ...

LEILA ["a creamy girl"]: "Good heavens, Sir, I faint; call a policeman,"

THEODORUS: "Become acquainted with the Queen of the nymphs." ...

SISTER HELEN ["nursing expert"]: "A douche, smelling salts, eau de Cologne, quinine ...!"

THEODORUS: "From the abode of ... Brotherhood you are expelled ["sobs"], to the British Museum you must go ["snuffles"], and read ["pause"] 'The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians'!"

THE DEVIL: "Tut, tut. ... Dear Sisters, the train has stopped, we are at Streatham Hill --- let us get out."
ALICIA DE GRUYS.

ON THE LOOSE. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. Publishing Office of THE EQUINOX, 124

Victoria Street, S. W. 1"s." net.

The author of the Man-Cover is well-known to the readers of THE EQUINOX. His charm lays principally in the independence of his thought, the delicacy of his touch, in his spirit of pure joy, in his most holy childishness. He shows certainly a great lack of literary experience, an accumulation of various contradictory feelings which seem to fight one another for the conquest of his spirit. The scientific training of our order will give him that Mastery over self which alone can bring forth the full blossom of his rich imagination. There is every reason for us to expect much of Mr. Rafflovich. Is he not a Gemini man, with Jupiter and Saturn culminating? Somewhat Neronian, probably, as will be seen in his work.

We recommend especially the reading of the two sketches entitled "Demeter" and "A Spring Meeting," and we look forward to any future work of the author. There is more in his work that is met at first glance. Let him forget that he writes for English readers and subscribers to libraries!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY. By SIR EDWARD THORPE. Watts and Co. Vol. ii.

As excellent as vol. i. what is Sir Edward doing amongst this brainy goody lot?
H2S.

HISTORY OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM. By ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D. Watts and Co.

1"s." net.

An interesting little volume, as complete as can be expected for 146 pages. Duff, D. D., does not understand Qabalah. We can assure him it is not a "fancied philosophy wherein everything was in reality brand new," as Zunz {335} says. He does not understand it, but he is not alone in this. Few understand the Qabalah; and therefore few talk sense about the Pentateuch. We recommend Duff, D. D., to study "A Note on Genesis" in vol. i, No. 2, THE EQUINOX, after which if he still considers it "fancied" we shall be ready to discuss it with him.
B. RASHITH.

THE SACRED SPORTS OF SIVA. Printed at the Hindu Mission Press. Annas 8.

The editor in his preface does not see the objection to Gods and especially to Siva holding sports, neither do we. But you must play square, even if you are a God; it is not cricket to slay the whole of the opposing eleven each time you are bowled. But perhaps Siva had a reputation to keep up; we'll ask Kali.

VISHNU.

RITUAL, FAITH, AND MORALS. By F. h. PERRYCOSTE. Watts and Co.

If you should be so depraved as to desire to become a rationalistic author, you must buy a pair of sissors, some stickphast, and a parcel of odd vols. at Hodgson's containing: Buckle, Draper, Gibbon Lecky, and old dictionary or two of quotations and some of the Christian Fathers. The process then is easy; it consists in cutting these to pieces and in sticking them together in all possible combinations, and publishing each combination under a different name.

For fifteen years Mr. Perrycoste has been snipping hard, and the above work consists only of Chapters III and IV of one volume of a series of volumes. We are charitable enough to hope that Mr. Perrycoste may be spared to produce the rest, so long as we are spared reviewing them.

ELIAS ASHMOLE.

THE ANCIENT CONSTITUTIONAL CHARGES OF THE GUILD FREE MASONS. By JOHN YARKER.

William Tait, 2"s." 6"d." net.

This is a most learned work; the author holds Solomon only knows how many exalted degrees; but besides the title-page there is much of interest to Masons in this little volume. Some of the ancient charges are quite amusing.

"That no Fellow go into town in the night time without a Fellow to bear witness that he hath been in honest company" seems, however, a bit rough on the girls.

F.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By J. a. FARRAR. Watts and Co. 6"d."

A good book which makes us wish we had been born before Christ.

A. Q.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC. Published at the Offices of M. A. P. 6"d."

At one time I was acquainted with many of our London demi-mondaines, and many a charming girl and good-hearted woman had I the pleasure of meeting {336} --- and clean-minded withal. To say that all end in the Lock or the river is to say that you know nothing about the subject; for many marry, as Mayhew points out; in fact, Mayhew, in his classic "London Labour and the London Poor" is the only author I know --- always excepting Charles Drysdale --- who in any way saw the modern London hetaira as she really is. Drysdale in his courageous work, "the Elements of Social Science," also points out that the life of the ordinary prostitute is a very much healthier one than that of

the average factory girl. The authoress of this work seems to understand this in a way, for in spite of "the awful degradation" which she harps upon, she contradicts herself by writing: "I may here remark that the girls I come in contact with, if they marry happily, make excellent wives" (p.66).

The cure for the present degradation associated with prostitution is a common-sense one --- one of not supposing that we are good and others are bad, of carting away our own manure before writing to the sanitary inspector about other people's dung, and to cease hatching mysteries between the sheets of our family four-poster.

If unions were sanctioned outside the marriage bond, even if such unions were only of an ephemeral nature, there would be no necessity to procure young girls, for natural love-making would take the place of state-fostered abduction. The root of the evil lies neither in the inherent lust of man after woman, which is natural, or of woman after gold, which shows her business-like capabilities; but in the unhealthy point of view adopted by the general public. There is nothing more disgusting in the act of generation, or even in the pleasures associated with it, that there is in alimentation, with its particular enjoyments. Dessert is quite a superfluous course after a good meal, and yet it is not considered degrading to eat it; and so, as it is not considered a crime to eat for the pleasure of eating, neither should it publicly (privately of course it is not) be considered a crime if unions take place without offspring resulting. This double-faced attitude must have the bottom knocked out of it as well as the front; it must utterly perish. From the natural, that is, the common-sense point of view, there are no such things as moral or immoral unions, for all nature demands is healthy parents and healthy children, healthy pleasures and healthy pains. The Church, the Chapel, and the Registry Office must go; for, so long as they remain, prostitution will spell degradation, and marriage falsehood and hypocrisy. Chaos will not result when Virtue weds with Vice, for what is possible to the savage is possible for us, and the children will be looked after better than eve. Once teach our children the nobility of love, and the pimp, the pander, and the purr-minded presbyter will simply be starved out. Continue to foster the present unhealthy aspect with its "unfortunate," its "fallen," its "awful," its "degradation" and its "doom," and, in spite of a million Vigilance Society men on every {337} railway platform in the Kingdom, the White Slave Traffic will continue to flourish the more it is presecuted, and become more criminal and degrading than ever.

Money is not the basis of this so-called evil, as suggested, and public indignation will not work a cure any more than public indignation against the Metropolitan Water Board will stop people drinking water. We must cease globe-polishing virtue and sand-papering vice. Away with our moral Monkey Brand and our ethical Sapolio, and back to a little genuine common-sense elbow-grease.

When a girl ceases sowing her "wild oats" and can enter any phase of life without being spat upon and "chucked out," degradation will cease. And when such women as are "born" prostitutes are utilized by the State for the benefit

of men who are not monogamists by nature, procuring will vanish. But, if these women be so used, it behoves the nation to care for these talented girls, just as she cares, or should care, for her soldiers; and when the time was expired, she should pension them off, and award them a long service and good-conduct medal should they deserve it.

this is a clean-minded book so far as it goes. We have no humbugging Horton, D. D., swooning at the thought of lace, frills, and a pretty ankle. But the remedies suggested are worse than the disease. Exalt the courtesan to her proper place, bracket her name with sweetheart, wife and mother, names which are rightly dear to us, and you will find a tender heart beneath the scarlet dress, and a charming lovable woman in spite of public opprobrium. Neglect this, and all other propositions of reform spell --- Muck!

A QUILLER.

I like the legislation proposed by the blackguards of "vigilance"; who, never having met a gentleman, think that everybody is an avaricious scoundrel --- though sometimes in another line of business. And this attack by M.A.P. on its trade rivals in the filth-purveying business (for all journalism is filth --- must we exclude this White Slave "copy" from the indictment and class it as literature!) is only what is to be expected.

Anyhow, even our government is hardly likely to pass the suggested Act, which thoughtfully provides that you may be arrested without a warrant for offering your umbrella in a shower to a strange lady, and makes it felony to raise your hat in the street.

I once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Coote, well-groomed in ultra-respectable broadcloth, and flaunting Three Virtues in his button-hole. I looked for some others in his heart, but drew blank. If he had any others, too, I suppose he would have worn the appropriate ribbons.

The truth about Coote-Comstock crapulence is this. Manx Cats subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Persian Cats. These funds go to support {338} a lot of holy souteneurs in idleness --- and they find it pays to foam at the mouth from time to time against the other souteneurs who live on poor prostitutes instead of wealthy virgins.

I should like, too, to ask Mr. Coote a rather curious question.

We were talking about paternity. His then secretary, Mr. Hewston, had given me to understand that the Vigilance Society made a practice of paying (on behalf of and at the expense of the fathers) allowances to the mothers of illegitimate children, of caring for the mothers, helping them to get work, and eventually marrying them to honest fellows of their own class.

This seemed too sensible to be true. Mr. Hewston's honest heart had let him to misunderstand.

Mr. Coote indignantly corrected this view of the society's work. They never did that sort of thing, he said, "except in a few very special cases."

Now I want to know about these very special cases. Are they by any chance those in which the fathers are reputable and pious persons, highly esteemed for their Evangelicalism and philanthropy? ...

There have been some ill-disposed persons who were not ashamed to assert that some of the methods of Vigilance societies remind them of blackmail.

Is there another side to the medal?

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE CANNON. An Exposition of the Pagan Mysteries perpetuated in the Cabala as the rule of all the arts. Elkin Mathews.

This is a very extraordinary book, and it should be a fair "eye-opener" to such as consider the Qabalah a fanciful concatenation of numbers, words, and names. Also it may come as rather a rude shock to some of our "fancied" knowalls, our "cocksureites," who are under the delusion that knowledge was born with their grandmothers, and has now reached perfection in themselves, for it proves conclusively enough by actual measurements of existing monuments and records that the ancients, hundreds of years ago, were perfectly well acquainted with what we are pleased in our swollenheadiness to call "the discoveries of modern science."

Every ancient temple was built on a definite symbolic design and was not a haphazard erection of brick and mortar dependent on the "œ s. d." On the contrary, it closely followed the measurements of the body of Christ or of a Man which it was supposed to represent.

The three great canonical numbers are 2,368 (IESOUS CHRISTOS), 1,480 (CHRISTOS) and 888 (IESOUS). Numerous other numbers also occur but most hinge on these three. Here is an example. 888, 1,480 and 2,368 are to each other in the ration of 3, 5 and 8. 358 is numerically equal to Messiah, and $358 \frac{1}{2} \times 6 = 2,151$ which is again a symbol of the Hebrew Messiah. Alpha {339} and Omega = 2,152; and a hexagon described round a circle having a circumference of 2,151 has a perimeter of 3,368. 2,151 also is the sum of 1,480 (Christos) and 671 (Thora the Bride). A vesica 358 board is 620 long, and 620 is the value of Kether, etc., etc. (see p. 124).

This book is a veritable model of industry and research, but in spite of an excellent index, and index in the ordinary sense is almost out of place in a work of so complicated a character as this; what is really needed is a table of the numerical correspondences, similar in type to those we have already published in our "777". then at a glance the student can see the various numerical values and what they refer to.

J. F. C. F.

KANT'S ETHICS AND SCHOPENHAUER'S CRITICISM. By M. KELLY. swan Sonnenschein

and Co., 2"s. 6"d."

Last year we had the pleasure of review in Major Kelly's "Kant's Philosophy as Rectified by Schopenhauer," and we hope that if the future further volumes are to appear, and if they are as interesting as the present one, we may "continue the motion."

Kant's categories are in type similar to the Sephiroth of the Qabalah emanations from an unknown "x" sing or God, and whether this sign is called "...

priori," "autonomy" or "categorical affirmative" matters no whit. Kant's ethics are futile, and to an intellect like Schopenhauer's absolutely childish. Kant never could understand "morality" because he never transcended the reason, practically, or even theoretically. If there is a moral law in the Formative World it is probably the line of least resistance. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and fixed laws of heteronomy and of autonomy are absurd, and if Kant had once transcended the Reason he would have had direct experience of this fact. On p. 126 Schopenhauer sets him right as follows:

"The essence of the world is will. ... the only way of salvation is by negation of the will, or by self-denial and renunciation. ..."

And again:

"...life is the attainment of self-consciousness, in order that the will may acquire a right knowledge of its own nature. ..." (p. 157).

"Evil and pleasure are but different manifestations of the one will to live" (p. 177).

"The tormentor and the tormented are one." ... "Therefore what is good for one person may be just the opposite for another ... all suffering is nothing but unfulfilled or crossed willing" (pp. 178-182).

"When a man has so far got rid of this veil that it no longer causes an egoistical distinction between his own person and that of another, he will recognize his innermost and true self in all beings, regard their endless suffering {340} as his own, and so appropriate to himself the pain of the whole world" (p. 184).

Here the "true-self" is the Higher Self, Atman or Augoeides, unity with which is what we have called the Great Work of the A : A :

When a soldier turns philosopher we always expect good work, and Mayor Kelly has not failed us; and to all such as would understand Kant as well as Schopenhauer's great work, "The World as Will and Idea" --- of which an excellent English translation is published by Messrs. Paul, Trench, Tr•bner, we heartily recommend this masterful little volume. F.

THE SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN. By ALBERT CHURCHWARD.
Swan

Sonnenschein. 25"s." net.

The first thing one has to do is to compose oneself in a comfortable position, for this book is large and weighs I don't know how many pounds; the next to remember that the author has an axe to grind, or at least has constituted himself leading counsel for his client Egypt, and in a learned and most convincing argument not only proves the undoubted antiquity of his client's claim, but that it was from Egypt, or rather Central Africa, that the human race originated, and that it is to Egyptian symbolism, and more particularly to the Ritual of the Dead, that we must go if we would rightly understand the temples, rites, ceremonies, and customs of mankind past and present. From Egypt they came and to Egypt must we go.

The book is in every sense a great book, and, by the way, it forms an excellent seventh volume to Gerald Massey's monumental work. Brother Wynne Westcott is very rightly condemned as displaying a peculiarly acute ignorance of both Freemasonry and Egyptology, and further on so is that chattering journalist, Mr. Andrew Lang --- the Paul Carus of the British Isles.

Dr. Churchward is a Freemason of a very high degree, but yet not high enough to understand that secrets that need safeguarding are no secrets at all. "I. H." for left hand is excusable because it saves printers' ink; but "these need no explanation to R.A.M.'s" etc., etc., is ridiculous because R.A.M.'s need not be told about it, and if you are not going to divulge this frightful secret about a "Tau" why bother to say so? Remember that "an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which "cannot" be revealed," even by a R.A.M.! The Hebrew throughout is very faulty; either Dr. Churchward knows none, or else the proofs have been sadly neglected. But now let us turn to the subject over which he must have spent years of labour.

Man he traces back to the Pygmies of Central Africa, these or beings very like them hundreds of thousands of years ago emigrated all over the world --- they were Paleolithic man, and whether these ape-like little beings had a Mythos {341} or not would appear to be doubtful, but the next great exodus, that of Neolithic man, carried with it the Stellar Mythos, --- that of the Seven Stars and the Pole Star, and the varied quarters to which these primitive men travelled is carefully indicated on the map at the end of the book. Though it may seem strange that they crossed vast oceans, it must be born in mind that the configurations of the globe have changed since those remote periods; besides, primitive man did get about the world in a most extraordinary way, as such islands as Madagascar and Easter Island prove. The inhabitants of the former are Polynesian and not African, of the later, seemingly Melanesian, judging by their skulls, and the Solomon Islands, the nearest Melanesian islands to Easter Island, are thousands of miles away. Ducie Island, the nearest island to Easter Island, is many hundred miles away, and the coast of South America is no less than 2,300 miles distant. And yet in this tiny island we find proofs of very high civilization, and it is curious that Dr. Churchward has not mentioned the numerous hieroglyphics found there concerning which a very full account is given in the Smithsonian Reports of 1889. After these came another exodus, carrying with it the Lunar and Solar Mythos, and Horus became under varying names the supreme world-god, and his four sons, or emanations, the four quarters.

It is impossible here to enter into the numerous entrancing speculations that Dr. Churchward draws, or to give any adequate idea of the vast number of proofs that he marshals to convince us --- they are quite bewildering. In fact, they completely reverse our conception of polytheism; for it is we who are the idolators, and not our ancestors; it is we who sacrifice to many gods, and not those little Bushmen who felt and saw and lived with the One Great Spirit. Let us therefore mention that the chief points, a few out of a score, that have struck us are --- The Custom of the Mark Sacred Stone; the universality of Horus worship; the startling identity of hieroglyphics, all

over the world, with the Egyptian; and the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, and its use as a Temple of Initiation.

A few others, however, do not understand. On p. 80 Dr. Churchward traces the "Bull Roarer" back to Egypt. But we can find no proofs of these ever having been used there. In Australia, as he states, they were used, and so also in New Zealand and New Guinea and over most of Europe; in Sussex, country boys to this day use them as toys. Again, the Egyptian throwing-stick (p. 67) is not a boomerang at all; it was made of thick rounded wood and will not return when thrown. It is as perfectly distinct from the Australian weapon as the Australian is from the throwing-clubs of Fiji. The double triangle symbol(?) is so common in the Pacific Islands that it is to be found on nearly every club and utensil; in some cases it represents figures of men with bent knees and arms akimbo. There are many combination of it. In small details the author fails, {342} he is so keen to find proof of Egyptian antiquity in everything. On p. 228 he quotes as an example of original sign-language that he "watched with interest our bluejackets leaning over the side of a man-of-war talking to one another" by means of their hands and fingers. Of course what they are really doing is semaphore signalling without flags after the official signalling with flags has ceased.

In spite of these small over-eagernesses, this book is a revolutionary volume, a work that should stimulate argument and comment; and we hope that it will induce others to collect and discover the secrets of the past before they are devoured by our Minotaurean Civilization. It is a melancholy fact that though amongst the rudest of rude savages secrets have been kept and great systems maintained for hundreds of thousands of years, the "clever" children of the present with all their arts and crafts are only destroyers of the past. we defame antiquity, annihilate those who still venerate it --- mentally we destroy their minds with a corrupt and idolatrous Christianity, a veritable haggis of guts and blood, and their bodies with gunpowder and loathsome diseases. In a few years all will have gone; but (say you?) all will be saved, stored in our libraries and museums. But, we answer, even these in a few centuries will be dust and ashes; the very paper of this book which we are reviewing, beautiful though it be, will, like a girl's beauty, vanish before forty years are past. Our inventions are our curse, they are our destruction. What was coagulated in the minds of barbarians for thousands and tens of thousands of years we shall have destroyed utterly, utterly, in as many days and nights. Civilization has driven her plough over Stellar and Solar mythology, wantonly, and at haphazard, and in their place she has cultivated the Unknowable and Andrew Lang!

If the Utilitarian progress in the next few years as he has in the last, soon we shall have some socialistic fellah depriving the world of its last great monuments, and building labourers' cottages out of the stones and bricks of the Pyramids, because they are so very much more useful. "solve" is the cry to-day; the Sabbatic finger of the Goat points upwards, yet on the clouds of darkness does it scrawl a sigil of light. A new God stirs in the Womb of its Mother; we can see his form, dim and red, in the cavern of Time. Dare we

pronounce his name? Yea! It is Horus, Horus the Child, reborn Amsu the Good Shepherd, who will lead us out of the sheepish stupidity of to-day. How many understand this mystery? Perhaps none save those who have seen and subscribed to the Law of Thelema.

J. F. C. F.

THE LOST VALLEY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Nash. 6"s."

It is the penalty of factitious success that the need of fuel increases like the dose of a drug-fiend. Instead of clothing his with with silk from the loom of life {343} and embroidering it with gold thread drawn from the observation of things around him, the slave of popularity wears it threadbare. Morphia won't replace bread after the first month or so!

Now we see Mr. Blackwood and Nemesis. He gets a reputation by marketing his tiny scrap of knowledge of the inner World; the public cries out for more, and the poor wage-slave, bankrupt in invention, does his best to fake --- and fails.

It is the male equivalent of the harlot who has drifted from Piccadilly to Waterloo Bridge Road.

So here we see him, the shy smile changed to the open coarse appeal, the tawdry apparatus of his craft seen for what it is --- rabbit-skin ermine! --- and himself unmistakably the fifth-rate writer, like Baudelaire's "Old Mountebank" --- surely no more pitiful --- tumbling for no kindlier laugh than that of contempt. (And he might have been so fine!)

This is why success must in the nature of things spoil everybody. Make a hit with one arrow; you must never dare to do more than change the colour of the feathers --- till your quiver is empty.

And how empty is Mr. Blackwood's! When it comes to a father hating his twin sons because (why?) he wanted one son very badly, going mad, and after his death turning the two into one in spite of a clergyman's reading aloud of Job ----

Well, hang it, Mr. Blackwood, the woman has the best of it yet. It is a very foolish girl who cannot hold her own for ten years. But you who have been writing hardly half the time are only fit for the Literary Lock Hospital.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, Natu

Minimus.

AMBERGRIS. A Selection of Poems by ALEISTER CROWLEY. Elkin Mathews. 3"s." 6"d."

Printed by Strangeways and sons, Great Tower Street, Cambridge Circus, W. C.

We don't like books of selections, and you can't make a nightingale out of a crow by picking out the least jarring notes.

The book is nicely bound and printed --- as if that were any excuse! Mr. Crowley, however, must have been surprised to receive a bill of over Six Pounds for "author's corrections," as the book was printed from his volume of

Collected Works, and the alterations made by his were well within the dozen!

[Yes; he was surprised; it was his first --- and last --- experience of these strange ways. --- ED.]

If poets are ever going to make themselves heard, they must find some means of breaking down the tradition that they are the easy dupes of every --- [Satis. --- ED.] {344}

Just as a dishonest commercial traveller will sometimes get a job by accepting a low salary, and look for profit to falsifying the accounts of "expenses," so --- [Here; this will never do. --- ED.]

We have had fine weather recently in Mesopotamia --- [I dare say; but I'm getting suspicious; stop right here. --- ED.] All right; don't be huffy; good-bye! S HOLMES.

SECRET REMEDIES. British Medical Association, 429, Strand, W. C. 1"s."

Every person who has the welfare of the people at heart should buy this book for free distribution among the poor.

The major portion of the Press (which lives corruptly on the advertisements of the scoundrels exposed in this book, knaves who sell ginger at the price of gold) has done its best to boycott the book.

The public --- the helpless, ignorant section of it --- spends nigh 2 1/2 millions sterling every year on these quack nostrums.

We must safeguard them. We must register all "patent" remedies, insist on the ingredients and their cost being printed clearly on each box, and appoint a committee with funds at its disposal from the Treasury to recompense adequately and generously anyone who really should discover a cure for human affliction.

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A. C.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04035.html>

42 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

About this capture

GLAZIERS' HOUSES:

or,

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT

I will write him a very taunting letter. --- "As You Like It."

IN these latter days, when (too often) a newspaper proprietor is like a Buddhist monk, afraid to scratch his head lest he should incommode his vermin, it is indeed a joy for a young and nameless author to be presented with a long sword by a cordial editor, with the injunction: "There, my lad, sweep away, never mind what you hit --- I'll stand the racket."

Whoosh! off we go. One, two, three --- crash! what's that? "Aere perennus"? Or a perennial ass>

Let us see --- a very curious problem.

A problem not to be solved by mere surface scraping. Well then?

A thankless and invidious task it may seem to pierce deeper than the "wolf in Dr. Jaeger's clothing" of our wittiest woman and most alluring "morphinomane." That task is ours. For last night in the visions of mine head upon my bed I beheld, strangely interwoven with this striking picture, the scene between Little Red Tiding Hood and her sick grandmother --- how perverted! For in my dream it seemed that the old lady had devoured the wolf and that the scourge of the {346} Tories was but a bed-ridden and toothless hag, mumbling the senile curses and jests which she could no longer articulate.

True it is that the Word of Shaw is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. Yet the habit of sword-swallowing is probably fatal to the suicidal intentions of a Brutus, and it has certainly grown on him until he can no longer slay either himself or another.

A dweller in the glass houses of Fad, he has thrown stones at the fishy god. A Society Shimei, he has spat against the wind, and his beard is befouled.

True, every thought of Shaw is a great thought; and so equable and far-seeing is the artist, that its contradictory appears with it. His births are all Siamese twins; his god is Janus; his sign is Gemini ... but his end is (I fear) not to rise above the equilibrium of contraries by a praeter-Hegelian dialectic, but to sink wearily between his two stools, a lamentable loon. ... This Nulli Secundus, inflated with fermenting Grape-Nuts!

For in all that mass of analysis lucid and terrible I cannot recall a single line of beauty, rarely a note of ecstasy; with one exception (John

Tanner), hardly a hero. Even he not a little absurd.

He has seen through the shams of romance, and marriage, and free love, and literary pose, and medical Ju-Ju, and religious rant, and political twaddle, and socialist Buncombe and --- every phase of falsehood. ... But he has hardly grasped that each such falsehood is but a shadow of some sun of truth. He does not perceive the ineffable glory of the universe in its whole and in each part. He has smitten at the shadow of a shadow: it falls --- the world is filth. Let him {347} rather new-edge his sword for a deeper analysis, and cut away the veil from the face of our Mother. 'Sdeath, man, is there nothing we may love?

He is wrong, anyway, to gibe at Scripture. For, like Balaam, I came to curse, and appear to be blessing him! (with scarce a monitory word). And, like Balaam, too, I have been reviewed by G. K. Chesterton.

To pass from this painful subject. ...

Let me rouse myself to a really resolute effort to denounce Shaw as a niddering. Aha! I have it. The man is a journalist after all. We have to thank him for semi-educating a few of our noodles, for applying the caustic Of Ibsen (right) and Wagner (wrong --- the book's drivell) to that most indolent of ulcers, the British Public, but for nothing more. His own work, bar "Man and Overman" (why the hybrid Superman?), is a glib sham. If it proves anything, it proves nothing.

But are we to writhe in the ecstasies of Pyrrhonism? For this prophet claims to be Zoroaster.

Can we be sure even of that? He has educated the British goat to caper to his discordant Pan-pipe, so that without the nuisance of crucifixion he may scourge the money-changes from the temple.

Yet is this true cynicism? doth he delight, the surly Diogenes, in his solitary gambols --- that insult both Lydia and Lalage? Or is he doing it to tempt them --- to coquette with them? Is he a man deadly serious in positive constructive aim, yet so sensitive to ridicule that he will always seek to turn it off as a jest --- and so a stultifier of himself? A Christ crucified, not upon Calvary, but upon Venus berg, and so no redeemer?

If so, "ave atque vale," George Bernard Shaw, for a redeemer {348} from the Overmen we want, and we will have; another we will not have. Rather than your mock-crucified castrato-devilry, Barabbas!

But if it be your serious livelong purpose to slay all ideas by ridicule. ... then we must claim you as an adept, one fit for the scourge and the buffets, for the gives and the slaver of the lick-spittle English, whose only notion of a jest is a smutty story.

There is room for another hand at my bench.

See! if thou be indeed Achilles, why should we be in doubt? The gilded arms of Pandarus --- the speech of Thersites. Sir, these things trouble us!

Thou seest it! If thou art journalist, the very journalists may rise from their slime, bubbling with foul breath, and suck thee down to their mother ooze unspeakable; but if not, then I too (no journalist, God knows!) must praise thee.

Thee --- not thy work. For the manner thereof is wholly abominable. What have all we done, that for Pegasus we have this spavined and hamstrung Rosinante, for Bucephalus this hydrocephalic hydropath?

Even as god Gilbert begat the devil-brood musical comedy, so hast thou begotten the tedious stage-sermons to which our priest-loving, sin-conscious slaves now flock. Refinement of cruelty! Thou hast replaced the Trappist cell by the Court Theatre!

For this, I, who prefer the study to the theatre, forgive thee; for I love not the badger-reek of Suburbia and Bohemia in my nostrils. But for this also I praise thee, that lion-like thou turnest at last upon the jackal-crowd at thy heels. That ungainly dragon, the Chesterbelloc, hast thou ridden against, {349} good St. George Bernard Shaw! With a spear thou hast pierced its side, and there floweth forth beer and water.

Turn also, gramercy, upon the others, even unto the lowest. As Ibsen hawked at carrion birds with a Wild Duck, so do thou create some harpy to torment them. Who is this that followeth thee? Behold this mumbler born to butcher the English language, and educated to hack it with a saw! This stuttering babbler, this Harpocrates by the compulsion of a Sloane Square Mammurra! Who is this hanger-on to the bedraggled petticoats of thy lousy Thalia --- this beardless, witless filcher of thy fallen crab-apples? This housemaid of the Court theatre, the Gittite slut whose bleary eyes weep sexless crocodile tears over the crassness of the daughters of the Philistines?

Arise, and speak to this palsied megalomaniac, this frowsy Moll Flanders of a degenerated Chelsea, this down-at-heel "flfneur" on the outer boulevards of a prostituted literature, this little mongrel dog that fawneth upon the ill-cut trousers of thee, O St. Pancras Pulchinello --- this little red-coated ;person that doth mouth and dance upon the kakophonous barrel-organ of New thought fakirs and Modernity mountebanks.

Speak to this parasite --- itself unspeakably verminous --- of the long-haired brigade, who has "got on" for that it had neither sufficient talent to excite envy, nor manhood enough to excite apprehension, but wit well to comprehend the sycophancy of the self-styled court and the tittle-tattle of the servants' hall.

It is an Editor --- dear Lord my God! it is an Editor; but he who employs it has an equally indefeasible title to employ the pronoun "We." {350}

It hat never had aught to say; but, then, how affectedly it hath said it!

...

Will not the late "New Quarterly" take note of this?

O these barbers, with their prattle, and their false expedients --- and scarce even a safety razor among them!

For let each one who worships George Bernard Shaw, while ignorant of that magnificent foundation of literature and philosophy --- the Cubical Stone of the Wise, on which a greater than Auguste Rodin hath erected the indomitable figure of Le Penseur --- take these remarks individually to himself, and --- oh! Thinker, think again. Let not posterity consider of this statue that its

summit is no Overman, but a gibbering ape! Not filth, not sorrow, not laughter of the mocker is this universe; but laughter of a young god, a holy and beautiful god, a god of live and light.

And thou, since thou hast the ear of the British ass at thy lips, sing to it those starry songs. It can but bray. ...

But why, as hitherto, shouldst thou bray also? Or if bray thou must, let us have the virile and portentous bray of the Ass of Apuleius, not (as hitherto) the plaintive bray of the proverbial ass who hesitated so long between the two thistles that he starved to death. I warn thee, ass! We who are gods have laughed with thee these many years; beware lest in the end we laugh at thee with the laughter of a mandrake torn up, whereat thou shouldst fall dead.

A. QUILLER, JR.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04036.html>

44 captures

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About this capture

IN THE TEMPLE

THE subtle-souled dim radiant queen
Burns like a bale-fire through the mist;
The slender earth is bright and green,
Emerald, gray and amethyst;
The wavering breeze has slowly kissed
The way between
Her zone and wrist.

Pale guardian of the altar-flame,
Syren of old, perfidious song,
A murmuring runnel lately came
In streaming hate of mortal wrong.
Wait, for, my goddess, not for long
The snake is tame. ...
See! He is strong!

The wide-set temple-pillars gleam,
As marble white, and tall as pines;
The doorway to immortal dream
Lies through the temple's purple shrines.

Behold, pure queen, the magic signs.
Let words out-stream
As mingled wines! ...

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no4/eqi04038.html>

42 captures

11 Jan 2002 - 28 Feb 2024

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About this capture

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BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC (The) OF ABRA-MELIN THE MAGE, as delivered by Abraham

the Jew unto his Son Lamech, A.D. 1458. Translated from the Original Hebrew into French, and now rendered into English. From a unique and valuable MS, in the "Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal" at Paris; with copious Notes and Magical Squares of Letters. By L. S. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. 4to, black cloth, Magical Square on side in gold. 1900. (Published at 21s.) Postage free 10s. 6p.

The Original work, of which this is a translation, is unique, no other copy being known, although both Bylwer Lytton and Eliphas Levi were well aware of its existence; the former having based part of his description on the sage Rosicrucian, Mejnour, on that of Abra-Melin, while the account of the so-called Observatory of Sir Philip Derval in the "Strange Story" was, to some extent, copied from that of the Magical Oratory and Terrace given in the present work. There are also other interesting points too numerous to be given here in detail. It is felt therefore that by its publication a service is rendered to lovers of rare and curious Books, and to Students of Occultism, by placing within their reach a magical work of so much importance, and one so interestingly associated with the respective authors of "Zanoni" and of the "Dogma and Ritual of Transcendental Magic." The Magical Squares or combination of letters, placed in a certain manner, are said to possess a peculiar species of automatic intelligent vitality, apart from any of the methods given for their use; and students are recommended to make no use of these whatever unless this higher Divine Knowledge is approached in a frame of mind worthy of it.

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"SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT"

THE HIGH HISTORY OF
GOOD SIR PALAMEDES
THE SARACEN KNIGHT
AND OF HIS FOLLOWING
OF THE QUESTING BEAST
1
BY ALEISTER CROWLEY
RIGHTLY SET FORTH IN RIME

TO ALLAN BENNETT

"Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya"

my good knight comrade in the quest, I dedicate this
imperfect account of it, in some small recognition of
his suggestion of its form.

MANDALAY, "November" 1905

" 1WEH NOTE: This work is read to best effect after Crowley's
"Confessions". The sections are metaphoric accounts of Crowley's
own search for enlightenment, sometimes with changed details or
settings. "E.g.", the general focus on Arthur that comes in at III
should be taken to represent Crowley's lasting but frustrated
desire to serve and save "all the Britains". Acts of killing by
the principal character represent renunciations of attachment.

ARGUMENT

- i. Sir Palamede, the Saracen knight, riding on the shore of Syria, findeth his father's corpse, around which an albatross circleth. He approveth the vengeance of his peers.
- ii. On the shore of Arabia he findeth his mother in the embrace of a loathly negro beneath blue pavilions. Her he slayeth, and burneth all that encampment.
- iii. Sir Palamede is besieged in his castle by Severn mouth, and his wife and son are slain.
- iv. Hearing that his fall is to be but the prelude to an attack of Camelot, he maketh a desperate night sortie, and will traverse the wilds of Wales.
- v. At the end of his resources among the Welsh mountains, he is compelled to put to death his only remaining child. By this sacrifice he saves the world of chivalry.
- vi. He having become an holy hermit, a certain dwarf, splendidly clothed, cometh to Arthur's court, bearing tidings of a Questing Beast. The knights fail to lift him, this being the test of worthiness.
- vii. Lancelot findeth him upon Scawfell, clothed in his white beard. he returneth, and, touching the dwarf but with his finger, herleth him to the heaven.
- viii. Sir Palamede, riding forth on the quest, seeth a Druid worship the sun upon Stonehenge. He rideth eastward, and findeth the sun setting in the west. Furious he taketh a Viking ship, and by sword and whip fareth seaward.

ix. Coming to India, he learneth that It glittereth. Vainly fighting the waves, the leaves, and the snows, he is swept in the Himalayas as by an avalanche into a valley where dwell certain ascetics, who pelt him with their eyeballs.

x. Seeking It as Majesty, he chaseth an elephant in the Indian jungle. The elephant escapeth; but he, led to Trichinopoli by an Indian lad, seeth an elephant forced to dance ungainly before the Mahalingam.

xi. A Scythian sage declareth that It transcendeth Reason. Therefore Sir Palamede unreasonably decapitateth him.

xii. An ancient hag prateth of It as Evangelical. Her he hewed in pieces.
{v}

xiii. At Naples he thinketh of the Beast as author of Evil, because Free of Will. The Beast, starting up, is slain by him with a poisoned arrow; but at the moment of Its death It is reborn from the knight's own belly.

xiv. At Rome he meeteth a red robber in a Hat, who speaketh nobly of It as of a king-dove-lamb. He chaseth and slayeth it; it proves but a child's toy.

xv. In a Tuscan grove he findeth, from the antics of a Satyr, that the Gods sill dwell with men. Mistaking orgasm for ecstasy, he is found ridiculous.

xvi. Baiting for It with gilded corn in a moonlit vale of Spain, he findeth the bait stolen by bermin.

xvii. In Crete a metaphysician weaveth a labyrinth. Sir Palamede compelleth him to pursue the quarry in this same fashion. Running like hippogriffs, they plunge over the precipice; and the hermit, dead, appears but a mangy ass. Sir Palamede, sore wounded, is borne by fishers to an hut.

xviii. Sir Palamede noteth the swiftness of the Beast. He therefore climbeth many mountains of the Alps. Yet can he not catch It; It outrunneth him easily, and at last, stumbling, he falleth.

xix. Among the dunes of Brittany he findeth a witch dancing and conjuring, until she disappeareth in a blaze of light. He then learneth music, from a vile girl, until he is as skilful as Orpheus. In Paris he playeth in a public place. The people, at first throwing him coins, soon desert him to follow a foolish Egyptian wizard. No Beast cometh to his call.

xx. He argueth out that there can be but on Beast. Following single tracks, he at length findeth the quarry, but on pursuit It eldeth hi by multiplying itself. This on the wide plains of France.

xxi. He gathereth an army sufficient to chase the whole herd. In England's midst they rush upon them; but the herd join together, leading on the knights, who at length rush together into a "m^le," wherein all but Sir Palamede are slain, while the Beast, as ever, standeth aloof, laughing.

xxii. He argueth Its existence from design of the Cosmos, noting that Its tracks form a geometrical figure. But seeth that this depends upon his sense of geometry; and is therefore no proof. Meditating upon this likeness to himself --- Its subjectivity, in short --- he seeth It in the Blue Lake. Thither plunging, all is shattered.

xxiii. Seeking It in shrines he findeth but a money-box; while they that helped him (as they said) in his search, but robbed him.

xxiv. Arguing Its obscurity, he seeketh It within the bowels of Etna, cutting off all avenues of sense. His own thoughts pursue him into madness. {vi}

xxv. Upon the Pacific Ocean, he, thinking that It is not-Self, throweth himself into the sea. But the Beast setteth him ashore.

xxvi. Rowed by Kanakas to Japan, he praiseth the stability of Fuji-Yama. But, an earthquake arising, the pilgrims are swallowed up.

xxvii. Upon the Yang-tze-kiang he contemplateth immortal change. Yet, perceiving that the changes themselves constitute stability, he is again balked, and biddeth his men bear him to Egypt.

xxviii. In an Egyptian temple he hath performed the Bloody Sacrifice, and cursed Osiris. Himself suffering that curse, he is still far from the Attainment.

xxix. In the land of Egypt he performeth many miracles. But from the statue of Memnon issueth the questing, and he is recalled from that illusion.

xxx. Upon the plains of Chaldea he descendeth into the bowels of the earth, where he beholdeth the Visible Image of the soul of Nature for the Beast. Yet Earth belcheth him forth.

xxxi. In a slum city he converseth with a Rationalist. Learning nothing, nor even hearing the Beast, he goeth forth to cleanse himself.

xxxii. Seeking to imitate the Beast, he goeth on all-fours, questing horribly. The townsmen cage him for a lunatic. Nor can he imitate the elusiveness of the Beast. Yet at one note of that questing the prison is shattered, and Sir Palamede rusheth forth free.

xxiii. Sir Palamede hath gone to the shores of the Middle Sea to restore his health. There he practiseth devotion to the Beast, and becometh maudlin and sentimental. His knaves mocking him, he beateth one sore; from whose belly issueth the questing.

xxiv. Being retired into an hermitage in Fenland, he traverseth space upon the back of an eagle. He knoweth all things --- save only It. And incontinent beseedheth the eagle to set him down again.

xxxv. He lectureth upon metaphysics --- for he is now totally insane --- to many learned monks of Cantabrig. They applaud him and detain him, though he hath heard the question and would away. But so feeble is he that he fleeth by night.

xxxvi. It hath often happened to Sir Palamede that he is haunted by a shadow, the which he may not recognise. But at last, in a sunlit wood, this is discovered to be a certain hunchback, who doubteth whether there be at all any Beast or any quest, or if the whole life of Sir Palamede be not a vain illusion. Him, without seeing to conquer with words, he slayeth incontinent.

xxxvii. In a cave by the sea, feeding on limpets and roots, Sir Palamede abideth, sick unto death. Himseemeth the Beast questeth within his own bowels; he is the {vii} Beast. Standing up, that he may enjoy the reward, he findeth another answer to the riddle. Yet abideth in the quest.

xxxviii. Sir Palamede is confronted by a stranger knight, whose arms are his own, as also his features. This knight mocketh Sir OPalamede for an impudent

pretender, and impersonator of the chosen knight. Sir Palamede in all humility alloweth that there is no proof possible, and offereth ordeal of battle, in which the stranger is slain. Sir Palamede heweth him into the smallest dust without pity.

xxxix. In a green valley he obtaineth the vision of Pan. Thereby he regaineth all that he had expended of strength and youth; is gladdened thereat, for he now devoteth again his life to the quest; yet more utterly cast down than ever, for that this supreme vision is not the Beast.

xl. Upon the loftiest summit of a great mountain he perceiveth Naught. Even this is, however, not the Beast.

xli. Returning to Camelot to announce his failure, he maketh entrance into the King's hall, whence he started out upon the quest. The Beast cometh nestling to him. All the knights attain the quest. The voice of Christ is heard: "well done." He sayeth that each failure is a step in the Path. The poet prayeth success therein for himself and his readers.

{viii}

THE HIGH HISTORY
OF GOOD
SIR PALAMEDES
THE SARACEN KNIGHT; AND OF HIS FOLLOWING
OF
THE QUESTING BEAST

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Rode by the marge of many a sea:
He had slain a thousand evil men
And set a thousand ladies free.

Armed to the teeth, the glittering kinght
Galopped along the sounding shore,
His silver arms one lake of light,
Their clash one symphony of war.

How still the blue enamoured sea
Lay in the blaze of Syria's noon!
The eternal roll eternally
Beat out its monotonic tune.

Sir Palamede the Saracen
A dreadful vision here espied,
A sight abhorred of gods and men,
Between the limit of the tide.

The dead man's tongue was torn away;
The dead man's throat was slit across;
There flapped upon the putrid prey
A carrion, screaming albatross. {3}

So halted he his horse, and bent
To catch remembrance from the eyes
That stared to God, whose ardour sent
His radiance from the ruthless skies.

Then like a statue still he sate;
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred;
While round them flapped insatiate
The fell, abominable bird.

But the coldest horror drave the light
From knightly eyes. How pale thy bloom,
Thy blood, O brow whereon that night
Sits like a serpent on a tomb!

For Palamede those eyes beheld
The iron image of his own;
On those dead brows a fate he spelled
To strike a Gorgon into stone.

He knew his father. Still he sate,
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred;
While round them flapped insatiate
The fell, abominable bird.

The knight approves the justice done,
And pays with that his rowels' debt;
While yet the forehead of the son
Stands beaded with an icy sweat. {4}

God's angel, standing sinister,
Unfurls this scroll --- a sable stain:
"Who wins the spur shall ply the spur
Upon his proper heart and brain."

He gave the sign of malison
On traitor knights and perjured men;
And ever by the sea rode on
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

II

BEHOLD! Arabia's burning shore
Rings to the hoofs of many a steed.
Lord of a legion rides to war
The indomitable Palamede.

The Paynim fly; his troops delight
In murder of many a myriad men,
Following exultant into fight
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

Now when a year and day are done
Sir Palamedes is aware
Of blue pavilions in the sun,
And bannerets fluttering in the air.

Forward he spurs; his armour gleams;
Then on his haunches rears the steed;
Above the lordly silk there streams

The pennon of Sir Palamede!

Aflame, a bridegroom to his spouse,
He rides to meet with galliard grace
Some scion of his holy house,
Or germane to his royal race. {6}

But oh! the eyes of shame! Beneath
The tall pavilion's sapphire shade
There sport a band with wand and wreath,
Languorous boy and laughing maid.

And in the centre is a sight
Of hateful love and shameless shame:
A recreant Abyssinian knight
Sports grossly with a wanton dame.

How black and swinish is the knave!
His hellish grunt, his bestial grin;
Her trilling laugh, her gesture suave,
The cool sweat swimming on her skin!

She looks and laughs upon the knight,
Then turns to buss the blubber mouth,
Draining the dregs of that black blight
Of wine to ease their double drouth!

God! what a glance! Sir Palamede
Is stricken by the sword of fate:
His mother it is in very deed
That gleeful goes the goatish gait.

His mother it his, that pure and pale
Cried in the pangs that gave him birth;
The holy image he would veil
From aught the tiniest taint of earth. {7}

She knows him, and black fear bedim
Those eyes; she offers to his gaze
The blue-veined breasts that suckled him
In childhood's sweet and solemn days.

Weeping she bares the holy womb!
Shrieks out the mother's last appeal:
And reads irrevocable doom
In those dread eyes of ice and steel.

He winds his horn: his warriors pour
In thousands on the fenceless foe;
The sunset stains their hideous war
With crimson bars of after-glow.

He winds his horn; the night-stars leap
To light; upspring the sisters seven;
While answering flames illumine the deep,
The blue pavilions blaze to heaven.

Silent and stern the northward way
They ride; alone before his men
Staggers through black to rose and grey
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {8}

III

THERE is a rock by Severn mouth
Whereon a mighty castle stands,
Fronting the blue impassive South
And looking over lordly lands.

Oh! high above the envious sea
This fortress dominates the tides;
There, ill at heart, the chivalry
Of strong Sir Palamede abides.

Now comes irruption from the fold
That live by murder: day by day
The good knight strikes his deadly stroke;
The vultures claw the attended prey.

But day by day the heathen hordes.
Gather from dreadful lands afar,
A myriad myriad bows and swords,
As clouds that blot the morning star.

Soon by an arrow from the sea
The Lady of Palamede is slain;

His son, in sally fighting free,
Is struck through burgonet and brain. {9}

But day by day the foes increase,
Though day by day their thousands fall:
Laughs the unshaken fortalice;
The good knights laugh no more at all.

Grimmer than heather hordes can scowl,
The spectre hunger rages there;
He passes like a midnight owl,
Hooting his heraldry, despair.

The knights and squires of Palamede
Stalk pale and lean through court and hall;
Though sharp and swift the archers speed
Their yardlong arrows from the wall.

Their numbers thin; their strength decays;
Their fate is written plain to read:
These are the dread deciduous days
Of iron-souled Sir Palamede.

He hears the horrid laugh that rings
From camp to camp at night; he hears
The cruel mouths of murderous kings
Laugh out one menace that he fears.

No sooner shall the heroes die
Than, ere their flesh begin to rot,
The heathen turns his raving eye
To Caerlon and Camelot.

King Arthur in ignoble sloth
Is sunk, and dalliance with his dame,
Forgetful of his knightly oath,
And careless of his kingly name.

Befooled and cuckolded, the king
Is yet the king, the king most high;
And on his life the hinges swing
That close the door of chivalry.

'Sblood! shall it sink, and rise no more,
That blaze of time, when men were men?
That is thy question, warrior

Sir Palamede the Saracen! {11}

IV

Now, with two score of men in life
And one fair babe, Sir Palamede
Resolves one last heroic strife,
Attempts forlorn a desperate deed.

At dead of night, a moonless night,
A night of winter storm, they sail
In dancing dragons to the fight
With man and sea, with ghoul and gale.

Whom God shall spare, ride, ride! (so springs
The iron order). Let him fly
On honour's steed with honour's wings
To warn the king, lest honour die!

Then to the fury of the blast
Their fury adds a dreadful sting:
The fatal die is surely cast.
To save the king --- to save the king!

Hail! horror of the midnight surge!
The storms of death, the lashing gust,
The doubtful gleam of swords that urge
Hot laughter with high-leaping lust! {12}

Though one by one the heroes fall,
Their desperate way they slowly win,
And knightly cry and comrade-call
Rise high above the savage din.

Now, now they land, a dwindling crew;
Now, now fresh armies hem them round.
They cleave their blood-bought avenue,
And cluster on the upper ground.

Ah! but dawn's dreadful front uprears!

The tall towers blaze, to illumine the fight;
While many a myriad heathen spears
March northward at the earliest light.

Falls thy last comrade at thy feet,
O lordly-souled Sir Palamede?
Tearing the savage from his seat,
He leaps upon a coal-black steed.

He gallops raging through the press:
The affrighted heathen fear his eye.
There madness gleams, there masterless
The whirling sword shrieks shrill and high.

The shrink, he gallops. Closely clings
The child slung at his waist; and he
Heeds nought, but gallops wide, and sings
Wild war-songs, chants of gramarye! {13}

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Rides like a centaur mad with war;
He sabres many a million men,
And tramples many a million more!

Before him lies the untravelled land
Where never a human soul is known,
A desert by a wizard banned,
A soulless wilderness of stone.

Nor grass, nor corn, delight the vales;
Nor beast, nor bird, span space. Immense,
Black rain, grey mist, white wrath of gales,
Fill the dread armoury of sense.

Nor shines the sun; nor moon, nor star
Their subtle light at all display;
Nor day, nor night, dispute the scur:
All's one intolerable grey.

Black llyns, grey rocks, white hills of snow!
No flower, no colour: life is not.
This is no way for men to go
From Severn-mouth to Camelot.

Despair, the world upon his speed,
Drive (like a lion from his den

Whom hunger hunts) the man at need,
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {14}

V

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath cast his sword and arms aside.
To save the world of goodly men,
He sets his teeth to ride --- to ride!

Three days: the black horse drops and dies.
The trappings furnish them a fire,
The beast a meal. With dreadful eyes
Stare into death the child, the sire.

Six days: the gaunt and gallant knight
Sees hateful visions in the day.
Where are the antient speed and might
Were wont to animate that clay?

Nine days; they stumble on; no more
His strength avails to bear the child.
Still hangs the mist, and still before
Yawns the immeasurable wild.

Twelve days: the end. Afar he spies
The mountains stooping to the plain;
A little splash of sunlight lies
Beyond the everlasting rain. {15}

His strength is done; he cannot stir.
The child complains --- how feebly now!
His eyes are blank; he looks at her;
The cold sweat gathers on his brow.

To save the world --- three days away!
His life in knighthood's life is furled,
And knighthood's life in his --- to-day! ---
His darling staked against the world!

Will he die there, his task undone?
Or dare he live, at such a cost?
He cries against the impassive sun:
The world is dim, is all but lost.

When, with the bitterness of death
Cutting his soul, his fingers clench
The piteous passage of her breath.
The dews of horror rise and drench

Sir Palamede the Saracen.
Then, rising from the hideous meal,
He plunges to the land of men
With nerves renewed and limbs of steel.

Who is the naked man that rides
Yon tameless stallion on the plain,
His face like Hell's? What fury guides
The maniac beast without a rein? {16}

Who is the naked man that spurs
A charger into Camelot,
His face like Christ's? what glory stirs
The air around him, do ye wot?

Sir Arthur arms him, makes array
Of seven times ten thousand men,
And bids them follow and obey
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {17}

VI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
The earth from murder hath released,
Is hidden from the eyes of men.

Sir Arthur sits again at feast.
The holy order burns with zeal:
Its fame revives from west to east.

Now, following Fortune's whirling-wheel,
There comes a dwarf to Arthur's hall,
All cased in damascen^ſd steel.

A sceptre and a golden ball
He bears, and on his head a crown;
But on his shoulders drapes a pall

Of velvet flowing sably down
Above his vest of cramoisie.
Now doth the king of high renown

Demand him of his dignity.
Whereat the dwarf begins to tell
A quest of loftiest chivalry. {18}

Quod he: "By Goddes holy spell,
So high a venture was not known,
Nor so divine a miracle.

A certain beast there runs alone,
That ever in his belly sounds
A hugeous cry, a monster moan,

As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested with him. Now God saith
(I swear it by His holy wounds

And by His lamentable death,
And by His holy Mother's face!)
That he shall know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace
Who shall achieve this marvel quest."
Then Arthur sterte up from his place,

And sterte up boldly all the rest,
And sware to seek this goodly thing.
But now the dwarf doth beat his breast,

And speak on this wise to the king,
That he should worthy knight be found
Who with his hands the dwarf should bring

By might one span from off the ground.
Whereat they jeer, the dwarf so small,

The knights so strong: the walls resound {19}

With laughter rattling round the hall.

But Arthur first essays the deed,
And may not budge the dwarf at all.

Then Lancelot sware by Goddes reed,
And pulled so strong his muscel burst,
His nose and mouth brake out a-bleed;

Nor moved he thus the dwarf. From first
To last the envious knights essayed,
And all their malice had the worst,

Till strong Sir Bors his prowess played ---
And all his might availġd nought,.
Now once Sir Bors had been betrayed

To Paynim; him in traitrise caught,
They bound to four strong stallion steers,
To tear asunder, as they thought,

The paladin of Arthur's peers.
But he, a-bending, breaks the spine
Of three, and on the fourth he rears

His bulk, and rides away. Divine
the wonder when the giant fails
To stir the fatuous dwarf, malign

Who smiles! But Boors on Arthur rails
That never a knight is worth but one.
"By Goddes death" (quod he), "what ails {20}

Us marsh-lights to forget the sun?
There is one man of mortal men
Worthy to win this benison,

Sir Palamede the Saracen."
Then went the applauding murmur round:
Sir Lancelot girt him there and then

To ride to that enchanted ground
Where amid timeless snows the den
Of Palamedes might be found.2 {21}

2WEH NOTE: See "Confessions". This refers to that portion of Crowley's life spent at Boleskine as Alastor, the "Spirit of Solitude".

VII

BEHOLD Sir Lancelot of the Lake
Breasting the stony scree: behold
How breath must fail and muscle ache

Before he reach the icy fold
That Palamede the Saracen
Within its hermitage may hold.

At last he cometh to a den
Perched high upon the savage scaur,
Remote from every haunt of men,

From every haunt of life afar.
There doth he find Sit Palamede
Sitting as steadfast as a star.

Scarcely he knew the knight indeed,
For he was compassed in a beard
White as the streams of snow that feed

The lake of Gods and men revered
That sitteth upon Caucasus.
So muttered he a darkling weird, {22}

And smote his bosom murderous.
His nails like eagles' claws were grown;
His eyes were wild and dull; but thus

Sir Lancelot spake: "Thy deeds atone
By knightly devoir!" He returned
That "While the land was overgrown

With giant, fiend, and ogre burned
My sword; but now the Paynim bars
Are broke, and men to virtue turned:

Therefore I sit upon the scars
Amid my beard, even as the sun
Sits in the company of the stars!"

Then Lancelot bade this deed be done,
The achievement of the Questing Beast.
Which when he spoke that holy one

Rose up, and gat him to the east
With Lancelot; when as they drew
Unto the palace and the feast

He put his littlest finger to
The dwarf, who rose to upper air,
Piercing the far eternal blue

Beyond the reach of song or prayer.
Then did Sir Palamede amend
His nakedness, his horrent hair, {23}

His nails, and made his penance end,
Clothing himself in steel and gold,
Arming himself, his life to spend

IN vigil cold and wandering bold,
Disdaining song and dalliance soft,
Seeking one purpose to behold,

And holding ever that aloft,
Nor fearing God, nor heeding men.
So thus his hermit habit doffed
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {24}

VIII

KNOW ye where Druid dolmens rise
In Wessex on the widow plain?
Thither Sir Palamedes plies

The spur, and shakes the rattling rein.
He questions all men of the Beast.
None answer. Is the quest in vain?

With oaken crown there comes a priest
In samite robes, with hazel wand,
And worships at the gilded East.

Ay! thither ride! The dawn beyond
Must run the quarry of his quest.
He rode as he were wood or fond,

Until at night behoves him rest.
--- He saw the gilding far behind
Out on the hills toward the West!

With aimless fury hot and blind
He flung him on a Viking ship.
He slew the rover, and inclined {25}

The seamen to his stinging whip.
Accurs'd of God, despising men,
Thy reckless oars in ocean dip,
Sir Palamede the Saracen! {26}

IX

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Sailed ever with a favouring wind
Unto the smooth and swarthy men

That haunt the evil shore of Hind:
He queried eager of the quest.
"Ay! Ay!" their cunning sages grinned:

"It shines! It shines! Guess thou the rest!
For naught but this our Rishis know."
Sir Palamede his way addressed

Unto the woods: they blaze and glow;

His lance stabs many a shining blade,
His sword lays many a flower low

That glittering gladdened in the glade.
He wrote himself a wanton ass,
And to the sea his traces laid,

Where many a wavelet on the glass
His prowess knows. But deep and deep
His futile feet in fury pass, {27}

Until one billow curls to leap,
And flings him breathless on the shore
Half drowned. O fool! his God's asleep,

His armour in illusion's war
It self illusion, all his might
And courage vain. Yet ardours pour

Through every artery. The knight
Scales the Himalaya's frozen sides,
Crowned with illimitable light,

And there in constant war abides,
Smiting the spangles of the snow;
Smiting until the vernal tides

Of earth leap high; the steady flow
Of sunlight splits the icy walls:
They slide, they hurl the knight below.

Sir Palamede the mighty falls
Into an hollow where there dwelt
A bearded crew of monachals

Asleep in various visions spelt
By mystic symbols unto men.
But when a foreigner they smelt

They drive him from their holy den,
And with their glittering eyeballs pelt
Sir Palamede the Saracen.³ {28}

3WEH NOTE: In other words, when Crowley went searching for an

eastern master in and about the Indian sub-continent, the local teachers just stared at him until he went away.

X

Now findeth he, as all alone
He moves about the burning East,
The mighty trail of some unknown,
But surely some majestic beast.

So followeth he the forest ways,
Remembering his knightly oath,
And through the hot and dripping days
Ploughs through the tangled undergrowth.

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Came on a forest pool at length,
Remote from any mart of men,
Where there disported in his strength

The lone and lordly elephant.
Sir Palamede his forehead beat.
"O amorous! O militant!
O lord of this arboreal seat!"

Thus worshipped he, and stalking stole
Into the presence: he emerged.
The scent awakes the uneasy soul
Of that Majestic One: upsurged {29}

The monster from the oozy bed,
And bounded through the crashing glades.
--- but now a staring savage head
Lurks at him through the forest shades.

This was a naked Indian,
Who led within the city gate
The fooled and disappointed man,
Already broken by his fate.

Here were the brazen towers, and here
the sculptured rocks, the marble shrine
Where to a tall black stone they rear

The altars due to the divine.

The God they deem in sensual joy
Absorbed, and silken dalliance:
To please his leisure hours a boy
Compels an elephant to dance.

So majesty to ridicule
Is turned. To other climes and men
Makes off that strong, persistent fool
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {30}

XI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath hied him to an holy man,
Sith he alone of mortal men

Can help him, if a mortal can.
(So tell him all the Scythian folk.)
Wherefore he makes a caravan,

And finds him. When his prayers invoke
The holy knowledge, saith the sage:
"This Beast is he of whom there spoke

The prophets of the Golden Age:
'Mark! all that mind is, he is not."
Sir Palamede in bitter rage

Sterne up: "Is this the fool, 'Od wot,
To see the like of whom I came
From castellated Camelot?"

The sage with eyes of burning flame
Cried: "Is it not a miracle?
Ay! for with folly travelleth shame, {31}

And thereto at the end is Hell
Believe! And why believe? Because

It is a thing impossible."

Sir Palamede his pulses pause.

"It is not possible" (quod he)

"That Palamede is wroth, and draws

His sword, decapitating thee.

By parity of argument

This deed of blood must surely be."

With that he suddenly besprent

All Scythia with the sage's blood,

And laughing in his woe he went

Unto a further field and flood,

Aye guided by that wizard's head,

That like a windy moon did scud

Before him, winking eyes of red

And snapping jaws of white: but then

What cared for living or for dead

Sir Palamede the Saracen? {32}

XII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Follows the Head to gloomy halls

Of sterile hate, with icy walls.

A woman clucking like a hen

Answers his lordly bugle-calls.

She rees him in ungainly rede

Of ghosts and virgins, doves and wombs,

Of roods and prophecies and tombs ---

Old pagan fables run to seed!

Sir Palamede with fury fumes.

So doth the Head that jabbers fast

Against that woman's tangled tale.

(God's patience at the end must fail!)

Out sweeps the sword --- the blade hath passed
Through all her scraggy farthingale.

"This chatter lends to Thought a zest"
(Quod he), "but I am all for Act.
Sit here, until your Talk hath cracked
The addled egg in Nature's nest!"
With that he fled the dismal tract. {33}

He was so sick and ill at ease
And hot against his fellow men,
He thought to end his purpose then ---
Nay! let him seek new lands and seas,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

{34}

XIII

SIR PALAMEDE is come anon
Into a blue delicious bay.
A mountain towers thereupon,
Wherein some fiend of ages gone

Is whelmed by God, yet from his breast
Spits up the flame, and ashes grey.
Hereby Sir Palamede his quest
Pursues withouten let or rest.

Seeing the evil mountain be,
Remembering all his evil years,
He knows the Questing Beast runs free ---
Author of Evil, then, is he!

Whereat immediate resounds
The noise he hath sought so long: appears
There quest a thirty couple hounds
Within its belly as it bounds.

Lifting his eyes, he sees at last

The beast he seeks: 'tis like an hart.
Ever it courseth far and fast.
Sir Palamede is sore aghast, {35}

But plucking up his will, doth launch
A might poison-dipp'd dart:
It fareth ever sure and staunch,
And smiteth him upon the haunch.

Then as Sir Palamede overhauls
The stricken quarry, slack it droops,
Staggers, and final down it falls.
Triumph! Gape wide, ye golden walls!

Lift up your everlasting doors,
O gates of Camelot! See, he swoops
Down on the prey! The life-blood pours:
The poison works: the breath implores

Its livelong debt from heart and brain.
Alas! poor stag, thy day is done!
The gallant lungs gasp loud in vain:
Thy life is spilt upon the plain.

Sir Palamede is stricken numb
As one who, gazing on the sun,
Sees blackness gather. Blank and dumb,
The good knight sees a thin breath come

Out of his proper mouth, and dart
Over the plain: he seeth it
Sure by some black magician art
Shape ever closer like an hart: {36}

While such a questing there resounds
As God had loosed the very Pit,
Or as a thirty couple hounds
Are in its belly as it bounds!

Full sick at heart, I ween, was then
The loyal knight, the weak of wit,
The butt of lewd and puny men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {37}

XIV

NORTHWARD the good knight gallops fast,
Resolved to seek his foe at home,
When rose that Vision of the past,
The royal battlements of Rome,
A ruined city, and a dome.

There in the broken Forum sat
A red-robed robber in a Hat.
"Whither away, Sir Knight, so fey?"
"Priest, for the dove on Ararat
I could not, nor I will not, stay!"

"I know thy quest. Seek on in vain
A golden hart with silver horns!
Life springeth out of divers pains.
What crown the King of Kings adorns?
A crown of gems? A crown of thorns!

The Questing Beast is like a king
In face, and hath a pigeon's wing
And claw; its body is one fleece
Of bloody white, a lamb's in spring.
Enough. Sir Knight, I give thee peace." {38}

The Knight spurs on, and soon espies
A monster coursing on the plain.
He hears the horrid questing rise
And thunder in his weary brain.
This time, to slay it or be slain!

Too easy task! The charger gains
Stride after stride with little pains
Upon the lumbering, flapping thing.
He stabs the lamb, and splits the brains
Of that majestic-seeming king.

He clips the wing and pares the claw ---
What turns to laughter all his joy,
To wondering ribaldry his awe?
The beast's a mere mechanic toy,

Fit to amuse an idle boy! {39}

XV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath come to an umbrageous land
Where nymphs abide, and Pagan men.
The Gods are nigh, say they, at hand.
How warm a throb from Venus stirs
The pulses of her worshippers!

Nor shall the Tuscan God be found
Reluctant from the altar-stone:
His perfume shall delight the ground,
His presence to his hold be known
In darkling grove and glimmering shrine ---
O ply the kiss and pour the wine!

Sir Palamede is fairly come
Into a place of glowing bowers,
Where all the Voice of Time is dumb:
Before an altar crowned with flowers
He seeth a satyr fondly dote
And languish on a swan-soft goat.

Then he in mid-caress desires
The ear of strong Sir Palamede. {40}
"We burn," quoth he, "no futile fires,
Nor play upon an idle reed,
Nor penance vain, nor fatuous prayers ---
The Gods are ours, and we are theirs."

Sir Palamedes plucks the pipe
The satyr tends, and blows a trill
So soft and warm, so red and ripe,
That echo answers from the hill
In eager and voluptuous strain,
While grows upon the sounding plain

A gallop, and a questing turned

To one profound melodious bay.
Sir Palamede with pleasure burned,
And bowed him to the idol grey
That on the altar sneered and leered
With loose red lips behind his beard.

Sir Palamedes and the Beast
Are woven in a web of gold
Until the gilding of the East
Burns on the wanton-smiling wold:
And still Sir Palamede believed
His holy quest to be achieved!

But now the dawn from glowing gates
Floods all the land: with snarling lip
The Beast stands off and cachinnates.
That stings the good knight like a whip, {41}
As suddenly Hell's own disgust
Eats up the joy he had of lust.

The brutal glee his folly took
For holy joy breaks down his brain.
Off bolts the Beast: the earth is shook
As out a questing roars again,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Are in its belly as it bounds!

The peasants gather to deride
The knight: creation joins in mirth.
Ashamed and scorned on every side,
There gallops, hateful to the earth,
The laughing-stock of beasts and men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {42}

XVI

WHERE shafts of moonlight splash the vale,
Beside a stream there sits and strains
Sir Palamede, with passion pale,

And haggard from his broken brains.
Yet eagerly he watches still
A mossy mound where dainty grains

Of gilded corn their beauty spill
To tempt the quarry to the range
Of Palamede his archer skill.

All might he sits, with ardour strange
And hope new-fledged. A gambler born
Aye things the luck one day must change,

Though sense and skill he laughs to scorn.
so now there rush a thousand rats
In sable silence on the corn.

They sport their square or shovel hats,
A squeaking, tooth-bare brotherhood,
Innumerable as summer gnats {43}

Buzzing some streamlet through a wood.
Sir Palamede grows mighty wrath,
And mutters maledictions rude,

Seeing his quarry far and loth
And thieves despoiling all the bait.
Now, careless of the knightly oath,

The sun pours down his eastern gate.
The chase is over: see ye then,
Coursing afar, afoam at fate
Sir Palamede the Saracen! {44}

XVII

SIR PALAMEDE hath told the tale
Of this misfortune to a sage,
How all his ventures nought avail,

And all his hopes dissolve in rage.

"Now by thine holy beard," quoth he,
"And by thy venerable age

I charge thee this my riddle ree."
Then said that gentle eremite:
"This task is easy unto me!

Know then the Questing Beast aright!
One is the Beast, the Questing one:
And one with one is two, Sir Knight!

Yet these are one in two, and none
disjoins their substance (mark me well!),
Confounds their persons. Rightly run

Their attributes: immeasurable,
Incomprehensibundable,
Unspeakable, inaudible, {45}

Intangible, ingustable,
Insensitive to human smell,
Invariable, implacable,

Invincible, insciable,
Irrationapsychicable,
Inequilegijurable,

Immamemimomummable.
Such is its nature: without parts,
Places, or persons, plumes, or pell,

Having nor lungs nor lights nor hearts,
But two in one and one in two.
Be he accurs'd that disparts

Them now, or seemeth so to do!
Him will I pile the curses on;
Him will I hand, or saw him through,

Or burn with fire, who doubts upon
This doctrine, hotototon spells
The holy word otototon."

The poor Sir Palamedes quells
His rising spleen; he doubts his ears.
"How may I catch the Beast?" he yells.

The smiling sage rebukes his fears:

"'Tis easier than all, Sir Knight!

By simple faith the Beast appears. {46}

By simple faith, not heathen might,

Catch him, and thus achieve the quest!"

Then quoth that melancholy wight:

"I will believe!" The hermit blessed

His convert: on the horizon

Appears the Beast. "To thee the rest!"

He cries, to urge the good knight on.

But no! Sir Palamedes grips

The hermit by the woebegone

Bear of him; then away he rips,

Wood as a maniac, to the West,

Where down the sun in splendour slips,

And where the quarry of the quest

Canters. They run like hippogriffs!

Like men pursued, or swine possessed,

Over the dizzy Cretan cliffs

they smash. And lo! it comes to pass

He sees in no dim hieroglyphs,

In knowledge easy to amass,

This hermit (while he drew his breath)

Once dead is like a mangy ass.

Bruised, broken, but not bound to death,

He calls some passing fishermen

To bear him. Presently he saith: {47}

"Bear me to some remotest den

To Heal me of my ills immense;

For now hath neither might nor sense

Sir Palamede the Saracen." {48}

XVIII

SIR PALAMEDES for a space
Deliberates on his rustic bed.
"I lack the quarry's awful pace"

(Quod he); "my limbs are slack as lead."
So, as he gets his strength, he seeks
The castles where the pennons red

Of dawn illumine their dreadful peaks.
There dragons stretch their horrid coils
Adown the winding clefts and creeks:

From hideous mouths their venom boils.
But Palamede their fury 'scapes,
Their malice by his valour foils,

Climbing aloft by bays and capes
Of rock and ice, encounters oft
The loathly sprites, the misty shapes

Of monster brutes that lurk aloft.
O! well he works: his youth returns
His heart revives: despair is doffed {49}

And eager hope in brilliance burns
Within the circle of his brows
As fast he flies, the snow he spurns.

Ah! what a youth and strength he vows
To the achievement of the quest!
And now the horrid height allows

His mastery: day by day from crest
To crest he hastens: faster fly
His feet: his body knows not rest,

Until with magic speed they ply
Like oars the snowy waves, surpass
In one day's march the galaxy

Of Europe's starry mountain mass.
"Now," quoth he, "let me find the quest!"

The Beast sterte up. Sir Knight, Alas!

Day after day they race, nor rest
Till seven days were fairly done.
Then doth the Questing Marvel crest

The ridge: the knight is well outrun.
Now, adding laughter to its din,
Like some lewd comet at the sun,

Around the panting paladin
It runs with all its splendid speed.
Yet, knowing that he may not win, {50}

He strains and strives in very deed,
So that at last a boulder trips
The hero, that he bursts a-bleed,

And sanguine from his bearded lips
The torrent of his being breaks.
The Beast is gone: the hero slips

Down to the valley: he forsakes
The fond idea (every bone
In all his body burns and aches)

By speed to attain the dear Unknown,
By force to achieve the great Beyond.
Yet from that brain may spring full-grown
Another folly just as fond. {51}

XIX

THE knight hath found a naked girl
Among the dunes of Breton sand.
She spinneth in a mystic whirl,

And hath a bagpipe in her hand,
Wherefrom she draweth dismal groans
The while her maddening saraband

She plies, and with discordant tones
Desires a certain devil-grace.
She gathers wreckage-wood, and bones

Of seamen, jetsam of the place,
And builds therewith a fire, wherein
She dances, bounding into space

Like an inflated ass's skin.
She raves, and reels, and yells, and whirls
So that the tears of toil begin

To dew her breasts with ardent pearls.
Nor doth she mitigate her dance,
The bagpipe ever louder skirls, {52}

Until the shapes of death advance
And gather round her, shrieking loud
And wailing o'er the wide expanse

Of sand, the gibbering, mewing crowd.
Like cats, and apes, they gather close,
Till, like the horror of a cloud

Wrapping the flaming sun with rose,
They hide her from the hero's sight.
Then doth he must thereat morose,

When in one wild cascade of light
The pageant breaks, and thunder roars:
Down flaps the loathly wing of night.

He sees the lonely Breton shores
Lapped in the levin: then his eyes
See how she shrieking soars and soars

Into the starless, stormy skies.
Well! well! this lesson will he learn,
How music's mellowing artifice

May bid the breast of nature burn
And call the gods from star and shrine.
So now his sounding courses turn

To find an instrument divine

Whereon he may pursue his quest.
How glitter green his gleeful eyne {53}

When, where the mice and lice infest
A filthy hovel, lies a wench
Bearing a baby at her breast,

Drunk and debauched, one solid stench,
But carrying a silver lute.
'Boardeth her, nor doth baulk nor blench,

And long abideth brute by brute
Amid the unsavoury denzens,
Until his melodies uproot

The oaks, lure lions from their dens,
Turn rivers back, and still the spleen
Of serpents and of Saracens.

Thus then equipped, he quits the quean,
And in a city fair and wide
Calls up with music wild and keen

The Questing Marvel to his side.
Then do the sportful city folk
About his lonely stance abide:

Making their holiday, they joke
The melancholy ass: they throw
Their clattering coppers in his poke.

so day and night they come and go,
But never comes the Questing Beast,
Nor doth that laughing people know {54}

How agony's unleavening yeast
Stirs Palamede. Anon they tire,
And follow an Egyptian priest

Who boasts him master of the fire
To draw down lightning, and invoke
The gods upon a sandal pyre,

And bring up devils in the smoke.
Sir Palamede is all alone,
Wrapped in his misery like a cloak,

Despairing now to charm the Unknown.
So arms and horse he takes again.
Sir Palamede hath overthrown

The jesters. Now the country men,
Stupidly staring, see at noon
Sir Palamede the Saracen

A-riding like an harvest moon
In silver arms, with glittering lance,
With plumŠd helm, and wingŠd shoon,
Athwart the admiring land of France. {55}

XX

SIR PALAMEDE hat reasoned out
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
That this his Questing Beast is one;
For were it Beasts, he must suppose
An earlier Beast to father those.
So all the tracks of herds that run

Into the forest he discards,
And only turns his dark regards
On single prints, on marks unique.
Sir Palamede doth now attain
Unto a wide and grassy plain,
Whereon he spies the thing to seek.

Thereat he putteth spur to horse
And runneth him a random course,
The Beast a-questing aye before.
But praise to good Sir Palamede!
'Hath gotten him a fairy steed
Alike for venery and for war,

So that in little drawing near
The quarry, lifteth up his spear

To run him of his malice through. {56}
With that the Beast hopes no escape,
Dissolveth all his lordly shape,
Splitteth him sudden into two.

Sir Palamede in fury runs
Unto the nearer beast, that shuns
The shock, and splits, and splits again,
Until the baffled warrior sees
A myriad myriad swarms of these
A-questing over all the plain.

The good knight reins his charger in.
"Now, by the faith of Paladin!
The subtle quest at last I hen."
Rides off the Camelot to plight
The faith of many a noble knight,
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {57}

XXI

Now doth Sir Palamede advance
The lord of many a sword and lance.
in merrie England's summer sun
Their shields and arms a-glittering glance

And laugh upon the mossy mead.
Now winds the horn of Palamede,
As far upon the horizon
He spies the Questing Beast a-feed.

With loyal craft and honest guile
They spread their ranks for many a mile.
for when the Beast hat heard the horn
he practiseth his ancient wile,

And many a myriad beasts invade
The stillness of that arm'd glade.
Now every knight to rest hath borne
His lance, and given the accolade,

And run upon a beast: but they Slip from the fatal point away
And course about, confusing all
That gallant concourse all the day, {58}

Leading them ever to a vale
With hugeous cry and monster wail.
then suddenly their voices fall,
And in the park's resounding pale

Only the clamour of the chase
is heard: oh! to the centre race
The unsuspecting knights: but he
The Questing Beast his former face

Of unity resumes: the course
Of warriors shocks with man and horse.
In mutual madness swift to see
They shatter with unbridled force

One on another: down they go
Swift in stupendous overthrow.
Out sword! out lance! Curiass and helm
Splinter beneath the knightly blow.

they storm, they charge, they hack and hew,
They rush and wheel the press athrough.
The weight, the murder, over whelm
One, two, and all. Nor silence knew

His empire till Sir Palamede
(The last) upon his fairy steed
Struck down his brother; then at once
Fell silence on the bloody mead, {59}

Until the questing rose again.
For there, on that ensanguine plain
Standeth a-laughing at the dunce
The single Beast they had not slain.

There, with his friends and followers dead,
His brother smitten through the head,
Himself sore wounded in the thigh,
Weepeth upon the deed of dread,

Alone among his murdered men,

The champion fool, as fools were then,
Utterly broken, like to die,
Sir Palamede the Saracen. {60}

XXII

SIR PALAMEDE his wits doth rally,
Nursing his wound beside a lake
Within an admirable valley,

Whose walls their thirst on heaven slake,
And in the moonlight mystical
Their countless spears of silver shake.

Thus reasons he: "In each and all
Fyttes of this quest the quarry's track
Is wondrous geometrical.

In spire and whorl twists out and back
The hart with fair symmetric line.
And lo! the grain of wit I lack ---

This Beast is Master of Design.
So studying each twisted print
In this mirific mind of mine,

My heart may happen on a hint."
Thus as the seeker after gold
Eagerly chases grain or glint, {61}

The knight at last wins to behold
The full conception. Breathless-blue
The fair lake's mirror crystal-cold

Wherein he gazes, keen to view
The vast Design therein, to chase
The Beast to his last avenue.

then --- O thou gosling scant of grace!
The dream breaks, and Sir Palamede

Wakes to the glass of his fool's face!

"Ah, 'sdeath!" (quod he), "by thought and deed
This brute for ever mocketh me.
The lance is made a broken reed,

The brain is but a barren tree ---
For all the beautiful Design
Is but mine own geometry!"

With that his wrath brake out like wine.
He plunged his body in, and shattered
The whole delusion asinine.

All the false water-nymphs that flattered
He killed with his resounding curse ---
O fool of God! as if it mattered!

So, nothing better, rather worse,
Out of the blue bliss of the pool
Came dripping that inveterate fool! {62}

XXIII

NOW still he holdeth argument:
"So grand a Beast must house him well;
hence, now beseemeth me frequent
Cathedral, palace, citadel."

So, riding fast among the flowers
Far off, a Gothic spire he spies,
That like a gladiator towers
Its spear-sharp splendour to the skies.

The people cluster round, acclaim:
"Sir Knight, good knight, thy quest is won.
Here dwells the Beast in orient flame,
Spring-sweet, and swifter than the sun!"

Sir Palamede the Saracen

Spurs to the shrine, afire to win
The end; and all the urgent men
Throng with him eloquently in.

Sir Palamede his vizor drops;
He lays his loyal lance in rest;
He drives the rowels home --- he stops!
Faugh! but a black-mouthed money-chest! {63}

He turns --- the friendly folk are gone,
gone with his sumpter-mules and train
Beyond the infinite horizon
Of all he hopes to see again!

His brain befooled, his pocket picked ---
How the Beast cachinnated then,
Far from that doleful derelict
Sir Palamede the Saracen! {64}

XXIV

"ONE thing at least" (quoth Palamede),
"Beyond dispute my soul can see:
This Questing Beast that mocks my need
Dwelleth in deep obscurity."

So delveth he a darksome hole
Within the bowels of Etna dense,
Closing the harbour of his soul
To all the pirate-ships of sense.

And now the questing of the Beast
Rolls in his very self, and high
Leaps his while heart in fiery feast
On the expected ecstasy.

But echoing from the central roar
Reverberates many a mournful moan,
And shapes more mystic than before
Baffle its formless monotone!

Ah! mocks him many a myriad vision,
Warring within him masterless,
Turning devotion to derision,
Beatitude to beastliness. {65}

They swarm, they grow, they multiply;
The Strong knight's brain goes all a-swim,
Paced by that maddening minstrelsy,
Those dog-like demons hunting him.

The last bar breaks; the steel will snaps;
The black hordes riot in his brain;
A thousand threatening thunder-claps
Smite him --- insane --- insane --- insane!

His muscles roar with senseless rage;
The pale knight staggers, deathly sick;
Reels to the light that sorry sage,
Sir Palamede the Lunatick. {66}

XXV

A SAVAGE sea without a sail,
Grey gulphs and green a-glittering,
Rare snow that floats --- a vestal veil
Upon the forehead of the spring.

Here in a plunging galleon
Sir Palamede, a listless drone,
Drifts desperately on --- and on ---
And on --- with heart and eyes of stone.

The deep-scarred brain of him is healed
With wind and sea and star and sun,
The assoiling grace that God revealed
For gree and bounteous benison.

Ah! still he trusts the recreant brain,
Thrown in a thousand tourney-justs;

Still he raves on in reason-strain
With senseless "oughts" and fatuous "musts."

"All the delusions" (argueth
The ass), "all uproars, surely rise
From that curst Me whose name is Death,
Whereas the Questing beast belies {67}

The Me with Thou; then swift the quest
To slay the Me should hook the Thou."
With that he crossed him, brow and breast,
And flung his body from the prow.

An end? Alas! on silver sand
Open his eyes; the surf-rings roar.
What snorts there, swimming from the land?
The Beast that brought him to the shore!

"O Beast!" quoth purple Palamede,
"A monster strange as Thou am I.
I could not live before, indeed;
And not I cannot even die!

Who chose me, of the Table Round
By miracle acclaimed the chief?
Here, waterlogged and muscle-bound,
Marooned upon a coral reef!" {68}

XXVI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath gotten him a swift canoe,
Paddled by stalwart South Sea men.

They cleave the oily breasts of blue,
Straining toward the westering disk
Of the tall sun; they battle through

Those weary days; the wind is brisk;
The stars are clear; the moon is high.

Now, even as a white basilisk

That slayeth all men with his eye,
Stands up before them tapering
The cone of speechless sanctity.

Up, up its slopes the pilgrims swing,
Chanting their pagan gramarye
Unto the dread volcano-king.

"Now, then, by Goddes reed!" quod he,
"Behold the secret of my quest
In this far-famed stability! {69}

For all these Paynim knights may rest
In the black bliss they struggle to."
But from the earth's full-flowered breast

Brake the blind roar of earthquake through,
Tearing the belly of its mother,
Engulphing all that heathen crew,

That cried and cursed on one another.
Aghast he standeth, Palamede!
For twinned with Earthquake laughs her brother

The Questing Beast. As Goddes reed
Sweats blood for sin, so now the heart
Of the good knight begins to bleed.

Of all the ruinous shafts that dart
Within his liver, this hath plied
The most intolerable smart.

"By Goddes wounds!" the good knight cried,
"What is this quest, grown daily dafter,
Where nothing --- nothing --- may abide?

Westward!" They fly, but rolling after
Echoes the Beast's unsatisfied
And inextinguishable laughter! {70}

XXVII

SIR PALAMEDE goes aching on
 (Pox of despair's dread interdict!)

Aye to the western horizon,

Still meditating, sharp and strict,
 Upon the changes of the earth,
Its towers and temples derelict,

The ready ruin of its mirth,
 The flowers, the fruits, the leaves that fall,
The joy of life, its growing girth ---

And nothing as the end of all.
 Yea, even as the Yang-tze rolled
Its rapids past him, so the wall

Of things brake down; his eyes behold
 The mighty Beast serenely couched
Upon its breast of burnished gold.

"Ah! by Christ's blood!" (his soul avouched),
 "Nothing but change (but change!) abides.
Death lurks, a leopard curled and crouched, {71}

In all the seasons and the tides.
 But ah! the more it changed and changed" ---
(The good knight laughed to split his sides!)

"What? Is the soul of things deranged?
 The more it changed, and rippled through
Its changes, and still changed, and changed,

The liker to itself it grew.
 Bear me," he cried, "to purge my bile
To the old land of Hormakhu,

That I may sit and curse awhile
 At all these follies fond that pen
My quest about --- on, on to Nile!

Tread tenderly, my merry men!
 For nothing is so void and vile

As Palamede the Saracen." {72}

XXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath clad him in a sable robe;
Hath curses, writ by holy men
From all the gardens of the globe.

He standeth at an altar-stone;
The blood drips from the slain babe's throat;
His chant rolls in a magick moan;
His head bows to the crownŠd goat.

His wand makes curves and spires in air;
The smoke of incense curls and quivers;
His eyes fix in a glass-cold stare:
The land of Egypt rocks and shivers!

"Lo! by thy Gods, O God, I vow
To burn the authentic bones and blood
Of curst Osiris even now
To the dark Nile's upsurging flood!

I cast thee down, oh crowned and throned!
To black Amennti's void profane.
Until mine anger be atoned
Thou shalt not ever rise again." {73}

With firm red lips and square black beard,
Osiris in his strength appeared.

He made the sign that saveth men
On Palamede the Saracen.

'Hath hushed his conjuration grim:
The curse comes back to sleep with him.

'Hath fallen himself to that profane
Whence none might ever rise again.

Dread torture racks him; all his bones
Get voice to utter forth his groans.

The very poison of his blood
Joins in that cry's soul-shaking flood.

For many a chiliad counted well
His soul stayed in its proper Hell.

Then, when Sir Palamedes came
Back to himself, the shrine was dark.
Cold was the incense, dead the flame;
The slain babe lay there black and stark.

What of the Beast? What of the quest?
More blind the quest, the Beast more dim.
Even now its laughter is suppressed,
While his own demons mock at him! {74}

O thou most desperate dupe that Hell's
Malice can make of mortal men!
Meddle no more with magick spells,
Sir Palamede the Saracen! {75}

XXIX

HA! but the good knight, striding forth
From Set's abominable shrine,
Pursues the quest with bitter wrath,
So that his words flow out like wine.

And lo! the soul that heareth them
Is straightway healed of suffering.
His fame runs through the land of Khem:
They flock, the peasant and the king.

There he works many a miracle:
The blind see, and the cripples walk;
Lepers grow clean; sick folk grow well;

The deaf men hear, the dumb men talk.

He casts out devils with a word;
 Circleth his wand, and dead men rise.
No such a wonder hath been heard
 Since Christ our God's sweet sacrifice.

"Now, by the glad blood of our Lord!"
 Quoth Palamede, "my heart is light.
I am the chosen harpsichord
 Whereon God playeth; the perfect knight, {76}

The saint of Mary" --- there he stayed,
 For out of Memnon's singing stone
So fierce a questing barked and brayed,
 It turned his laughter to a groan.

His vow forgot, his task undone,
 His soul whipped in God's bitter school!
(He moaned a mighty malison!)
 The perfect knight? The perfect fool!

"Now, by God's wounds!" quoth he, "my strength
 Is burnt out to a pest of pains.
Let me fling off my curse at length
 In old Chaldea's starry plains!

Thou bless'd Jesus, foully nailed
 Unto the cruel Calvary tree,
Look on my soul's poor fort assailed
 By all the hosts of devilry!

Is there no medicine but death
 That shall avail me in my place,
That I may know the Beauteous Breath
 And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace?

Keep Thou yet firm this trembling leaf
 My soul, dear God Who died for men;
Yea! for that sinner-soul the chief,
 Sir Palamede the Saracen!" {77}

XXX

STARRED is the blackness of the sky;
Wide is the sweep of the cold plain
Where good Sir Palamede doth lie,
Keen on the Beast-slot once again.

All day he rode; all night he lay
With eyes wide open to the stars,
Seeking in many a secret way
The key to unlock his prison bars.

Beneath him, hark! the marvel sounds!
The Beast that questeth horribly.
As if a thirty couple hounds
Are in his belly questeth he.

Beneath him? Heareth he aright?
He leaps to'sfeet --- a wonder shews:
Steep dips a stairway from the light
To what obscurity God knows.

Still never a tremor shakes his soul
(God praise thee, knight of adamant!);
He plungers to that gruesome goal
Firm as an old bull-elephant! {78}

The broad stair winds; he follows it;
Dark is the way; the air is blind;
Black, black the blackness of the pit,
The light long blotted out behind!

His sword sweeps out; his keen glance peers
For some shape glimmering through the gloom:
Naught, naught in all that void appears;
More still, more silent than the tomb!

Ye now the good knight is aware
Of some black force, of some dread throne,
Waiting beneath that awful stair,
Beneath that pit of slippery stone.

Yea! though he sees not anything,
Nor hears, his subtle sense is 'ware

That, lackeyed by the devil-king,
The Beast --- the Questing Beast --- is there!

So though his heart beats close with fear,
Though horror grips his throat, he goes,
Goes on to meet it, spear to spear,
As good knight should, to face his foes.

Nay! but the end is come. Black earth
Belches that peerless Paladin
Up from her gulphs --- untimely birth!
--- Her horror could not hold him in! {79}

White as a corpse, the hero hails
The dawn, that night of fear still shaking
His body. All death's doubt assails
Him. Was it sleep or was it waking?

"By God, I care not, I!" (quod he).
"Or wake or sleep, or live or dead,
I will pursue this mystery.
So help me Grace of Godlihead!"

Ay! with thy wasted limbs pursue
That subtle Beast home to his den!
Who know but thou mayst win athrough,
Sir Palamede the Saracen? {80}

XXXI

FROM God's sweet air Sir Palamede
Hath come unto a demon bog,
A city where but rats may breed

In sewer-stench and fetid fog.
Within its heart pale phantoms crawl.
Breathless with foolish haste they jog

And jostle, all for naught! They scrawl
Vain things all night that they disown

Ere day. They call and bawl and squall

Hoarse cries; they moan, they groan. A stone
Hath better sense! And these among
A cabbage-headed god they own,

With wandering eye and jabbering tongue.
He, rotting in that grimy sewer
And charnel-house of death and dung,

Shrieks: "How the air is sweet and pure!
Give me the entrails of a frog
And I will teach thee! Lo! the lure {81}

Of light! How lucent is the fog!
How noble is my cabbage-head!
How sweetly fragrant is the bog!

"God's wounds!" (Sir Palamedes said),
"What have I done to earn this portion?
Must I, the clean knight born and bred,

Sup with this filthy toad-abortion?"
Nathless he stayed with him awhile,
Lest by disdain his mention torsion

Slip back, or miss the serene smile
Should crown his quest; for (as onesaith)
The unknown may lurk within the vile.

So he who sought the Beauteous Breath,
Desired the Goodly Gift of Grace,
Went equal into life and death.

But oh! the foulness of his face!
Not here was anything of worth;
He turned his back upon the place,

Sought the blue sky and the green earth,
Ay! and the lustral sea to cleanse
That filth that stank about his girth, {82}

The sores and scabs, the warts and wens,
The nameless vermin he had gathered
In those insufferable dens,

The foul diseases he had fathered.
So now the quest slips from his brain:
"First (Christ!) let me be clean again!" {83}

XXXII

"HA!" cries the knight, "may patient toil
Of brain dissolve this cruel coil!

In Afric they that chase the ostrich
Clothe them with feathers, subtly foil

Its vigilance, come close, then dart
Its death upon it. Brave my heart!
Do thus!" And so the knight disguises
Himself, on hands and knees doth start

His hunt, goes questing up and down.
So in the fields the peasant clown
Flies, shrieking, from the dreadful figure.
But when he came to any town

They caged him for a lunatic.
Quod he: "Would God I had the trick!
The beast escaped from my devices;
I will the same. The bars are thick,

But I am strong." He wrenched in vain;
Then --- what is this? What wild, sharp strain
Smites on the air? The prison smashes.
Hark! 'tis the Questing Beast again! {84}

Then as he rushes forth the note
Roars from that Beast's malignant throat
With laughter, laughter, laughter, laughter!
The wits of Palamedes float

In ecstasy of shame and rage.
"O Thou!" exclaims the baffled sage;
"How should I match Thee? Yet, I will so,
Though Doomisday devour the Age.

Weeping, and beating on his breast,
Gnashing his teeth, he still confessed
The might of the dread oath that bound him:
He would not yet give up the quest.

"Nay! while I am," quoth he, "though Hell
Engulph me, though God mock me well,
I follow as I sware; I follow,
Though it be unattainable.

Nay, more! Because I may not win,
Is't worth man's work to enter in!
The Infinite with mighty passion
Hath caught my spirit in a gin.

Come! since I may not imitate
The Beast, at least I work and wait.
We shall discover soon or late
Which is the master --- I or Fate!" {85}

XXXIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath passed unto the tideless sea,
That the keen whisper of the wind
May bring him that which never men
Knew --- on the quest, the quest, rides he!
So long to seek, so far to find!

So weary was the knight, his limbs
Were slack as new-slain dove's; his knees
No longer gripped the charger rude.
Listless, he aches; his purpose swims
Exhausted in the oily seas
Of laxity and lassitude.

The soul subsides; its serious motion
Still throbs; by habit, not by will.
And all his lust to win the quest

Is but a passive-mild devotion.
 (Ay! soon the blood shall run right chill
 --- And is not death the Lord of Rest?)

There as he basks upon the cliff
 He yearns toward the Beast; his eyes
 Are moist with love; his lips are fain {86}
To breathe fond prayers; and (marry!) if
 Man's soul were measured by his sighs
 He need not linger to attain.

Nay! while the Beast squats there, above
 Him, smiling on him; as he vows
 Wonderful deeds and fruitless flowers,
He grows so maudlin in his love
 That even the knaves of his own house
 Mock at him in their merry hours.

"God's death!" raged Palamede, not wroth
 But irritated, "laugh ye so?
 Am I a jape for scullions?"
His curse came in a flaky froth.
 He seized a club, with blow on blow
 Breaking the knave's unreverent sconce!

"Thou mock the Questing Beast I chase,
 The Questing Beast I love? 'Od's wounds!"
 Then sudden from the slave there brake
A cachinnation scant of grace,
 As if a thirty couple hounds
 Were in his belly! Knight, awake!

Ah! well he woke! His love an scorn
 Grapple in death-throe at his throat.
 "Lead me away" (quoth he), "my men!
Woe, woe is me was ever born
 So blind a bat, so gross a goat,
 As Palamede the Saracen!" {87}

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath hid him in an hermit's cell
Upon an island in the fen

Of that lone land where Druids dwell.
There came an eagle from the height
And bade him mount. From dale to dell

They sank and soared. Last to the light
Of the great sun himself they flew,
Piercing the borders of the night,

Passing the irremeable blue.
Far into space beyond the stars
At last they came. And there he knew

All the blind reasonable bars
Broken, and all the emotions stilled,
And all the stains and all the scars

Left him; so like a child he thrilled
With utmost knowledge; all his soul,
With perfect sense and sight fulfilled, {88}

Touched the extreme, the giant goal!
Yea! all things in that hour transcended,
All power in his sublime control,

All felt, all thought, all comprehended ---
"How is it, then, the quest" (he saith)
"Is not --- at last! --- achieved and ended?"

Why taste I not the Bounteous Breath,
Receive the Goodly Gift of Grace?
Now, kind king-eagle (by God's death!),

Restore me to mine ancient place!
I am advantaged nothing then!"
Then swooped he from the Byss of Space,

And set the knight amid the fen.
"God!" quoth Sir Palamede, "that I
Who have won nine should fail at ten!

I set my all upon the die:

There is no further trick to try.
Call thrice accurs'd above men
Sir Palamede the Saracen!" {89}

XXXV

"YEA!" quoth the knight, "I rede the spell.
This Beast is the Unknowable.
I seek in Heaven, I seek in Hell;

Ever he mocks me. Yet, methinks,
I have the riddle of the Sphinx.
For were I keener than the lynx

I should not see within my mind
One thought that is not in its kind
In sooth That Beast that lurks behind:

And in my quest his questing seems
The authentic echo of my dreams,
The proper thesis of my themes!

I know him? Still he answers: No!
I know him not? Maybe --- and lo!
He is the one sole thing I know!

Nay! who knows not is different
From him that knows. Then be content;
Thou canst not alter the event! {90}

Ah! what conclusion subtly draws
From out this chaos of mad laws?
An I, the effect, as I, the cause?

Nay, the brain reels beneath its swell
Of pompous thoughts. Enough to tell
That He is known Unknowable!"

Thus did that knightly Saracen
In Cantabrig's miasmal fen

Lecture to many learned men.

So clamorous was their applause ---
"His mind" (said they) "is free of flaws:
The Veil of God is thin as gauze!" ---

That almost they had dulled or drowned
The laughter (in its belly bound)
Of that dread Beast he had not found.

Nathless --- although he would away ---
They forced the lack-luck knight to stay
And lecture many a weary day.

Verily, almost he had caught
The infection of their costive thought,
And brought his loyal quest to naught.

It was by night that Palamede
Ran from that mildewed, mouldy breed,
Moth-eathen dullards run to seed! {91}

How weak Sir Palamedes grows!
We hear no more of bouts and blows!
His weapons are his ten good toes!

He that was Arthur's peer, good knight
Proven in many a foughten fight,
Flees like a felon in the night!

Ay! this thy quest is past the ken
Of thee and of all mortal men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen! {92}

XXXVI

OFT, as Sir Palamedes went
Upon the quest, he was aware
Of some vast shadow subtly bent
With his own shadow in the air.

It had no shape, no voice had it
Wherewith to daunt the eye or ear;
Yet all the horror of the pit
Clad it with all the arms of fear.

Moreover, though he sought to scan
Some feature, though he listened long,
No shape of God or fiend or man,
No whisper, groan, shriek, scream, or song

Gave him to know it. Now it chanced
One day Sir Palamedes rode
Through a great wood whose leafage danced
In the thin sunlight as it flowed

From heaven. He halted in a glade,
Bade his horse crop the tender grass;
Put off his armour, softly laid
Himself to sleep till noon should pass. {93}

He woke. Before him stands and grins
A motley hunchback. "Knavel!" quoth he,
"Hast seen the Beast? The quest that wins
The loftiest prize of chivalry?"

Sir Knight," he answers, "hast thou seen
Aught of that Beast? How knowest thou, then,
That it is ever or hath been,
Sir Palamede the Saracen?"

Sir Palamede was well awake.
"Nay! I deliberate deep and long,
Yet find no answer fit to make
To thee. The weak beats down the strong;

The fool's cap shames the helm. But thou!
I know thee for the shade that haunts
My way, sets shame upon my brow,
My purpose dims, my courage daunts.

Then, since the thinker must be dumb,
At least the knight may knightly act:
The wisest monk in Christendom
May have his skull broke by a fact."

With that, as a snake strikes, his sword
Leapt burning to the burning blue;
And fell, one swift, assured award,
Stabbing that hunchback through and through. {94}

Straight he dissolved, a voiceless shade.
"Or scotched or slain," the knight said then,
"What odds? Keep bright and sharp thy blade,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!" {95}

XXXVII

SIR PALAMEDE is sick to death!
The staring eyen, the haggard face!
God grant to him the Beauteous breath!
god send the Goodly Gift of Grace!

There is a white cave by the sea
Wherein the knight is hid away.
Just ere the night falls, spieth he
The sun's last shaft flicker astray.

All day is dark. There, there he mourns
His wasted years, his purpose faint.
A million whips, a million scorns
Make the knight flinch, and stain the saint.

For now! what hath he left? He feeds
On limpets and wild roots. What odds?
There is no need a mortal needs
Who hath loosed man's hope to grasp at God's!

How his head swims! At night what stirs
Above the faint wash of the tide,
And rare sea-birds whose winging whirrs
About the cliffs? Now good betide! {96}

God save thee, woeful Palamede!
The questing of the Beast is loud
Within thy ear. By Goddes reed,

thou has won the tilt from all the crowd!

Within thy proper bowels it sounds
Mighty and musical at need,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested within thee, Palamede!

Now, then, he grasps the desperate truth
He hath toiled these many years to see,
Hath wasted strength, hath wasted youth --O-
He was the Beast; the Beast was he!

He rises from the cave of death,
Runs to the sea with shining face
To know at last the Bounteous Breath,
To taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.

Ah! Palamede, thou has mistook!
Thou art the butt of all confusion!
Not to be written in my book
Is this most drastic disillusion!

so weak and ill was he, I doubt
if he might hear the royal feast
Of laughter that came rolling out
Afar from that elusive Beast. {97}

Yet, those white lips were snapped, like steel
Upon the ankles of a slave!
That body broken on the wheel
Of time suppressed the groan it gave!

"Not there, not here, my quest!" he cried.
"Not thus! Not now! do how and when
Matter? I am, and I abide,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!" {98}

XXXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE of great renown

rode through the land upon the quest,
His sword loose and his vizor down,
His buckler braced, his lance in rest.

Now, then, God save thee, Palamede!
Who courseth yonder on the field?
Those silver arms, that sable steed,
The sun and rose upon his shield?

The strange knight spurs to him. disdain
Curls that proud lip as he uplifts
His vizor. "Come, an end! In vain,
Sir Fox, thy thousand turns and shifts!"

Sir Palamede was white with fear.
Lord Christ! those features were his own;
His own that voice so icy clear
That cuts him, cuts him to the bone.

"False knight! false knight!" the stranger cried.
"Thou bastard dog, Sir Palamede?
I am the good knight fain to ride
Upon the Questing Beast at need. {99}

Thief of my arms, my crest, my quest,
My name, now meetest thou thy shame.
See, with this whip I lash thee back,
Back to the kennel whence there came

So false a hound." "Good knight, in sooth,"
Answered Sir Palamede, "not I
Presume to asset the idlest truth;
And here, by this good ear and eye,

I grant thou art Sir Palamede.
But --- try the first and final test
If thou or I be he. Take heed!"
He backed his horse, covered his breast,

Drove his spurs home, and rode upon
That knight. His lance-head fairly struck
The barred strength of his morion,
And rolled the stranger in the muck.

"Now, by God's death!" quoth Palamede,
His sword at work, "I will not leave

So much of thee as God might feed
His sparrows with. As I believe

The sweet Christ's mercy shall avail,
so will I not have aught for thee;
Since every bone of thee may rail
Against me, crying treachery. {100}

Thou hast lied. I am the chosen knight
To slay the Questing beast for men;
I am the loyal son of light,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

Thou wast the subtlest fiend that yet
hath crossed my path. to say thee nay
I dare not, but my sword is wet
With thy knave's blood, and with thy clay

fouled! Dost thou think to resurrect?
O sweet Lord Christ that savest men!
From all such fiends do thou protect
Me, Palamede the Saracen!" {101}

XXXIX

GREEN and Grecian is the valley,
Shepherd lads and shepherd lasses
Dancing in a ring
Merrily and musically.
How their happiness surpasses
The mere thrill of spring!

"Come" (they cry), "Sir Knight, put by
All that weight of shining armour!
Here's a posy, here's a garland, there's a chain of daisies!
Here's a charmer! There's a charmer!
Praise the God that crazes men, the God that raises
All our lives to ecstasy!"

Sir Palamedes was too wise

To mock their gentle wooing;
He smiles into their sparkling eyes
While they his armour are undoing.
"For who" (quoth he) "may say that this
Is not the mystery I miss?"

Soon he is gathered in the dance,
And smothered in the flowers. {102}
A boy's laugh and a maiden's glance
Are sweet as paramours!
Stay! is thee naught some wanton wight
May do to excite the glamoured knight?

Yea! the song takes a sea-wild swell;
The dance moves in a mystic web;
Strange lights abound and terrible;
The life that flowed is out at ebb.

The lights are gone; the night is come;
The lads and lasses sink, awaiting
Some climax --- oh, how tense and dumb
The expectant hush intoxicating!
Hush! the heart's beat! Across the moor
Some dreadful god rides fast, be sure!

the listening Palamede bites through
his thin white lips --- what hoofs are those?
Are they the Quest? How still and blue
The sky is! Hush --- God knows --- God knows!

Then on a sudden in the midst of them
is a swart god, from hoof to girdle a goat,
Upon his brow the twelve-star diadem
And the King's Collar fastened on this throat.

Thrill upon thrill courseth through Palamede.
Life, live, pure life is bubbling in his blood.
All youth comes back, all strength, all you indeed
Flaming within that throbbing spirit-flood! {103}
Yet was his heart immeasurably sad,
For that no questing in his ear he had.

Nay! he saw all. He saw the Curse
That wrapped in ruin the World primaeval.
He saw the unborn Universe,
And all its gods coeval.

He saw, and was, all things at once
In Him that is; he was the stars,
The moons, the meteors, the suns,
All in one net of triune bars;
Inextricably one, inevitably one,
Immeasurable, immutable, immense
Beyond all the wonder that his soul had won
By sense, in spite of sense, and beyond sense.
"Praise God!" quoth Palamede, "by this
I attain the uttermost of bliss. ...

God's wounds! but that I never sought.
The Questing Beast I sware to attain
And all this miracle is naught.
Off on my travels once again!

I keep my youth regained to foil
Old Time that took me in his toil.
I keep my strength regained to chase
The beast that mocks me now as then
Dear Christ! I pray Thee of Thy grace
Take pity on the forlorn case
Of Palamede the Saracen!" {104}

XL

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath see the All; his mind is set
To pass beyond that great Amen.

Far hath he wandered; still to fret
His soul against that Soul. He breaches
The rhododendron forest-net,

His body bloody with its leeches.
Sternly he travelleth the crest
Of a great mountain, far that reaches

Toward the King-snows; the rains molest
The knight, white wastes updriven of wind

In sheets, in torrents, fiend-possessed,

Up from the steaming plains of Ind.

They cut his flesh, they chill his bones:
Yet he feels naught; his mind is pinned

To that one point where all the thrones
Join to one lion-head of rock,
Towering above all crests and cones {105}

That crouch like jackals. Stress and shock
Move Palamede no more. Like fate
He moves with silent speed. They flock,

The Gods, to watch him. Now abate
His pulses; he threads through the vale,
And turns him to the mighty gate,

The glacier. Oh, the flowers that scale
those sun-kissed heights! The snows that crown
The quartz ravines! The clouds that veil

The awful slopes! Dear God! look down
And see this petty man move on.
Relentless as Thine own renown,

Careless of praise or orison,
Simply determined. Wilt thou launch
(this knight's presumptuous head upon)

The devastating avalanche?
He knows too much, and cares too little!
His wound is more than Death can staunch.

He can avoid, though by one tittle,
Thy surest shaft! And now the knight,
Breasting the crags, may laugh and whittle

Away the demon-club whose might
Threatened him. Now he leaves the spur;
And eager, with a boy's delight, {106}

Treads the impending glacier.
Now, now he strikes the steep black ice
That leads to the last neck. By Her

That bore the lord, by what device
May he pass there? Yet still he moves,
Ardent and steady, as if the price

Of death were less than life approves,
As if on eagles' wings he mounted,
Or as on angels' wings --- or love's!

So, all the journey he discounted,
Holding the goal. Supreme he stood
Upon the summit; dreams uncounted,

Worlds of sublime beatitude!
He passed beyond. The All he hath touched,
And dropped to vile desuetude.

What lay beyond? What star unsmutched
By being? His poor fingers fumble,
And all the Naught their ardour clutched,

Like all the rest, begins to crumble.
Where is the Beast? His bliss exceeded
All that bards sing of or priests mumble;

No man, no God, hath known what he did.
Only this balked him --- that he lacked
Exactly the one thing he needed. {107}

"Faugh!" cried the knight. "Thought, word, and act
Confirm me. I have proved the quest
Impossible. I break the pact.

Back to the gilded halls, confessed
A recreant! Achieved or not,
This task hath earned a foison --- rest.

In Caerlon and Camelot
Let me embrace my fellow-men!
To buss the wenches, pass the pot,
Is now the enviable lot
Of Palamede the Saracen!" {108}

XLI

SIR ARTHUR sits again at feast
Within the high and holy hall
Of Camelot. From West to East

The Table Round hath burst the thrall
Of Paynimrie. The goodliest gree
Sits on the gay knights, one and all;

Till Arthur: "Of your chivalry,
Knights, let us drink the happiness
Of the one knight we lack" (quoth he);

"For surely in some sore distress
May be Sir Palamede." Then they
Rose as one man in glad llesse

To honour that great health. "god's way
Is not as man's" (quoth Lancelot).
"Yet, may god send him back this day,

His quest achieve, to Camelot!"
"Amen!" they cried, and raised the bowl;
When --- the wind rose, a blast as hot {109}

As the simoom, and forth did roll
A sudden thunder. Still they stood.
Then came a bugle-blast. The soul

Of each knight stirred. With vigour rude,
The blast tore down the tapestry
That hid the door. All ashen-hued

The knights laid hand to sword. But he
(Sir Palamedes) in the gap
Was found --- God knoweth --- bitterly

Weeping. Cried Arthur: "Strange the hap!
My knight, my dearest knight, my friend!
What gift had Fortune in her lap

Like thee? Embrace me!" "Rather end
Your garments, if you love me, sire!"

(Quod he). "I am come unto the end.

All mine intent and my desire,
My quest, mine oath --- all, all is done.
Burn them with me in fatal fire!

Fir I have failed. All ways, each one
I strove in, mocked me. If I quailed
Or shirked, God knows. I have not won:

That and no more I know. I failed."
King Arthur fell a-weeping. Then
Merlin uprose, his face unveiled; {110}

Thrice cried he piteously then
Upon our Lord. Then shook this head
Sir Palamede the Saracen,

As knowing nothing might bestead,
When lo! there rose a monster moan,
A hugeous cry, a questing dread,

As if (God's death!) there coursed alone
The Beast, within whose belly sounds
That marvellous music monotone

As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested within him. Now, by Christ
And by His pitiful five wounds! ---

Even as a lover to his tryst,
That Beast came questing in the hall,
One flame of gold and amethyst,

Bodily seen then of them all.
then came he to Sir Palamede,
Nestling to him, as sweet and small

As a young babe clings at its need
To the white bosom of its mother,
As Christ clung to the gibbet-reed!

Then every knight turned to his brother,
Sobbing and signing for great gladness;
And, as they looked on one another, {111}

Surely there stole a subtle madness
Into their veins, more strong than death:
For all the roots of sin and sadness

Were plucked. As a flower perisheth,
So all sin died. And in that place
All they did know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.
Then fell the night. Above the baying
Of the great Beast, that was the bass

To all the harps of Heaven a-playing,
There came a solemn voice (not one
But was upon his knees in praying

And glorifying God). The Son
Of God Himself --- men thought --- spoke then.
"Arise! brave soldier, thou hast won

The quest not given to mortal men.
Arise! Sir Palamede Adept,
Christian, and no more Saracen!

On wake or sleeping, wise, inept,
Still thou didst seek. Those foolish ways
On which thy folly stumbled, leapt,

All led to the one goal. Now praise
Thy Lord hat He hat brought thee through
To win the quest!" The good knight lays {112}

His hand upon the Beast. Then blew
Each angel on his trumpet, then
All Heaven resounded that it knew

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Was master! Through the domes of death,
Through all the mighty realms of men

And spirits breathed the Beauteous Breath:
They taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.
--- Now 'tis the chronicler that saith:

Our Saviour grant in little space
That also I, even I, be blest

Thus, though so evil is my case ---

Let them that read my rime attest
The same sweet unction in my pen ---
That writes in pure blood of my breast;

For that I figure unto men
The story of my proper quest
As thine, first Eastern in the West,
Sir Palamede the Saracen! {113}

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eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A :: A :: views without satisfaction
the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer
should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule
may prove a bar to advancement.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05002.html>

36 captures

3 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

EDITORIAL

THE price of this Magazine is now six shillings, and the size reduced. If the
whole edition is sold immediately, there should be a matter of eighteenpence

left to pay those who have toiled day and night, six months, to bring it to perfection.

* * * * *

Readers can help us: firstly, by buying the Edition de Luxe; secondly, by buying copies for their friends; and thirdly, by advertising with us, or inducing others to do so.

* * * * *

After the 21st of April 1911, copies of No. II. of THE EQUINOX, of which only a few remain, will be sold at ten shillings, instead of five as hitherto.

I should like to call attention to the immense amount of important material that awaits publication. There is the Sepher Sephiroth, referred to in this section of the Temple of Solomon the King; the complete writings of Dr Dee and Sir Edward Kelly; a tremendous volume on the Tarot; du Potet's "Magic Unveiled," translated by John Yarker, the venerable Grand Master General of the A. and P. rite of Masonry; the Key of the Greater Mysteries, by Eliphas {1} Levi, and many other important MSS. All this has cost untold labour to me and my colleagues; but the difficulties of editing and publishing still confront us.

I am therefore appealing for helpers among those who are interested in the clear and scholarly statement of what the famous adepts of the past have thought and handed down, either by word or pen.

* * * * *

777 is almost out of print. Less than 100 copies remain.¹ A new edition is in preparation, but will not be issued in all probability for two years at least. Verb. sap.

* * * * *

I have been asked by Authority to say a few words on the relations which should subsist between a Neophyte and his Probationers. Though a Neophyte is obliged to show "zeal in service" towards his probationers, it is no part of his duty to be continually beating the tattoo. He has his own work to do ____ very serious and important work ____ and he cannot be expected to spend all his time in making silk purses out of pigs' ears. He is not expected to set definite tasks, nor has he authority to do so. The Probationer is purposely left to himself, as the object of probation is principally that those in authority may discover the nature of the raw material. It is the duty of the Probationer to perform the exercises recommended in his text-books, and to submit the record of his results for criticism. If he hinds himself in a difficulty, or if any unforeseen result occurs, he should communicate with his Neophyte, and he should {2} remember that although he is permitted to select the practices which appeal to him, he is expected to show considerable acquaintance with all of them. More than acquaintance, it should be experience; otherwise what is he to do when as a Neophyte he is consulted by

his Probationers? It is important that he should be armed at all points, and

- 1 WEH NOTE: This false statement by George Raffalovich led to Crowley withdrawing the large remainder from sales and breaking with Raffalovich.

I am authorised to say that no one will be admitted as a Neophyte unless his year's work gives evidence of considerable attainment in the fundamental practices, Asana, Pranayama, assumption of God-formns, vibration of divine names, rituals of banishing and invoking, and the practices set out in sections 5 and 6 of Liber O. Although he is not examined in any of these, the elementary experience is necessary in order that he may intelligently assist those who will be under him.

But let no one imagine that those in authority will urge probationers to work hard. Those who are incapable of hard work may indeed be pushed along, but the moment that the pressure is removed they will fall back, and it is not the purpose of the A. A. to do anything else than to make its students independent and free. Full instruction has been placed within the reach of everybody; let them see to it that they make full use of that instruction.

{3}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05003.html>

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About this capture

LIBER HHH

SVB FIGVRA

CCCXLI

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class D.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER HHH

"Sunt duo modi per quos homo fit Deus: Tohu et Bohu.

"Mens quasi flamma surgat, aut quasi puteus aquae quiescat.

"Alteri modi sunt tres exempli, qui illis extra limine collegii sancti dati sunt.

"In hoc primo libro sunt Aquae Contemplationis."

"Two are the methods of becoming God: the Upright and the Averse. Let the Mind become as a flame, or as a well of still water."

"Of each method are three principal examples given to them that are without the Threshold."

"In this first book are written the Reflexions"

"Sunt tres contemplationes quasi halitus in mente humana abyssus inferni.

Prima, Nu epsilon kappa rho omicron sigma ; secunda, Pi upsilon rho alpha mu iota sigma ;

tertia Phi alpha lambda lambda omicron sigma vocatur. Et hae reflexiones aquaticae sunt

trium enthusiasmorum, Apollonis, Dionysi, Veneris.

"Tota stella est Nechesh et Messiach, nomen HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph cum

HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod conjunctum."

"There are three contemplations as it were breaths in the human mind, that is the Abyss of Hell: the first is called Nu epsilon kappa rho omicron sigma ", the "second" Pi upsilon rho alpha mu iota sigma ", and the third" Phi alpha lambda lambda omicron sigma "."

"These are the watery reflexions of the three enthusiasms; those of Apollo," Dionysus, and Aphrodite."

"The whole star is Nechesh and Messiach, the name HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph " joined"

"with "HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod " ." {7}

LIBER HHH

SUB FIGURA CCCXLI.

CONTINET CAPITULA TRES: MMM, AAA, ET SSS.

I

M M M

"I remember a certain holy day in the dusk of the Year, in the dusk of the Equinox of Osiris, when first I beheld thee visibly; when first the dreadful issue was fought out; when the Ibis-headed One charmed away the strife. I remember thy first kiss, even as a maiden should. Nor in the dark byways was there another: thy kisses abide." --- LIBER LAPIDIS LAZULI. VII. 15, 16.

0. Be seated in thine Asana, wearing the robe of a Neophyte, the hood drawn.

1. It is night, heavy and hot; there are no stars. Not one breath of wind stirs the surface of the sea, that is thou. No fish play in thy depths.

2. Let a Breath rise and ruffle the waters. This also thou shalt feel playing upon thy skin. It will disturb thy meditation twice or thrice, after which thou shouldst have conquered this distraction. But unless thou first feel it, that Breath hath not arisen.

3. Next, the night is riven by the lightning flash. This also shalt thou feel in thy body, which shall shiver and leap with the shock, and that also must both be suffered and overcome. {8}

4. After the lightning flash, resteth in the zenith a minute point of light. And this light shall radiate until a right cone be established upon the sea, and it is day.

With this thy body shall be rigid, automatically; and this shalt thou let endure, withdrawing thyself into thine heart in the form of an upright Egg of blackness; and therein shalt thou abide for a space.

5. When all this is perfectly and easily performed at will, let the aspirant figure to himself a struggle with the whole force of the Universe. In this he is only saved by his minuteness.

But in the end he is overthrown by Death, who covers him with a black cross.

6. So lying, let him aspire fervently unto the Holy Guardian Angel.

7. Now let him resume his former posture.

Two and twenty times shall he figure to himself that he is bitten by a serpent, feeling even in his body the poison thereof. And let each bite be healed by an eagle or hawk, spreading its wings above his head, and dropping thereupon a healing dew. But let the last bite be so terrible a pang at the

nape of the neck that he seemeth to die, and let the healing dew be of such virtue that he leapeth to his feet.

8. Let there be now placed within his egg a red cross, then a green cross, then a golden cross, then a silver cross; or those things which these shadow forth. Herein is silence; for he that hath rightly performed the meditation will understand the inner meaning hereof, and it shall serve as a test of himself and his fellows. {9}

9. Let him now remain in the Pyramid or Cone of Light, as an Egg, but no more of blackness.

10. Then let his body be in the position of the Hanged Man, and let him aspire with all his force unto the Holy Guardian Angel.

11. The grace having been granted unto him, let him partake mystically of the Eucharist of the Five Elements and let him proclaim Light in Extension; yea, let him proclaim Light in Extension.

II

A A A

"These loosen the swathings of the corpse; these unbind the feet of Osiris, so that the flaming God may rage through the firmament with his fantastic spear." --- LIBER LAPIDIS LAZULI. VII. III.

0. Be seated in thine Asana, or recumbent in Shavasana, or in the position of the dying Buddha.

1. Think of thy death; imagine the various diseases that may attack thee, or accidents overtake thee. Picture the process of death, applying always to thyself.

(A useful preliminary practice is to read textbooks of Pathology, and to visit museums and dissecting-rooms.)

2. Continue this practice until death is complete; follow the corpse through the stages of embalming, wrapping and burial.

3. Now imagine a divine breath entering thy nostrils.

4. Next, imagine a divine light enlightening the eyes.

5. Next, imagine the divine voice awakening the ears.

6. Next, imagine a divine kiss imprinted on the lips.

7. Next, imagine the divine energy informing the nerves {10} and muscles of the body, and concentrate on the phenomenon which will already have been observed in 3, the restoring of the circulation.

8. Last, imagine the return of the reproductive power, and employ this to the impregnation of the Egg of light in which man is bathed.

9. Now represent to thyself that this Egg is the Disk of the Sun, setting in the west.

10. Let it sink into blackness, borne in the bark of heaven, upon the back of the holy cow Hathor. And it may be that thou shalt hear the moaning

thereof.

11. Let it become blacker than all blackness. And in this meditation thou shalt be utterly without fear, for that the blankness that will appear unto thee is a thing dreadful beyond all thy comprehension.

And it shall come to pass that if thou hast well and properly performed this meditation that on a sudden thou shalt hear the drone and booming of a Beetle.

12. Now then shall the Blackness pass, and with rose and gold shalt thou arise in the East, with the cry of an Hawk resounding in thine ear. Shrill shall it be and harsh.

13. At the end shalt thou rise and stand in the mid-heaven, a globe of glory. And therewith shall arise the mighty Sound that holy men have likened unto the roaring of a Lion.

14. Then shalt thou withdraw thyself from the Vision, gathering thyself into the divine form of Osiris upon his throne.

15. Then shalt thou repeat audibly the cry of triumph of {11} the god rearisen, as it shall have been given unto thee by thy Superior.

16. And this being accomplished, thou mayest enter again into the Vision, that thereby shall be perfected in Thee.

17. After this shalt thou return into the body, and give thanks unto the Most High God IAIDA, yea unto the Most High God IAIDA.

18. Mark well that this operation should be performed if it be possible in a place set apart and consecrated to the Works of the Magick of Light. Also that the Temple should be ceremonially open as thou hast knowledge and skill to perform, and that at the end thereof the closing should be most carefully accomplished. But in the preliminary practice it is enough to cleanse thyself by ablution, by robing, and by the rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram.

0-2 should be practised at first, until some realisation is obtained; and the practice should always be followed by a divine invocation of Apollo or of Isis or of Jupiter or of Serapis.

Next, after a swift summary of 0-2, practise 3-7.

This being mastered, add 8.

Then add 9-13.

Then being prepared and fortified, well fitted for the work, perform the whole meditation at one time. And let this be continued until perfect success be attained therein. For this is a mighty meditation and holy, having power even upon Death; yea, having power even upon Death.

(Note by Fra. O.M. At any time during this meditation, the concentration may bring about Samadhi. This is to be feared and shunned, more than any other breaking of control, for that it is the most tremendous of the forces which threaten to obsess. There is also some danger of acute delirious melancholia at point 1.) {12}

S S S

"Thou art a beautiful thing, whiter than a woman in the column of this vibration.

"I shoot up vertically like an arrow, and become that Above.

"But it is death, and the flame of the pyre.

"Ascend in the flame of the pyre, O my Soul! Thy God is like the cold emptiness of the utmost heaven, into which thou radiatest thy little light.

"When Thou shalt know me, O empty God, my flame shall utterly expire in Thy great N.O.X." --- LIBER LAPIDIS LAZULI. I. 36-40.

0. Be seated in thine Asana, preferably the Thunderbolt.

It is essential that the spine be vertical.

1. In this practice the cavity of the brain is the Yoni; the spinal cord is the Lingam.

2. Concentrate thy thought of adoration in the brain.

3. Now begin to awaken the spine in this manner. Concentrate thy thought of thyself in the base of the spine, and move it gradually up a little at a time.

By this means thou wilt become conscious of the spine, feeling each vertebra as a separate entity. This must be achieved most fully and perfectly before the further practice is begun.

4. Next, adore the brain as before, but figure to thyself its content as infinite. Deem it to be the womb of Isis, or the body of Nuit.

5. Next, identify thyself with the base of the spine as before, but figure to thyself its energy as infinite. Deem it to be the phallus of Osiris or the being of Hadit.

6. These two concentrations 4 and 5 may be pushed to the point of Samadhi. Yet lose not control of the will; let not Samadhi be thy master herein.

7. Now then, being conscious both of the brain and the spine, and unconscious of all else, do thou imagine the {13} hunger of the one for the other; the emptiness of the brain, the ache of the spine, even as the emptiness of space and the aimlessness of Matter.

And if thou hast experience of the Eucharist in both kinds, it shall aid thine imagination herein.

8. Let this agony grow until it be insupportable, resisting by will every temptation. Not until thine whole body is bathed in sweat, or it may be in sweat of blood, and until a cry of intolerable anguish is forced from thy closed lips, shalt thou proceed.

9. Now let a current of light, deep azure flecked with scarlet, pass up and down the spine, striking as it were upon thyself that art coiled at the base as a serpent.

Let this be exceedingly slow and subtle; and though it be accompanied with pleasure, resist; and though it be accompanied with pain, resist.

10. This shalt thou continue until thou art exhausted, never relaxing the

control. Until thou canst perform this one section 9 during a whole hour, proceed not. And withdraw from the meditation by an act of will, passing into a gentle Pranayama without Kumbhakham, and meditating on Harpocrates, the silent and virginal God.

11. Then at last, being well-fitted in body and mind, fixed in peace, beneath a favourable heaven of stars, at night, in calm and warm weather, mayst thou quicken the movement of the light until it be taken up by the brain and the spine, independently of thy will.

12. If in this hour thou shouldst die, is it not written: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord"? Yea, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!

{14}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05004.html>

34 captures

06 Mar 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

THE BLIND PROPHET

A BALLET

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE BLIND PROPHET

A BALLET

"

"The scene is an ancient Egyptian temple, supported by two mighty pillars. Two" "rows of marble seats form a semi-circle, cut by a gap covered by a veil" "in the East. On the upper seats are the musicians, flutes and violins;" "on the lower are singers and dancers. There are doors also at the North" "and South."

"

"The Prophet." Lead me to the holy place!

Trace the circle widdershins!
Light the incense! Set the pace
To the flutes and violins!

" "The Musicians." Kill! kill! Life is shrill!
Still! Still! word and will!
Flame! flame! speak the name!
Trill! trill! Thrill! thrill!
I acclaim the shame!
I have heard the word!
Fulfil the will!

" "The Prophet." Bid the virgins veil the bride!
Lead her forth, a shower of spray, {17}
A flower of foam upon the tide,
A fleece of cloud upon the day!

So my sightless eyes may see
In the transcendental trance
The virgin of eternity
Lead the demi-gods to dance.

Has the Tree of Life its root
In the soul or in the skin?
Is it God, or is it brute,
That comes mystically in
For the doves within the flute,
The eagles on the violin?

Ah! The perfume's coiling tresses
Curl like veils upon the limbs
Of the dancer that caresses
With her flying feet the hymns
That flow and ripple in the air,
Bathing all the doves of prayer!

" "The Musicians." Lingering, low, fingering slow,
The tingling bows of the violins go.
Trembling, twittering, dissembling,
The lips of the flute-players wander
Over the stops, fiercer and fonder
Than scorpions that writhe and curl
In the fiery breast of an Arab girl!
["The dancers issue from beyond the veil." {18}]

" "The Prophet." Sway like the lilies, gentle girls!

Like lilies glimmer!
Furl yourselves as he lily furls
Its radiance dimmer!
Curl as the lily-petal curls,
Subtler and slimmer!

Unfold your ranks and waft yourselves apart,
That I may guess what pearl is at the heart,
What dew-drop glistens on the crown gold-wrought
Within the chalice of your coiled cohort!

" "The Musicians." the flutes coo.
It is the voice
Of love in spring,
At dawn, in dew;
And piercing through
Those low loves that rejoice,
Wails in the violin that supreme string
Of passion, that is more akin
To death than love, that shrieking sin
Whose teeth tear passion's tortured skin
And drink love's blood, and rage within
Black bowels of lust to win, to win
Some crown of thorns incarnadine,
Some cross whereof to fashion
Some newer, truer passion
Than even the agony of the violin!

" "The Prophet." Yes! like a careless breeze, the close caress
Expands with a sob; the virgins wheel; there glows {19}
In the midst a mystical rose!

["The dancers unfold, and their Queen appears."

O musical ministress
Of the dancing violin!
In an emerald spangled skin,
Hooded with harvest hair
Close-coiled, her serpent eyes
Hold ineffable sorceries!
Slender, and full, and straight is she
As an almond tree
Blest by an hermit! Her serpent eyes
Hold ineffable sorceries!
Slow she sways; her white arms ripple
From rosy finger to rosy nipple,

Ripple and flow like the melody
Of the flutes and the violins.
And! I see! I see --- she smiles on me
The heart of a million sins,
Each keener than death! Her serpent eyes
Hold ineffable sorceries.

" "The Musicians." Hush! Hush! the young feet flush,
The marble's ablush.
The music moves trilling,
Like wolves at the killing,
Moaning and shrilling,
And clear as the throb in the throat of a thrush!
Rustling they sway
Like a forest of rush
In the storm, and away! {20}
Away! Blow the blossoms
Of virgin bosoms
On the sob of the wind
Of the violins,
That bind and unbind
Their scarlet sins
On the brows of the world.
Hush! they are curled
In the rapture of reaping
The flowers that unfurled
When the gardeners were sleeping
In the breeze-swayed bowers
Of the Lord of the flowers!
Hush! Hush! the young feet flush
The marble! The temple's ablaze and ablush.
Hush! Hush! softer crush
The grape on the palate, the flower on the blossom,
The dream on the sleeper, the bride on the bosom!

" "The Prophet." Will she not deign, being drawn
Into the blush of dawn,
To yield the promise, to unveil
The Lady of bliss and bale?

I am old and blind; my vision
Hath the seer in derision.
I would set my lips between
Those rose-tipped moons, just there
Where the deciduous green
Leaves the pearly rapture bare, {21}

With its blue veins like rivulets
Jewelled with gentians and violets,
Wandering through fields of corn,
Under the first kiss of the morn
In still and shimmering air!

" "The Queen of the Dancers." No! No! the weird is woe.
The law is this, most surely this!
That who hath seen may never kiss.
The soul is at war with the flesh and the mind.
Life is dumb, and love is blind.

" "The Prophet." I am the Prophet of the Gods.
I have put these eyes out to attain
To the crown of the pallid periods
That pulse in the Almighty brain!
I have striven all my life for this;
That I might see, and still might kiss!

" "The Musicians." Vain! Vain! Time is sane.
Fain! Fain! Space is plain.
Time passes once, and is not found.
Space divides once, not heals the wound.
Knell! Knell! the shattered shell
That could not break the word of Hell.
Whirl! Whirl! the wanton girl
(Curve, and coil, and close, and curl!)
Slips the grip as the swallow avoids
The leaps of the dog; or the moon, that sails
Abeam to God's invisible gales,
The clumsy caress of the asteroids!
Love her in memory, love her in dream, {22}
Love her in hope, or love her in faith;
But all these loves are loves that seem;
The worst is a ghoul, the best is a wraith;
For to birth
On the earth
There is no power under, within, or above,
That can give thee love in truth and love.

" "The Prophet." Yet will I strive!
There is nothing but this
While I am alive
But the cancer's kiss.
If I fail in that
Let the temple be broken,

The pillars fall flat,
The word by unspoken,
The lights be extinct,
The music be dumb,
The circle unlinked,
The acolytes numb,
The altar defiled,
The sacrament trod
Under foot by the wild
Despisers of god!

" "The Musicians." No! No! Life is woe.
Thou dost not know
How ineffably great
Is the weight of Fate.
Uncreate!
Ultimate! {23}
Born of Hate!
Brother of Woe!
Despair its mate!
Thou dost not know
How giant great
Is the grasp of Fate.

" "The Dancers," Vainly Pursuing
Impossible things,
The swamp-adder wooing
The lark with her wings!

" "The Queen of the Dancers." See how I glide ---
Canst thou not hold me?
In thine arms, at thy side ---
Why not enfold me?

Wisdom, awaken!
Never, oh never,
By wile or endeavour
Am I to be taken.

Will a wish or a word
Charm the hawk from the air?
And am I a bird
To be caught in a snare?

Will a word or a wish
Bring the trout from the brook?

And am I a fish
To snap at an hook?

" "The Prophet." Ye let me to the holy place.
All ye have mocked me to my face. {24}
Now ends the age of living breath;
I am sworn henchman unto death.
Lead me to the obelisks
That support the holy Disks!
I am here; my grasp is firm,
We are come unto the term.
Temple, dancers, girls, musicians,
Augurs, acolytes, magicians ---
Ruin, ruin overwhelm us all!
Fall!

" ["He pulls down the pillars; but the temple"
" was not supported on them as in his"
" blindness he supposed; and he is himself"
" his only victim."

" "The Dancers," Twine! twine! rose and vine.
Whirl! whirl! boy and girl.
Mine! mine! maid divine.
Curl! curl! peach and pearl.
Twist! twist! the towering trances
Are not sun-kissed
Like our delicate dances.
Expanses
Of fancies,
The turn of the ankle! the wave of the wrist
Enhances
Romances!
Twine! twine! tread me a measure!
The dotard is dead that disturbed our pleasure
With his doubt
About {25}
Souls and skins,
And the quickened shoots
Of pain that he tore
From the heart's core
Of the dreadful flutes
And the terrible violins.
Joy! joy! girl and boy!
He is dead! let us laugh! let us dance! let us love!
Leave the corpse there as it lies! we shall measure
A new true dance around and above,

And taste of the treasure,
The torrent of pleasure!
Curl! curl! peach and pearl!
Mine! mine! maid divine!
Whirl! whirl! boy and girl!
Twine! twine! rose and vine.

- " "The Musicians." Hush! hush! the young feet flush,
The marble's ablush,
The music moves trilling ---
Like wolves at the killing,
Moaning and shrilling,
And clear as the throb in the throat of a thrush!
Rustling they sway
Like a forest of rush
In the storm, and away!
Away! blow the blossoms
Of virgin bosoms
On the sob of the wind
Of the violins {26}
That bind and unbind
Their scarlet sins
On the brows of the world.
Hush! they are curled
In the rapture of reaping
The flowers that unfurled
When the gardeners were sleeping
In the breeze-swayed bowers
Of the Lord of the Flowers!
Hush! Hush! the young feet flush
The marble. The temple's ablaze and ablush.
Hush! hush! softer crush
The grape on the palate, the bloom on the blossom,
The dream on the sleeper, the bride on the blossom!
- " "The Queen of the Dancers, in her prime pose."
" (Spoken without inflection or emphasis.)"
Now do you understand the tragedy of life?

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11 Jan 2002 - 25 Dec 2024
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About this capture

THE TRAINING OF THE MIND

THE Religion of the Buddhas is, in the most eminent sense of the word, a Practical Philosophy. It is not a collection of dogmas which are to be accepted and believed with an unquestioning and unintelligent faith: but a series of statements and propositions which, in the first place, are to be intellectually grasped and comprehended; in the second, to be applied to every action of our daily lives, to be practised, to be lived, up to the fullest extent of our powers. This fact of the essentially practical nature of our Religion is again and again insisted upon in the Holy Books. Though one man should know by heart a thousand stanzas of the Law, and not practise it, he has not understood the Dhamma. That man who knows and "practises" one stanza of the Law, he has understood the Dhamma, he is the true follower of the Buddha. It is the practice of the Dhamma that constitutes the true Buddhist, not the mere knowledge of its tenets; it is the carrying out of the Five Precepts, and not their repetition in the Pali tongue; it is the bringing home into our daily lives of the Great Laws of Love and Righteousness that marks a man as "Samma-ditthi;" and not the mere appreciation of the truth of that Dhamma as a beautiful and poetic statement of Laws which are too hard to follow. This Dhamma has to be lived, to be acted up to, to be felt as the supreme idol in our hearts, as the supreme motive of our lives; and he who does this to the best of his ability is the right follower of the Master; --- not he who calls himself "Buddhist," but whose life is empty of the love the Buddha taught.

And because our lives are very painful, because to follow the Good Law in all our ways is very difficult, therefore we should not despair of ever being able to walk in the way we have learned, and resign ourselves to living a life full only of worldly desires and ways. For has not the Master said, "Let no man think lightly of good, saying 'it will not come nigh me' --- for even by the falling of drops, the water-jar is filled. The wise man becomes full of Good, even if he gather it little by little"? He who does his best, he who strives, albeit failingly, to follow what is good, to eschew what is evil, that man will grow daily the more powerful for his striving; and every wrong desire overcome, each loving and good impulse acted up to, will mightily increase our power to resist evil, will ever magnify our power of living the life that is right.

Now, the whole of this practice of Buddhism, the whole of the Good Law which we who call ourselves "Buddhists" should strive to follow, has been summed up by the Tathagata in one single stanza: ---

"Avoiding the performance of evil actions, gaining merit by the performance

of good acts: and the purification of all our thoughts; --- this is the Teaching of all the Buddhas."

Therefore we that call ourselves Buddhists have so to live that we may carry out the three rules here laid down. We all know what it is to avoid doing evil; --- we detail the acts {29} that are ill each time we take "Panca" "Sila." The taking of life, the taking of what does not rightly belong to us, living a life of impurity, speaking what is not true, or what is cruel and unkind, and indulging in drugs and drinks that undermine the mental and moral faculties --- these are the evil actions that we must avoid. Living in peace and love, returning good for evil, having reverence and patience and humility --- these are some part of what we know to be good. And so we can all understand, can all try to live up to, the first two clauses of this stanza; we can all endeavour to put them into practice in our daily lives. But the way to purify the thought, the way to cultivate the thoughts that are good, to suppress and overcome the thoughts that are evil, the practices by which the mind is to be trained and cultivated; of these things less is known; they are less practised, and less understood.

And so the object of this paper is to set forth what is written in the books of these methods of cultivating and purifying the mind; --- to set forth how this third rule can be followed and lived up to; for in one way it is the most important of all, it really includes the other two rules, and is their crown and fruition. the avoidance of evil, the performance of good: these things will but increase the merits of our destinies, will lead but to new lives, happier, and so more full of temptation, than that we now enjoy. And after that merit, thus gained, is spent and gone, the whirling of the great Wheel of Life will bring us again to evil, and unhappy lives; --- for not by the mere storing of merit can freedom be attained, it is not by mere merit that we can come to the Great Peace. This merit-gaining is secondary in importance to the purification and culture of our thought, but it is essential, because only by {30} the practice of "Sila" comes the power of Mental Concentration that makes us free.¹

In order that we may understand how this final and principal aim of our Buddhist Faith is to be attained, before we can see why particular practices should thus purify the mind, it is necessary that we should first comprehend the nature of this mind itself --- this thought that we seek to purify and to liberate.

In the marvellous system of psychology which has been declared to us by our Teacher, the "Citta" or thought-stuff is shewn to consist of innumerable elements which are called "Dhamma" or "Sankh ra." If we translate "Dhamma" or "Sankh ra" as used in this context as "Tendencies," we shall probably come nearest to the English meaning of the word. When a given act has been performed a number of times; when a given thought has arisen in our minds a number of times, there is a definite tendency to the repetition of that act; a definite tendency to the recurrence of that thought. Thus each mental Dhamma, each Sankh ra, tends to produce constantly its like, and be in turn reproduced; and so at first sight it would seem as though there were no

possibility of augmenting the states that are good. But, whilst our Master has taught us of this tendency to reproduce that is so characteristic of all mental states, he has also shewn us how this reproductive energy of the Sankh ras may itself be employed to the suppression of evil states, and to the culture {31} of the states that are good. For if a man has many and powerful Sankh ras in his nature, which tend to make him angry or cruel, we are taught that he can definitely overcome those evil Sankh ras by the practice of mental concentration on Sankh ras of an opposite nature; --- in practice by devoting a definite time each day to meditating on thoughts of pity and of love. Thus he increases the Sankh ras in his mind that tend to make men loving and pitiful, and because "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time, hatred ceaseth by Love alone," therefore do those evil Sankh ras of his nature, those tendencies to anger and to cruelty, disappear before the rise of new good tendencies of love and of pity, even as the darkness of the night fades in the glory of the dawn. Thus we see that one way --- and the best way --- of overcoming bad Sankh ras is the systematic cultivation, by dint of meditation, of such qualities as are opposed to the evil tendencies we desire to eliminate; and in the central and practical feature of the instance adduced, the practice of definite meditation or mental concentration upon the good Sankh ras, we have the key to the entire system of the Purification and Culture of the mind, which constitutes the practical working basis of the Buddhist Religion.

If we consider the action of a great and complex engine --- such a machine as drives a steamship through the water --- we will see that there is, first and foremost, one central and all-operating source of energy; in this case the steam which is generated in the boilers. This energy in itself is neither

- 1 Sila must then be defined as the discipline essential to Mental Concentration, and this will vary with Race, Climate, Individuality, etc. etc. --- A.C.

good nor bad --- it is simply "Power;" and whether that power does the useful work of moving the ship, or the bad work of breaking loose, and destroying and spoiling the ship, and {32} scalding men to death, and so on; all depends upon the correct and co-ordinated operation of all the various parts of that complex machinery. If the slide-valves of the great cylinders open a little too soon and so admit the steam before the proper time, much power will be lost in overcoming the resistance of the steam itself. If they remain open too long, the expansive force of the steam will be wasted, and so again power will be lost; and if they open too late, much of the momentum of the engine will be used up in moving uselessly the great mass of the machinery. And so it is with every part of the engine. In every part of the prime mover is that concentrated expansive energy of the steam; but that energy must be applied in each diverse piece of mechanism in exactly the right way, at exactly the right time; otherwise, either the machine will not work at all, or much of the energy of the steam will be wasted in overcoming its own opposing force.

so it is with this subtle machinery of the mind, --- a mechanism infinitely more complex, capable of far more power for good or for evil, than the most

marvellous of man's mechanical achievements, than the most powerful engine ever made by human hands. One great engine, at its worst, exploding, may destroy a few hundred lives; at its best may carry a few thousand men, may promote trade, and the comfort of some few hundred lives; but who can estimate the power of one human mind, whether for good or for evil? One such mind, the mind of a man like Jesus Christ, may bring about the tortured death of many million men, may wreck states and religions and dynasties, and cause untold misery and suffering; another mind, employing the same manner of energy, but rightly using that energy for the {33} benefit of others, may, like the Buddha, bring hope into the hopeless lives of crores upon crores of human beings, may increase by a thousandfold the pity and love of a third of humanity, may aid innumerable lakhs of beings to come to that Peace for which we all crave --- that Peace the way to which is so difficult to find.

But the energy which these two minds employed is one and the same. That energy lies hidden in every human brain, it is generated with every pulsation of every human heart, it is the prerogative of every being, and the sole mover in the world of men. There is no idea or thought, there is no deed, whether good or bad, accomplished in this world, but that supreme energy, that steam-power of our mental mechanism, is the mover and the cause. It is by use of this energy that the child learns how to speak; it is by its power that Christ could bring sorrow into thousands of lives; it is by this power that the Buddha conquered the hearts of one-third of men; it is by that force that so many have followed him on the way which he declared --- the Nirv?na Marga, the way to the Unutterable Peace. The name of that power is Mental Concentration, and there is nothing in this world, whether for good or for evil, but is wrought by its application. It weaves upon the loom of Time the fabric of men's characters and destinies. Name and Form are the twin threads with which it blends the quick-flying shuttles of that Loom, men's good and evil thoughts and deeds; and the pattern of that fabric is the outcome of innumerable lives.

It is by the power of this Samadhi that the baby learns to walk, it is by its power that Newton weighed these suns {34} and worlds. It is the steam power of this human organism, and what it does to make us great or little, good or bad, is the result of the way in which the powers of the mind, all these complex Sankh ras, apply and use that energy. If the Sankh ras act well together, if their varying functions are well co-ordinated, then that man has great power, either for good or for evil; and when you see one of weak mind and will, you may be sure that his Sankh ras are working one against another; and so the central power, this power of Samadhi, is wasted in one part of the mind in overcoming its own energy in another.

If a skilful engineer, knowing well the functions of each separate part of an engine, were to have to deal with a machine whose parts did not work in unison, and which thus frittered away the energy supplied to it, he would take his engine part by part, adjusting here a valve and there an eccentric; he would observe the effect of his alterations with every subsequent movement of the whole engine, and so, little by little, would set all that machinery to work together, till the engine was using to the full the energy supplied to

it. And this is what we have to do with this mechanism of our minds --- each one for himself. First, earnestly to investigate our component Sankh ras, to see wherein we are lacking, to see wherein our mental energy is well used and where it runs to waste; and then to keep adjusting, little by little, all these working parts of our mind-engine, till each is brought to work in the way that is desired, till the whole vast complex machinery of our being is all working to one end, --- the end for which we are working, the goal which now lies so far away, {35} yet not so far but that we may yet work for and attain it.

But how are we thus to adjust and to alter the Sankh'aras of our natures? If a part of our mental machinery "will" use up our energy wrongly, "will" let our energy leak into wrong channels, how are we to cure it? Let us take another example from the world of mechanics. There is a certain part of a locomotive which is called the slide-valve. It is a most important part, because its duty is to admit the steam to the working parts of the engine: and upon its accurate performance of this work the whole efficiency of the locomotive depends. The great difficulty with this slide-valve consists in the fact that its face must be perfectly, almost mathematically, smooth; and no machine has yet been devised that can cut this valve-face smooth enough. So what they do is this: they make use of the very force of the steam itself, the very violent action of steam, to plane down that valve-face to the necessary smoothness. The valve, made as smooth as machinery can make it, is put in its place, and steam is admitted; so that the valve is made to work under very great pressure, and very quickly for a time. As it races backwards and forwards, under this unusually heavy pressure of steam, the mere friction against the port-face of the cylinder upon which it moves suffices to wear down the little unevennesses that would otherwise have proved so fertile a source of leakage. So we must do with our minds. We must take our good and useful Sankh'aras one by one, and put them under extra and unusual pressure by special mental concentration. And by this means those good Sankh ras will be made ten times as {36} efficient; there will be no more leakage of energy; and our mental mechanism will daily work more and more harmoniously and powerfully. From the moment that the Mental Reflex² is attained, the hindrances ("i.e.", the action of opposing Sankh ras) are checked, the leakages (Asavas, a word commonly translated corruptions, means literally leakages, --- "i.e.", leakages through wrong channels of the energy of the being) are assuaged, and the mind concentrates itself by the concentration of the neighbourhood degree.³

Now let us see how these Sankh ras, these working parts of our mental mechanism, first come into being. Look at a child learning how to talk. The child hears a sound, and this sound the child learns to connect by association with a definite idea. By the power of its mental concentration the child seizes on that sound, by its imitative group of Sankh ras it repeats that sound, and by another effort of concentration it impresses the idea of that sound on some cortical cell of its brain, where it remains as a faint Sankh ra, ready to be called up when required. Then, one time, occasion arises which recalls the idea that sound represents --- it has need to make

that sound in order to get some desired object. The child concentrates its mind with all its power on the memorising cortex of its brain, until that faint Sankh ra, that manner of mind-echo of the sound that lurks in the little brain-cell is discovered, and, like a stretched string played upon by the wind, the cell yields up to the mind {37} a faint repetition of the sound-idea

2 The Mental Reflex or Nimitta, is the result of the practice of certain forms of Samadhi. For a detailed account see Uisuddhi Magga.

3 Visuddhi Magga, iv. There are two degrees of mental concentration, termed "Neighbourhood-concentration" and "Attainment-concentration" respectively.

which caused it. By another effort of concentration, now removed from the memorising area and shifted to the speaking centre in the brain, the child's vocal chords tighten in the particular way requisite to the production of that sound; the muscles of lips and throat and tongue perform the necessary movements; the breathing apparatus is controlled, so that just the right quantity of air passes over the vocal chords; and as the child speaks it repeats the word it had formerly learnt to associate with the object of its present desire. Such is the process of the formation of a Sankh ra. The more frequently that idea recurs to the child, the more often does it have to go through the processes involved --- the more often, in a word, has the mind of the child to perform mental concentration, or Samadhi, upon that particular series of mental and muscular movements, the more powerful does the set of Sankh'aras involved become, till the child will recall the necessary sound-idea, will go through all those complex movements of the organs of speech, without any appreciable new effort of mental concentration; --- in effect, that chain of associations, that particular co-ordinated functioning of memory and speech, will have established itself by virtue of the past mental concentrations as a powerful Sankh ra in the being of the child, and that Sankh ra will tend to recur whenever the needs which led to the original Samadhi are present, so that the words will be reproduced automatically, and without fresh special effort.

Thus we see that Sankh ras arise from any act of mental concentration. The more powerful, or the more often repeated, is the act of Samadhi, the more powerful the {38} Sankh ras produced; thus a word in a new language, for instance, may become a Sankh ra, may be perfectly remembered without further effort, either by one very considerable effort of mental concentration, or by many repetitions of the word, with slight mental concentration.

The practical methods, then, for the culture and purification of the mind, according to the method indicated for us by our Master, are two; first, "Samm sati," which is the accurate reflection upon things in order to ascertain their nature --- an investigation or analysis of the Dhammas of our own nature in this case; and, secondly, "Samm sam dhi," or the bringing to bear upon the mind of the powers of concentration, to the end that the good states, the good Dhammas, may become powerful Sankh ras in our being. As to the bad states, they are to be regarded as mere leakages of the central power; and the remedy

for them, as for the leaky locomotive slide-valve, is the powerful practice upon the good states which are of an opposite nature. So we have first very accurately to analyse and observe the states that are present in us by the power of Samm sati, and then practise concentration upon the good states, especially those that tend to overcome our particular failings. By mental concentration is meant an intentness of the thoughts, the thinking for a definite time of only one thought at a time. This will be found at first to be very difficult. You sit down to meditate on love, for instance; and in half a minute or so you find you are thinking about what someone said the day before yesterday. so it always is at first. The Buddha likened the mind of the man who was beginning this practice of Samadhi to a calf which had been used to running hither and thither in the fields, {39} without any let or hindrance, which has now been tied with a rope to a post. The rope is the practice of meditation; the post is the particular subject selected for meditation. At first the calf tries to break loose, he runs hither and thither in every direction; but is always brought up sharp at a certain distance from the post, by the rope to which he is tied. For a long time, if he is a restless calf, this process goes on; but at last the calf becomes more calm, he sees the futility of struggling, and lies down by the side of the post. So it is with the mind. At first, subjected to this discipline of concentration, the mind tries to break away, it runs in this or that direction; and if it is an average restless mind, it takes a long time to realize the uselessness of trying to break away. But always, having gone a certain distance from the post, having got a certain distance from the object selected for meditation, the fact that you have sat down with the definite object of meditating acts as the rope, and the mind realizes that the post was its object, and so comes back to it. When the mind, becoming concentrated and steady, at last lies down by the post, and no longer tries to break away from the object of meditation, then concentration is obtained. But this takes a long time to attain, and very hard practice; and in order that we may make this, the most trying part of the practice, easier, various methods are suggested. One is, that we can avail ourselves of the action of certain Sankh ras themselves. You know how we get into "habits" of doing things, particularly habits of doing things at a definite time of day. Thus we get into the habit of waking up at a definite time of the morning, and we always tend to wake up at that same hour of the day. We {40} get into a habit of eating our dinner at seven o'clock, and we do not feel hungry till about that time; and if we change the times of our meals, at first we always feel hungry at seven, then, when we get no dinner, a little after seven that hunger vanishes, and we presently get used to the new state of things. In effect the practice of any act, the persistence of any given set of ideas, regularly occurring at a set time of the day, forms within us a very powerful tendency to the recurrence of those ideas, or to the practice of that act, at the same time every day.

Now we can make use of this time-habit of the mind to assist us in our practice of meditation. Choose a given time of day; always practise in that

same time, even if it is only for ten minutes, but always at exactly the same time of day. In a little while the mind will have established a habit in this respect, and you will find it much easier to concentrate the mind at your usual time than at any other. We should also consider the effect of our bodily actions on the mind. When we have just eaten a meal, the major part of the spare energy in us goes to assist in the work of digestion; so at those times the mind is sleepy and sluggish, and under these circumstances we cannot use all our energies to concentrate with. So choose a time when the stomach is empty --- of course the best time from this point of view is when we wake up in the morning. Another thing that you will find very upsetting to your concentration at first is sound --- any sudden, unexpected sound particularly. So it is best to choose your time when people are not moving about --- when there is as little noise as possible. Here again the early morning is indicated, or else late at night, and, generally speaking, you {41} will find it easiest to concentrate either just after rising, or else at night, just before going to sleep.

Another thing very much affects these Sankh ras, and that is "place." If you think a little, you will see how tremendously place affects the mind. The merchant's mind may be full of trouble; but no sooner does he get to his office or place of business, than his trouble goes, and he is all alert --- a keen, capable business-man. The doctor may be utterly tired out, and half asleep when he is called up at night to attend an urgent case; but no sooner is he come to his place, the place where he is wont to exercise his profession, the bedside of his patient, than the powerful association of the place overcome his weariness and mental torpor, and he is very wide awake --- all his faculties on the alert, his mind working to the full limits demanded by his very difficult profession. So it is in all things: the merchant at his desk, the captain on the bridge of his ship, the engineer in his engine-room, the chemist in his laboratory --- the effect of "place" upon the mind is always to awaken a particular set of Sankh ras, the Sankh ras associated in the mind with place. Also there is perhaps a certain intangible yet operative atmosphere of thought which clings to place in which definite acts have been done, definite thoughts constantly repeated. It is for this reason that we have a great sense of quiet and peace when we go to a monastery. The monastery is a place where life is protected, where men think deeply of the great mysteries of Life and Death; it is the home of those who are devoted to the practice of this meditation, it is the centre of the religious life of the people. When the people want to make merry, they have "pwes" and things in their own houses, {42} in the village; but when they feel religiously inclined, then they go to their monastery. So the great bulk of the thoughts which arise in a monastery are peaceful, and calm, and holy; and this atmosphere of peace and calm and holiness seems to penetrate and suffuse the whole place, till the walls and roof and flooring --- nay, more, the very ground of the sacred enclosure --- seem soaked with this atmosphere of holiness, like some faint distant perfume that can hardly be scented, and yet that one can feel. It may be that some impalpable yet grosser portion of the

thought-stuff thus clings to the very walls of a place: we cannot tell, but certain it is that if you blindfold a sensitive man and take him to a temple, he will tell you that it is a peaceful and holy place; whilst if you take him to the shambles, he will feel uncomfortable or fearful.

And so we should choose for our practice of meditation a place which is suited to the work we have to do. It is a great aid, of course, owing to the very specialised set of place Sankh ras so obtained, if we can have a special place in which nothing but these practices are done, and where no one but oneself goes; but, for a layman especially, this is very difficult to secure. Instructions are given on this point in "Visuddhi Magga" how the priest who is practising "Kammattana" is to select some place a little way from the monastery, where people do not come and walk about --- either a cave, or else he is to make or get made a little hut, which he alone uses. But as this perfect retirement is not easy to a layman, he must choose whatever place is most suitable --- some place where, at the time of his practice, he will be as little disturbed as possible, and, if he is able, this place should not be the place where he sleeps, as the Sankh ras of such a place would tend, {43} so soon as he tried to reduce the number of his thoughts down to one, to make him go to sleep, which is one of the chief things to be guarded against.

Time and place being once chosen, it is important, until the faculty of concentration is strongly established, not to alter them. Then bodily posture is to be considered. If we stand up to meditate, then a good deal of energy goes to maintain the standing posture. Lying down is also not good, because it is associated in our minds with going to sleep. Therefore the sitting posture is best. If you can sit cross-legged as Buddhārūpas sit, that is best; because this position has many good Sankh ras associated with in the minds of Buddhist people.

Now comes the all-important question of what we are to meditate upon. The subjects of meditation are classified in the books under forty heads; and in the old days a man wishing to practise "Kammattana" would go to some great man who had practised long, and had so attained to great spiritual knowledge, and by virtue of his spiritual knowledge that Arahāt could tell which of the forty categories would best suit the aspirant. Now-a-days this is hardly possible, as so few practise this Kammattana; and so it is next to impossible to find anyone with this spiritual insight. So the best thing to do will be to practise those forms of meditation which will most certainly increase the highest qualities in us, the qualities of Love, and Pity, and Sympathy, and Indifference to worldly life and cares; those forms of Sammā sati which will give us an accurate perception of our own nature, and the Sorrow, Transitoriness, and soullessness of all things in the Samsāra Cakka; and those forms which {44} will best calm our minds by making us think of holy and beautiful things, such as the Life of the Buddha, the liberating nature of the Dhamma He taught, and the pure life which is followed by His Bhikkhus.

We have seen how a powerful Sankh ra is to be formed in one of two ways: either by one tremendous effort of concentration, or by many slight ones. As it is difficult for a beginner to make a tremendous effort, it will be found

simplest to take one idea which can be expressed in a few words, and repeat those words silently over and over again. The reason for the use of a formula of words is that, owing to the complexity of the brain-actions involved in the production of words, very powerful Sankh ras are formed by this habit of silent repetition: the words serve as a very powerful mechanical aid in constantly evoking the idea they represent. In order to keep count of the number of times the formula has been repeated, Buddhist people use a rosary of a hundred and eight beads, and thus will be found a very convenient aid. Thus one formulates to oneself the ideal of the Great Teacher: one reflects upon His Love and Compassion, on all that great life of His devoted to the spiritual assistance of all beings; one formulates in the mind the image of the Master, trying to imagine Him as He taught that Dhamma which has brought liberation to so many; and every time the mental image fades, one murmurs "Buddhanussati" --- "he reflects upon the Buddha" --- each time of repetition passing over one of the beads of the rosary. And so with the Dhamma, and the Sangha; --- whichever one prefers to reflect upon.

But perhaps the best of all the various meditations upon the idea, are what is known as the Four Sublime States --- {45} Cattro Brahavihara. These meditations calm and concentrate The Citta in a very powerful and effective way; and besides this they tend to increase in us those very qualities of the mind which are the best. One sits down facing East, preferably; and after reflection on the virtues of the Tri Ratna, as set forth in the formulas, "Iti pi so Bhagava," etc., one concentrates one's thought upon ideas of Love; one imagines a ray of Love going out from one's heart, and embracing all beings in the Eastern Quarter of the World, and one repeats this formula: "And he lets his mind pervade the Eastern Quarter of the World with thoughts of Love --- with Heart of Love grown great, and mighty, and beyond all measure --- till there is not one being in all the Eastern Quarter of the world whom he has passed over, whom he has not suffused with thoughts of Love, with Heart of Love grown great, and mighty, and far-reaching beyond all measure." And as you say these words you imagine your Love going forth to the East, like a great spreading ray of light; and first you think of all your friends, those whom you love, and suffuse them with your thoughts of love; and then you reflect upon all those innumerable beings in that Eastern Quarter whom you know not, to whom you are indifferent, but whom you should love, and you suffuse them also with the ray of your Love; and lastly you reflect upon all those who are opposed to you, who are your enemies, who have done you wrongs, and these too, by an effort of will you suffuse with your Love "till there is not one being in all that Eastern Quarter of the Earth whom you have passed over, whom you have not suffused with thoughts of Love with Heart of Love grown great, and mighty, and beyond all measure." And then you imagine a similar {46} ray of Love issuing from your heart in the direction of your right hand; and you mentally repeat the same formula, substituting the word "Southern" for "Eastern," and you go through the same series of reflections in that direction. And so to the West, and so to the North, till all around you, in the four directions, you have penetrated all beings with these thoughts of

Love. And then you imagine your thought as striking downwards, and embracing and including all beings beneath you, repeating the same formula, and lastly as going upwards, and suffusing with the warmth of your Love all beings in the worlds above. Thus you will have meditated upon all beings with thoughts of Love, in all the six directions of space: and you have finished the Meditation on Love.

In the same way, using the same formula, do you proceed with the other three Sublime States. Thinking of all beings who are involved in the Samsara Cakka, involved in the endless sorrow of existence --- thinking especially of those in whom at this moment sorrow is especially manifested, thinking of the weak, the unhappy, the sick, and those who are fallen; you send out a ray of Pity and Compassion towards them in all six directions of Space. And so suffusing all beings with thoughts of Compassion, you pass on to the meditation on Happiness. You meditate on all beings who are happy, from the lowest happiness of earthly love to the highest, the Happiness of those who are freed from all sin, the unutterable Happiness of those who have attained the Nirvāṇa Dhamma. You seek to feel with all those happy ones in their happiness, to enter into the bliss of their hearts and lives, and to augment it; and so you pervade all six directions with thoughts of {47} happiness, with this feeling of sympathy with all that is happy and fair and good.

Then, finally, reflecting on all that is evil and cruel and bad in the world, reflecting on the things which tempt men away from the holy life, you assume to all evil beings thoughts of indifference --- understanding that all the evil in those beings arises from ignorance; from the Asavas, the leakages of mental power into wrong channels; you understand concerning them that it is not your duty to condemn, or revile, but only to be indifferent to them, and when you have finished this meditation in Indifference, you have completed the meditation on the Four Sublime States --- on Love, and Pity, and Happiness, and Indifference. The meditation on love will overcome in you all hatred and wrath; the meditation on Pity will overcome your Sankh'aras of cruelty and unkindness; the meditation on Happiness will do away with all feelings of envy and malice; and the meditation on Indifference will take from you all sympathy with evil ways and thoughts. And if you diligently practise these four Sublime States, you will find yourself becoming daily more and more loving, and pitiful, and happy with the highest happiness, and indifferent to personal misfortune and to evil. So very powerful is this method of meditation, that a very short practice will give results --- results that you will find working in your life and thoughts, bringing peace and happiness to you, and to all around you.

Then there is the very important work of Sammasati, the analysis of the nature of things that leads men to realize how all in the Samsara Cakka is characterised by the three characteristics of Sorrow, and Transitoriness, and Soullessness: how there is nought that is free from these three characteristics; and how only right reflection and right meditation can free you from them, and can open for you the way to peace. And because men are very much involved in the affairs of the world, because so much of our lives

is made of our little hates and loves and fears; because we think so much of our wealth, and those we love with earthly love, and of our enemies, and of all the little concerns of our daily life, therefore is this right perception very difficult to come by, very difficult to realise as absolute truth in the depth of our hearts. We think we have but one life and one body; so these we guard with very great attention and care, wasting useful mental energy upon these ephemeral things. We think we have but one state in life; and so we think very much of how to better our positions, how to increase our fortune.

"I have these sons, mine is this wealth" --- thus the foolish man is thinking: "he himself hath not a self, how sons, how wealth?" But if we could look back over the vast stairway of our innumerable lives, if we could see how formerly we had held all various positions, had had countless fortunes, countless children, innumerable loves and wives; if we could so look back, and see the constant and inevitable misery of all those lives, could understand our every-changing minds and wills, and the whole mighty phantasmagoria of the illusion that we deem so real; if we could do this, then indeed we might realise the utter misery and futility of all this earthly life, might understand and grasp those three characteristics of all existent things; then indeed would our desire to escape from this perpetual round of sorrow be augmented, augmented so that we would work with all our power unto liberation. {49}

To the gaining of this knowledge of past births there is a way, a practice of meditation by which that knowledge may be obtained. This at first may seem startling; but there is nothing really unnatural or miraculous about it: it is simply a method of most perfectly cultivating the memory. Now, memory is primarily a function of the material brain: we remember things because they are stored up like little mind-pictures, in the minute nerve-cells of the grey cortex of the brain, principally on the left frontal lobe. so it may naturally be asked: "If memory, as is certainly the case, be stored up in the material brain, how is it possible that we should remember, without some miraculous faculty, things that happened before that brain existed?" The answer is this: our brains, it is true, have not existed before this birth, and so all our normal memories are memories of things that have happened in this life. but what is the "cause" of the particular brain-structure that now characterises us? Past Sankh ras. The particular and specific nature of a given brain; that, namely, which differentiates one brain from another, which makes one child capable of learning one thing and another child another; the great difference of aptitude, and so on, which gives to each one of us a different set of desires, capacities, and thought. What force has caused this great difference between brain and brain? We say that the action of our past Sankh ras, the whole course of the Sankh ras of our past lives, determined, ere our birth in this life, whilst yet the brain was in process of formation, these specific and characteristic features. And if the higher thinking levels of our brains have thus been specialised by the acquired tendencies of all our line of lives, {50} then every thought that we have had, every idea and wish that has gone to help to specialise that thinking stuff, must have left its

record stamped ineffaceably, though faintly, on the structure of this present brain, till that marvellous structure is like some ancient palimpsest --- a piece of paper on which, as old writing faded out, another and yet another written screen has been superimposed. By our purblind eyes only the last record can be read, but there are ways by which all those ancient faded writings can be made to appear; and this is how it is done. To read those faded writings we use an eye whose sensitivity to minute shades of colour and texture is far greater than our own; a photograph is taken of the paper, on plates prepared so as to be specially sensitive to minute shades of colour, and, according to the exposure given, the time the eye of the camera gazed upon that sheet of paper, another and another writing is impressed upon the sensitive plate used, and the sheet of paper, which to the untrained eye of man bears but one script, yields up to successive plates those lost, ancient, faded writings, till all are made clear and legible.

So it must be, if we think, with this memory of man; with all the multiple attributes of that infinitely complex brain-structure.

All that the normal mental vision of man can read there is the last plain writing, the record of this present life. But every record of each thought and act of all our karmic ancestry, the records upon whose model this later life, this specialised brain-structure, has been built, must lie there, visible to the trained vision; so that, had we but this more sensitive mental vision, that wondrous palimpsest, the tale of the innumerable {51} ages that have gone to the composing of that marvellous document, the record of a brain, would stand forth clear and separate, like the various pictures on the colour-sensitive plates. Often, indeed, it happens that one, perchance the last of all those ancient records, is given now so clearly and legibly that a child can read some part of what was written; and so we have those strange instances of sporadic, uninherited genius that are the puzzle and the despair of Western Psychologists? A little child, before he can hardly walk, before he can clearly talk, will see a piano, and crawl to it, and, untaught, his baby fingers will begin to play; and, in a few years' time, with a very little teaching and practice, that child will be able to execute the most difficult pieces --- pieces of music which baffle any but the most expert players. There have been many such children whose powers have been exhibited over the length and breadth of Europe. There was Smeaton, again, one of our greatest engineers. When a child (he was the son of uneducated peasant people) he would build baby bridges over the streams in his country --- untaught --- and his bridges would bear men and cattle. There was a child, some ten years ago, in Japan, who, when a baby, saw one day the ink and brush with which the Chinese and Japanese write, and, crawling with pleasure, reached out his chubby hand for them, and began to write. By the time he was five years old that baby, scarce able to speak correctly, could write in the Chinese character perfectly --- that wonderful and complex script that takes an ordinary man ten to fifteen years to master --- and this baby of five wrote it perfectly. This child's power was exhibited all over the country, and before the Emperor of Japan; and the question that arises is, how did all these

children get their powers? Surely, because {52} for them the last writing on the book of their minds was yet clear and legible; because in their last birth that one particular set of Sankh ras was so powerful that its record could still be read.

And thus we all have, here in our present brains, the faded records of all our interminable series of lives; a thousand, tens of thousands, crores upon crores of records, one superimposed over another, waiting only for the eye that can see, the eye of the trained and perfected memory to read them to distinguish one from another as the photographic plate distinguished, and the way so to train that mental vision is as follows: ---

You sit down in your place of meditation, and you think of yourself seated there. Then you begin to "think backwards." You think the act of coming into the room. You think the act of walking towards the room, and so you go on, thinking backwards on all the acts that you have done that day. You then come to yourself, waking up in the morning, and perhaps you remember a few dreams, and then there is a blank, and you remember your last thoughts as you went to sleep the night before, what you did before retiring, and so on, back to the time of your last meditation.

This is a very difficult practice; and so at first you must not attempt to go beyond one day: else you will not do it well, and will omit remembering a lot of important things. When you have practised for a little, you will find your memory of events becoming rapidly more and more perfect; and this practice will help you in worldly life as well, for it vastly increases the power of memory in general. When doing a day becomes easy, then slowly increase the time meditated upon. {53} Get into the way of doing a week at a sitting --- here taking only the more important events --- then a month, then a year, and so on. You will find yourself remembering all sorts of things about your past life that you had quite forgotten; you will find yourself penetrating further and further into the period of deep sleep; you will find that you remember your dreams even far more accurately than you ever did before. And so you go on, going again and again over long periods of your life, and each time you will remember more and more of things you had forgotten. You will remember little incidents of your child-life, remember the tears you shed over the difficult tasks of learning how to walk and speak: and at last, after long and hard practice, you will remember a little, right back to the time of your birth.

If you never get any further than this, you will have done yourself an enormous deal of good by this practice. You will have marvellously increased your memory in every respect; and you will have gained a very clear perception of the changing nature of your desires and mind and will, even in the few years of this life. But to get beyond this point of birth is very difficult, because, you see, you are no longer reading the relatively clear record of this life, but are trying to read one of those fainter, under written records the Sankh ras have left on your brain. All this practice has been with the purpose of making clear your mental vision; and, as I have said, this will without doubt be clearer far than before; but the question is, whether it is

clear enough. Time after time retracing in their order the more important events of this life, at last, one day you will bridge over that dark space between death and birth, when all the Sankh ras are, like the seed in the earth, {54} breaking up to build up a new life; and one day you will suddenly find yourself remembering your death "in your last life." This will be very painful, but it is important to get to that stage several times, because at the moment when a man comes very near to death, the mind automatically goes through the very process of remembering backwards you have been practising so long, and so you can then gather clues to all the events of that last life.

Once this difficult point of passing from birth to death is got over, the rest is said in the books to be easy. You can then, daily, with more and more facility, remember the deeds and thoughts of your past lives; one after another will open before your mental vision. You will see yourself living a thousand lives, you will feel yourself dying a thousand deaths, you will suffer with the suffering of a myriad existences, you will see how fleeting were their little joys, what price you had again and again to pay for a little happiness; --- how real and terrible were the sufferings you had to endure. You will watch how for years you toiled to amass a little fortune, and how bitter death was that time, because you could not take your treasure with you; you will see the innumerable women you have thought of as the only being you could ever love, and lakh upon lakh of beings caught like yourself in the whirling Wheel of Life and Death; some now your father, mother, children, some again your friends, and now your bitter enemies. You will see the good deed, the loving thought and act, bearing rich harvest life after life, and the sad gathering of ill weeds, the harvest of ancient wrongs. You will see the beninngless fabric of your lives, with its every-changing pattern stretching back, back, back into interminable vistas of past time, {55} and then at last you will know, and will understand. You will understand how this happy life for which we crave is never to be gained; you will realise, as no books or monks could teach you, the sorrow and impermanence and soullessness of all lives; and you will then be very much stirred up to make a mighty effort, now that human birth and this knowledge is yours; --- a supreme effort to wake up out of all this ill dream of life as a man wakes himself out of a fearful nightmare. And this intense aspiration will, say the Holy Books, go very far towards effecting your liberation.

There is another form of meditation which is very helpful, the more so as it is not necessarily confined to any one particular time of the day, but can be done always, whenever we have a moment in which our mind is not engaged. This is the "mahasatipatthana," or great reflection. Whatever you are doing, just observe and make a mental note of it, being careful to understand of what you see that it is possessed of the Three Characteristics of Sorrow, Impermanence and lack of an Immortal Principle of soul. Think of the action you are performing, the thought you are thinking, the sensation you are feeling, as relating to some exterior person; take care not to think "I" am doing so-and-so" but "there exists such-and-such a state of action." Thus, take bodily actions. When you go walking, just concentrate the whole of your

attention upon what you are doing, in an impersonal kind of way. Think "now he is raising his left foot," or, better, "there is an action of the lifting of a left foot." "Now there is a raising of the right foot, now the body leans a little forwards, and so advances, now it turns to the right, and now it stands still." In this way, just practise concentrating the mind in observing {56} all the actions that you perform, all the sensations that arise in your body, all the thoughts that arise in your mind, and always analyse each concentration object thus (as in the case cited above, of the bodily action of waling). "what is it that walks?" and by accurate analysis you reflect that there is no person or soul within the body that walks, but that there is a particular collection of chemical elements, united and held together by the result of certain categories of forces, as cohesion, chemical attraction, and the like: that these acting in unison, owing to a definite state of co-ordination, appear to walk, move this way and that, and so on, owing to and concurrent with the occurrence of certain chemical decompositions going on in brain and nerve and muscle and blood, etc., that this state of co-ordination which renders such complex actions possible is the resultant of the forces of innumerable similar states of co-ordination; that the resultant of all these past states of co-ordination acting together constitute what is called a living human being; that owing to certain other decompositions and movements of the fine particles composing the brain, the idea arises, "I am walking," but really there is no "I" to walk or go, but only an ever-changing mass of decomposing chemical compounds;⁴ that such a decomposing mass of chemical compounds has in it nothing that is permanent, but is, on the other hand, subject to pain and grief and weariness of body and mind; that its principal tendency is to form new sets of co-ordinated forces of a similar nature --- new Sankh ras which in their turn will cause new similar

- 4 The student should remember that this is only one (illusory) point of view. The idealistic ego-centric position is just as true and as false. --- A.C.

combinations of chemical elements to arise, {57} thus making an endless chain of beings subject to the miseries of birth, disease, decay, old age and death; and that the only way of escape from the perpetual round of existences is the following of the Noble Eightfold Path declared by the S mmasambuddha, and that it is only by diligent practice of His Precepts that we can obtain the necessary energy of the performance of Concentration; and that by Samm sati and Samm sam ndi alone the final release from all this suffering is to be obtained; and that by practising earnestly these reflections and meditations the way to liberation will be opened for us --- even the way which leads to Nirv?na, the State of Changeless Peace to which the Master has declared the way. Thus do you constantly reflect, alike on the Body, Sensations, Ideas, Sankh ras, and the Consciousness.

Such is a little part of the way of Meditation, the way whereby the mind and heart may be purified and cultivated. And now for a few final remarks.

It must first be remembered that no amount of reading or talking about these things is worth a single moment's practice of them. These are things to

be "done," not speculated upon; and only he who practises can obtain the fruits of meditation.

There is one other thing to be said, and that is concerning the importance of Sila. It has been said the Sila alone cannot conduct to the Nirv?na Dharma; but, nevertheless, this Sila is of the most vital importance, for there is no Samadhi without Sila. And why? Because, reverting to our simile of the steam-engine, whilst Samadhi, mental concentration, is the steam power of this human machine, the fire that heats the water, the fire that makes that steam and maintains it at high pressure is the power of Sila. A {58} man who breaks Sila is putting out his fires; and sooner or later, according to his reserve stock of Sila fuel, he will have little or no more energy at his disposal. And so, this Sila is of eminent importance; we must avoid evil, we must fulfil all good, for only in this way can we obtain energy to practise and apply our Buddhist philosophy; only in this way can we carry into effect that third Rule of the Stanza which has been our text; only thus can we really follow in our Master's Footsteps, and carry into effect His Rule for the Purification of the mind. Only by this way, and by constantly bearing in mind and living up to his final utterance --- "Athakho, Bhikkhave, amentayami vo; Vayadhmama Sankhara, Appamadena Sampadetha."

"Lo! now, Oh Brothers, I exhort ye! Decay is inherent in all the Tendencies, therefore deliver ye yourselves by earnest effort."

ANANDA METTEYA.

{59}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05006.html>

34 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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24

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About this capture

THE SABBATH

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""To A. E. W."

OCCULT, forbidden lights

Move in the royal rites.

Diaphanous, they dance

Above the souls in trance

That have attained to their untold inheritance.

Above the mystic masque,
Like plumes upon a casque,
They wave their purple and red
Above each haggard head.
Thy are like gems snake-rooted, basilisks' bed.

Here were the tables set
For Baal and Baphomet:
Her was the altar drest
With fire and Alkahest
For many a holy host, for many a goodly guest.

Here was the veil, and here
The sword and dagger of fear.
Here was the circle traced,
And here the pillar placed
For Him the utterly unfathomably chaste. {60}

Here grew the murmur grim
Of the low-muttered hymn;
Here sound itself caught flame
From the dark drone of shame ---
The world reverberated the unutterable Name!

Astarte from her trance
Leapt loving to the dance,
Greeting as fire greets firs
Her whirling worshippers.
And all her joy was theirs, and all their madness hers!

Yea! thou and I that strove
For mastery in love,
Circling the altar stone
Maze-like, with magic moan,
Forthwith made that divinest destiny our own.

Throughout that violent vigil
We wove the stormy sigil,
Our faces ashen-lipped
From our heart's blood that dripped
On the armed talismans of that moon-vaulted crypt.

Then came the sombre spectre
From the abyss of nectar;
Yea, from the icy North
Came the great vision forth,

A giant breaking through the weary web of wrath. {61}

Then, in the midst, behold
That blaze of burnished gold
Imperishable, set
With adamant and jet;
And by the obscene head we hailed him Baphomet.

Hail to the Master, hail!
Lord of the Sabbath! Baal!
I kiss thy feet, I kiss
Thy knees --- and this --- and this ---
Till I am lifted up to the incorporeal Byss.

Till here alone exalted
I gaze beneath the vaulted
Forehead, within the eyes
Wherein such wonder lies,
The incommensurable gain, the pagan prize.

We are thy moons an suns,
Thy loyal knights and nuns,
Who tread the dance around
Thine altar, with the sound
Of death-sobs echoing through the immemorial ground.

O glee! the price to pay!
Swear but our souls away!
And we may gain the goal
That all the wise extol ---
The world, the flesh, the devil, weighed against a soul. {62}

The wind blows from the south!
Crushed to that burning mouth,
Lured by that lurid law,
We melt within that maw;
And all he fiends loose hold, and all the gods withdraw!

Upon the altar-stone
We are alone --- alone!
In vivid blackness curled
With livid lightings pearled ---
Sweat-drops upon God's brow when He creates a world!

Sister, the word is spoken!
Sister, the spell is broken.

The Sabbath torches flicker;
The Sabbath heart beats quicker;
We have drained the Sabbath cup of its austerest liquor.

Forsaken is the hall;
Finished the festival.
My witch and I are thrown
Dead on the altar stone
By the contemptuous god that made our soul his own.

Come! Come! we must begone.
Hiss the last orison!
Intone the last lament!
Take the last sacrament,
The extreme unction, Saviour when the soul is spent! {63}

Come! hurry through the night,
A trail of tortured flight!
Eagle and pelican
Become mere maid and man
Till the next Sabbath --- days each like leviathan!

Nay! lift the languid head!
Take of this wine and bread!
The vision is withdrawn;
The lake calls, and the lawn;
Our love shall walk abroad in the grey hours of dawn!
ETHEL RAMSAY.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05007.html>

52 captures

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About this capture

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

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{Chart approximated}

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† Mys-†	V	†	IV.	† III.
† itc †	English of Col.IV.†	The Heavens	† English of Col.III†	Hebrew Names†
† # of†		† of Assiah	†	† of Numbers†
† Seph†		†	†	† and Letters†
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† Ú†		†	† Nothing.	†
HB:Nun-final	HB:Yod	HB:Aleph †ž	†	
† 0†		†	† No Limit.	†
HB:Samekh				HB:Peh-final HB:Vau
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† Ř†		†	† Limitless L.V.X.	† HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Aleph
HB:Peh-final	HB:Vau	HB:Samekh	HB:Nun-final	HB:Yod HB:Aleph †Ů
† 1 †	† S. of Primum Mobile†	HB:Mem-final	HB:Yod	HB:Lamed HB:Gemel HB:Lamed
HB:Gemel	HB:Heh			
HB:Taw	HB:Yod	HB:Shin	HB:Aleph	HB:Resh †Crown.
HB:Taw	HB:Koph	† 1	†	
† 3 †	† S. of the Zodiac	†	HB:Taw	HB:Vau HB:Lamed HB:Samekh HB:Mem
† Wisdom.	†			
HB:Heh	HB:Mem	HB:Koph	HB:Chet	† 2 †
† 6 †	† S. of Saturn	†	HB:Yod	HB:Aleph HB:Taw HB:Bet HB:Shin
† Understanding.	†			
HB:Heh	HB:Nun	HB:Yod	HB:Bet	† 3 †
† 10 †	† S. of Jupiter	†	HB:Qof	HB:Dalet HB:Tzaddi †Mercy.
HB:Dalet	HB:Samekh	HB:Chet	† 4 †	
† 15 †	† S. of Mars	†	HB:Mem-final	HB:Yod HB:Dalet HB:Aleph HB:Mem
† Strength.	†			
HB:Heh	HB:Resh	HB:Vau	HB:Bet	HB:Gemel † 5 †
† 21 †	† S. of Sol	†	HB:Shin	HB:Mem HB:Shin †Beauty.
HB:Taw	HB:Resh	HB:Aleph	HB:Peh	HB:Taw † 6 †
† 28 †	† S. of Venus	†	HB:Heh	HB:Gemel HB:Vau HB:Nun †Victory.

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 HB:Chet HB:Tzaddi HB:Nun † 7 †
 † 36 †S. of Mercury † HB:Bet HB:Koph HB:Vau HB:Koph †Splendour.
 †
 HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Heh † 8 †
 † 45 †S. of Luna † HB:Heh HB:Nun HB:Bet HB:Lamed †Foundation.
 †
 HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Samekh HB:Yod † 9 †
 † 55 †S. of the Elements † HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Samekh HB:Yod
 HB:Mem-final HB:Lamed HB:Chet †Kingdom. † HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Koph
 HB:Lamed HB:Mem † 10 †
 † 66 †Air † HB:Chet HB:Vau HB:Resh †Ox. †
 HB:Peh-final HB:Lamed HB:Aleph †11 †
 † 78 †Mercury †(Planets follow)House. †
 HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Bet † 12 †
 † 91 †Luna †Sephiroth †Camel. †
 HB:Lamed HB:Mem HB:Gemel † 13 †
 †105 †Venus †corresponding.)Door. †
 HB:Taw HB:Lamed HB:Dalet † 14 †
 †120 †Aries † HB:Heh HB:Lamed HB:Tet †Window. †
 HB:Heh HB:Heh † 15†
 †136 †Taurus † HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Shin †Nail. †
 HB:Vau HB:Vau † 16†
 †153 †Gemini † HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Mem HB:Vau HB:Aleph
 HB:Taw †Sword.
 † HB:Nun-final HB:Yod HB:Zain † 17†
 †171 †Cancer † HB:Nun-final HB:Tet HB:Resh HB:Samekh †Fence.
 †
 HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Chet † 18†
 †190 †Leo † HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Resh HB:Aleph †Serpent.
 †
 HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Tet † 19†
 †210 †Virgo † HB:Heh HB:Lamed HB:Vau HB:Taw HB:Bet †Hand.
 †
 HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Yod † 20†
 †231 †Jupiter † †Palm. †
 HB:Peh-final HB:Koph † 21 †
 †253 †Libra † HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Nun HB:Zain HB:Aleph
 HB:Mem †Ox Goad.
 † HB:Dalet HB:Mem HB:Lamed † 22†
 †276 †Water † HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Mem †Water.
 †
 HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Mem †23 †
 †300 †Scorpio † HB:Bet HB:Resh HB:Qof HB:Ayin †Fish.
 †
 HB:Nun-final HB:Vau HB:Nun † 24†

†325 †Sagittarius † HB:Taw HB:Shin HB:Qof †Prop. †
 HB:Koph-final HB:Mem HB:Samekh † 25†
 †351 †Capricornus † HB:Yod HB:Dalet HB:Gemel †Eye. †
 HB:Nun-final HB:Yod HB:Ayin † 26†
 †378 †Mars † †Mouth. †
 HB:Heh HB:Peh † 27 †
 †406 †Aquarius † HB:Yod HB:Lamed HB:Dalet †Fish-hook. †
 HB:Yod HB:Dalet HB:Tzaddi † 28†
 †435 †Pisces † HB:Mem-final HB:Yod HB:Gemel HB:Dalet †Back of
 Head. †
 HB:Peh-final HB:Vau HB:Qof † 29†
 †465 †Sol † †Head. †
 HB:Shin HB:Yod HB:Resh † 30 †
 †496 †Fire † HB:Shin HB:Aleph †Tooth. †
 HB:Nun-final HB:Yod HB:Shin †31 †
 †528 †Saturn † †Tau(as Egyptian).†
 HB:Vau HB:Taw † 32 †
 † †Earth † HB:Tzaddi-final HB:Resh HB:Aleph † ---
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 HB:Vau HB:Taw †32bis†
 † †Spirit † HB:Taw HB:Aleph † --- †
 HB:Nun-final HB:Yod HB:Shin †31bis†
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{Chart approximated}

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 † XV. † XIV. † XIII. † XII. † XI. † X. † †
 †Secret† The Four Worlds †Parts of†Secret †The Elements and †Letters† †
 †Names † †the Soul†Numbers† Senses. †of the † †
 †the 4 † †corres-† † Name. † †
 †Worlds† † †spond'g† † † †
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 † HB:Heh HB:Mem †Yetirah, Formative † HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Resh † 45 †Air
 Air, Smell † HB:Vau † 11 †
 † HB:Gemel HB:Samekh †Briah, Creative † HB:Heh HB:Mem HB:Shin HB:Nun
 † 63
 †Water Water, Taste † HB:Heh † 23 †
 † HB:Bet HB:Ayin †Atziluth, Archetypal† HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Chet † 72 †Dee
 Fire, Sight † HB:Yod † 31 †
 † HB:Nun-final HB:Bet †Assiah, Material † HB:Shin HB:Peh HB:Nun † 52
 †Spirit

26†								
†	‡	‡ 5†	XVI	†80, 800	† P		HB:Peh , HB:Peh-final	
† 27 †								
†The Intellect ‡†		HB:Chet	HB:Yod	HB:Resh	† 6†	XVII	†90, 900	† Tz
HB:Tzaddi , HB:Tzaddi-final					† 28†			
†	‡	‡ 7†	XVIII	† 100	† Q		HB:Qof	†
29†								
†	‡	‡ 8†	XIX	† 200	† R		HB:Resh	†
30 †								
†	‡†	‡† 9†	XX	† 300	† Sh		HB:Shin	†31
†								
†The Animal Soul†		HB:Shin	HB:Peh	HB:Nun	†10†	XXI	† 400	† Th
HB:Taw								
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{WEH NOTE: In the above, col XVIII. head has been corrected and col. XVII., item 2 has been corrected --- all typo's in original. Note additionally that col. XVIII., item 1, "The Self" is not the separate self, but the Universal Self, not distinct in traditional Qabalah from the single divinity.}}

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE

KING ____ (Continued)

GREAT as were Frater P.'s accomplishments in the ancient sciences of the East, swiftly and securely as he had passed in a bare year the arduous road which so many fail to traverse in a lifetime, satisfied as himself was ____ in a sense ____ with his own progress, it was yet not by these paths that he was destined to reach the Sublime Threshold of the Mystic Temple. For though it is written, "To the persevering mortal the blessed immortals are swift," yet, were it otherwise, no mortal however persevering could attain the immortal shore. As it is written in the Fifteenth Chapter of St Luke's Gospel, "And when he was yet afar off, his Father saw him and ran." Had it not been so, the weary Prodigal, exhausted by his early debauches (astral visions and magic) and his later mental toil (yoga) would never have had the strength to reach the House of his Father.

One little point St Luke unaccountably omitted. When a man is as hungry and weary as was the Prodigal, he is apt to see phantoms. He is apt to clasp shadows to him and cry: "Father!" And, the devil being subtle, capable of disguising himself as an angel of light, it behoves the Prodigal to have some test of truth. {69}

Some great mystics have laid down the law, "Accept no messenger of God," banish all, until at last the Father himself comes forth. A counsel of perfection. The Father does send messengers, as we learn in St Mark xii.; and if we stone them, we may perhaps in our blindness stone the son himself when he is sent.

So that is no vain counsel of "St John" (1 John iv. 1), "Try the spirits, whether they be of God," no mistake when "St Paul" claims the discernment of Spirits to be a principal point of the armour of salvation (1 Cor. xii. 10).

Now how should Frater P. or another test the truth of any message purporting to come from the Most High? On the astral plane, its phantoms are easily governed by the Pentagram, the Elemental Weapons, the Robes, the God-forms, and such childish toys. We set phantoms to chase phantoms. We make our Scin-Laeca pure and hard and glittering, all glorious within, like the veritable daughter of the King; yet she is but the King's daughter, the Nephesch adorned: she is not the King himself, the Holy Ruach or mind of man. And as we have seen in our chapter on Yoga, this mind is a very aspen; and as we may see in the last chapter of Captain Fuller's "Star in the West," this mind is a very cockpit of contradiction.

What then is the standard of truth? What tests shall we apply to revelation, when our tests of experience are found wanting? If I must doubt my eyes that have served me (well, on the whole) for so many years, must I not much more doubt my spiritual vision, my vision just open like a babe's, my vision untested by comparison and uncriticized by reason? {70}

Fortunately, there is one science that can aid us, a science that, properly understood by the initiated mind, is as absolute as mathematics, more self-supporting than philosophy, a science of the spirit itself, whose teacher is god, whose method is simple as the divine Light, and subtle as the divine Fire, Whose results are limpid as the divine Water, all-embracing as the divine Air, and solid as the divine Earth. Truth is the source, and Economy the course, of that marvellous stream that pours its living waters into the Ocean of apodeictic certainty, the Truth that is infinite in its infinity as the primal Truth with which it is identical is infinite in its Unity.

Need we say that we speak of the Holy Qabalah? O science secret, subtle, and sublime, who shall name thee without veneration, without prostration of soul, spirit, and body before thy divine Author, without exaltation of soul, spirit, and body as by His favour they bathe in His lustral and illimitable Light?

It must first here be spoken of the Exoteric Qabalah to be found in books, a shell of that perfect fruit of the Tree of Life. Next we will deal with the esoteric teachings of it, as Frater P. was able to understand them. And of

these we shall give examples, showing the falsity and absurdity of the uninitiated path, the pure truth and reasonableness of the hidden Way.

For the student unacquainted with the rudiments of the Qabalah we recommend the study of S. L. Mathers' "Introduction"¹ to his translation of the three principal books of the Zohar,² and Westcott's "Introduction to the Study of the Qabalah." We venture to append a few quotations from the {71} former document, which will show the elementary principles of calculation. Dr Westcott's little book is principally valuable for its able defence of the Qabalah as against exotericism and literalism.

The literal Qabalah ... is divided into three parts: GMTRIA, Gematria; NVTRIQVN, Notariqon; and ThMVRH, Temura.

Gematria is a metathesis of the Greek word gamma rho alpha mu mu alpha tau epsilon iota alpha . It is based on the relative numerical values of words. Words of similar numerical values are considered to be explanatory of each other, and this theory is extended to phrases. Thus the letter Shin, Sh, is 300, and is equivalent to the number obtained by adding up the numerical values of the letters of the words RVCh ALHIM, Ruach Elohim, the spirit of Elohim; and it is therefore a symbol of the spirit of Elohim. For % = 200, V = 6, Ch = 8, A = 1, L = 30, H = 5, I = 10, M = 40; total = 300. Similarly, the words AChD, Achad, Unity, One, and AHBH, Ahebah, love, each = 13; for A = 1, Ch = 8, D = 4, total = 13; and A = 1, H = 5, B = 2, H = 5, total = 13. Again, the name of the angel MTTRVN, Metatron or Methraton, and the name of the Deity, ShDI, Shaddai, each make 314;³ so the one is taken as symbolical of the other. The angel Metatron is said to have been the conductor of the children of Israel through the wilderness, of whom God says, "My name is in him." With regard to Gematria of phrases (Gen. xlix. 10), IBA ShILH, Yeba Shiloh, "Sjhiloh shall come" = 358, which is the numeration of the word MShICh, Messiah. Thus also the passage, Gen. xviii. 2, VHNH ShLShH, Vehenna Shalisha, "And lo, three men," equals in numerical value ALV MIKAL GBRIAL VRPAL, Elo Mikhale Gabriel Ve-Raphael, "These are Mikhael, Gabriel and Raphael"; for each phrase = 701. I think these instance will suffice to make clear the nature of Gematria.

Notariqon is derived from the Latin word notarius, a shorthand writer. Of Notariqon there are two forms. In the first every letter of a word is taken from the initial or abbreviation of another word, so that from the letters of a word a sentence may be formed. Thus every letter of the word BRAShITH, Berashith, the first word in Genesis, is made the initial of a word, and we obtain BRAShITH RAH ALHIM ShIQBLV IShRAL ThVRH, Berashith Rahi Elohim Sheyequebelo Israel Torah; "In the beginning Elohim saw that Israel would accept the law." In this connection I may give six very interesting specimens of Notariqon formed from this same word BRAShITH by Solomon Meir Ben Moses, a Jewish Qabalist, who embraced the Christian faith in 1665, and took the name of Prosper Rugere. These have all a Christian tendency, {72} and by their means Prosper converted another Jew, who had previously been bitterly opposed

- 1 WEH NOTE: Plagiarized entire from Ginsburg's "The Kabbalah".
- 2 WEH NOTE: Better: His purported translation of three of the more obscure books of the Zohar.
- 3 WEH NOTE: This observation led Mathers to miss-identify a picture of Moses as Metatron in his edition (not translation, the MSS were in English!) of "The Greater Key of Solomon."

to Christianity. The first is, BN RVCh AB ShLVShThM IChD ThMIM, Ben, Ruach, Ab, Shaloshethem Yechad Thaubodo: "The Son, the Spirit, the Father, ye shall equally worship Their Trinity." The third is BKVRI RAShVNI AShR ShMV IShVO ThOBVDV, Bekori Rashuni Asher Shamo Yeshuah Thaubodo: "Ye shall worship My first-born, My first, Whose name is Jesus." The fourth is, BBVA RBN AShR ShMV IShVO ThOBVDV, Beboa Rabban Asher Shamo Yeshuah Thaubodo: "When the Master shall come Whose Name is Jesus ye shall worship." The fifth is, BThVLH RAVIH ABChR ShthLD ISh VO THAShRVH, Bethulh Raviah Abachar Shethaled Yeshuah Thashroah: "I will choose a virgin worthy to bring forth Jesus, and ye shall call her belssed." The sixth is, BOVGTh RTzPIM ASThThR ShGVPI IShVO ThAKLV, Beaugoth Ratzephim Asattar Shgopi Yeshuah Thakelo: "I will hid myself in cake (baked with) coals, for ye shall eat Jesus, My Body."

The Qabalistical importance of these sentences as bearing upon the doctrines of Christianity can hardly be overrated.

The second form of the Notariqon is the exact reverse of the first. By this the initials or finals, or both, or the medials, of a sentence, are taken to form a word or words. Thus the Qabalah is called ChKMH NSThRH, Chokhmah Nestrah, "the secret wisdom"; and if we take the initials of these two words Ch and N, we form by the second king of Notariqon the word ChN, Chen, "gracce." Similarly, from the initials and finals of the words MI IOLH LNV HShMIMH, Mi Iaulah Leno Ha-Shamayimah, "Who shall go up for us to heaven?" (Deut. xxx. 120, are formed MILH, Milah, "circumcision," and IHVH, the Tetragrammaton, implying that God hath ordained circumcision as the way to heaven.

Temura is permutation.⁴ According to certain rules, one letter is substituted for another letter preceding or following it in the alphabet, and thus from one word another word of totally different orthography may be formed. Thus the alphabet is bent exactly in half, in the middle, and one half is put over the other; and then by changing alternately the first letter or the first two letters at the beginning of the second line, twenty-two commutations are produced. These are called the "Table of the Combinations of TzIRVP," Tzirup. For example's sake, I will give the method called ALBTh, Albath, thus: ---

11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
K	I	T	Ch	Z	V	H	D	G	B	A
M	N	S	O	P	Tz	Q	R	Sh	Th	L

Each method takes its name from the first two pairs composing it, the system {73} of pairs of letters being the groundwork of the the whole, as either

letter in a pair is substituted for the other letter. Thus, by Albath, from RVCh, Ruach, is formed DTzO, Detzau. The names of the other twenty-one methods are: ABGTh, AGDTh, ADBG, AHBD, AVBH, AZBY, AChBZ, ATBCh, AIBT, AKBI,

ALBK, AMBL, ANBM, ASBN, AOBs, APBO, ATzBP, AQSTz, ARBQ, ASHBR, AND AThBSH. To

these must be added the modes ABGD and ALBM. Then comes the "Rational Table of Tziruph," another set of twenty-two combination. There are also three

"Tables of the commutations," known respectively as the Right, the Averse, and the Irregular. To make any of these, a square, containing 484 squares, should be made, and the letters written in. For the "Right Table" write the alphabet across from right to left; in the second row of squares do the same, but begin with B and end with A; in the third begin with G and end with B; and so on.

For the "Averse Table" write the alphabet from right to left backwards, beginning with Th and ending with A; in the second row begin with Sh and end with Th, &c. The "Irregular Table" would take too long to describe. Besides all these, there is the method called ThShRQ, Thashraq, which is simply writing a word backwards. There is one more very important form called the "Qabalah of the Nine Chambers" or AIQ BKR, Aiq Bekar. It is thus formed:

4 WEH NOTE: Strictly speaking, no. Temura is substitution code, with 24 principal tables. Crowley tended to use simple permutation of the letters in some instances, calling it Temura.

Ú	Â												Ž
† 300	30	3	† 200	20	2	† 100	10	1	†				
† Sh	L	G	† R	K	B	† Q	I	A	†				
Ă	Ĺ												ˆ
† 600	60	6	† 500	50	5	† 400	40	4	†				
† M final	S	V	† K final	N	H	† Th	M	D	†				
Ä	Ĺ												ˆ
† 900	90	9	† 800	80	8	† 700	70	7	†				
† Tz final	Tz	T	† P final	P	Ch	† N final	O	Z	†				
Ř	Á												Ů

I have put the numeration of each letter above to show the affinity between the letters in each chamber. ?sometimes this is used as a cipher, by taking the portions of the figure to show the letters they contain, putting one point for the first letter, two for the second, &c. Thus the right angle, containing AIQ, will answer for the letter Q if it have three dots or points within it. Again a square will answer for H, H, or K final, according to whether it has one, two, or three points respectively placed within it. so also with regard to the other letters. But there are many other ways of employing the Qabalah of the Nine Chambers, which I have not space to describe. I will merely mention as an example, that by the mode of Temura called {74} AThBSH, Athbash, it is found that in Jeremiah xxv. 26, the word ShShK, Sheshakh, symbolises BBL, Babel.

Besides all these rules, there are certain meanings hidden in the shape of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet; in the form of a particular letter at the end of a word being different from that which it generally bears when it is a final letter, or in a letter being written in the middle of a word in a character generally used only at the end; in any letters or letter being written in a size smaller or larger than the rest of the manuscript, or in a letter being written upside down; in the variations found in the spelling of certain words, which have a letter more in some places than they have in others; in peculiarities observed in the position of any of the points or accents, and in certain expressions supposed to be elliptic or redundant.

For example the shape of the Hebrew letter Aleph, A, is said to symbolize a Vau, V, between a Yod, I, and a Daleth, D; and thus the letter itself represents the word IVD, Yod. Similarly the shape of the letter He, H, represents a Daleth, D, with a Yod, I, written at the lower left-hand corner, &c.

In Isaiah ix. 6, 7, the word LMRBH, Lemarbah, "for multiplying," is written with the character for M final in the middle of the word, instead of with the ordinary initial and medial M. The consequence of this is that the total numerical value of the word, instead of being $30 + 40 + 200 + 2 + 5 = 277$, is $30 + 600 + 200 + 2 + 5 = 837 =$ by Gematria ThTh ZL, Tet Zal, the profuse Giver. Thus by writing the M final instead of the ordinary character, the word is made to bear a different qabalistical meaning.

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It is to be further noted with regard to the first word in the Bible, BRASHITH, that the first three letters, BRA, are the initial letters of the names of the three persons of the Trinity: BN, Ben the Son; RVCh, Ruach, the Spirit; and AB, Ab the Father. Furthermore the first letter of the Bible is B, which is the initial letter of BRKH, Berakhah, blessing; and not A, which is that of ARR, Arar, cursing. Again, the letters of Berashith, taking their numerical powers, express the number of the years between the Creation and the birth of Christ, thus: B = 2,000, R = 200, A = 1,000, Sh = 300, I = 10, and Th = 400; total = 3910 years, being the time in round numbers. Picus de Mirandola gives the following working out of BRASHITH, Berashith: --- By joining the third letter, A, to the first, B, AB, Ab = Father, is obtained. If to the first letter B, doubled, the second letter, R, be added, it makes BBR, Bebar - in or through the Son. If all the letters be read except the first, it makes RASHITH, Rashith = the beginning. If the fourth letter, Sh, the first B and the last Th be connected, it makes ShBTh, Shebeth = the end or rest. {75} If the first three letters be taken, they make BRA, Bera = created. If, omitting the first, the three following be taken, they make RASH, Rash = head. If the fourth and the last be joined, they give ShTh, Sheth = foundation. Again if the second letter be put before the first, it makes RB, Rab = great. If after the third be placed the fifth and the fourth, it gives AISH, Aish = man. If to the two first be joined the two last, they

give BRITH, Berith = covenant. And if the first be added to the last, it gives ThB, Theb, which is sometimes used for TVB, Thob = good.

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There are three qabalistical veils of the negative existence, and in themselves they formulate the hidden ideas of the Sephiroth not yet called into being, and they are concentrated in Kether, which in this sense is the Malkuth of hidden ideas of the Sephiroth. I will explain this. The first veil of the negative existence is the AIN, Ain, Negativity. This word consists of three letters, which thus shadow forth the first three Sephiroth or numbers. The second veil is the AIN SVP, the limitless. This title consists of six letters, and shadows forth the idea of the first six Sephiroth or numbers. The third veil is the AIN SVP AVR, Ain Soph Aur, the Limitless Light. This again consists of nine letters, and symbolises the first nine Sephiroth, but of course in their hidden idea only. But when we reach the number nine we cannot progress farther without returning to the unity, or the number one, for the number ten is but a repetition of unity freshly derived from the negative, as is evident from a glance at its ordinary representation in Arabic numerals, where the circle O represents the Negative and the I the Unity. Thus, then, the limitless ocean of negative light does not proceed from a centre, for it is centreless, but it concentrates a centre, which is the number one of the Sephiroth, Kether, the Crown, the First Sephira; which therefore may be said to be the Malkuth or the number ten of the hidden Sephiroth. Thus "Kether is in Malkuth and Malkuth is in Kether." Or as an alchemical author of great repute (Thomas Vaughan, better known as Eugenius Philalethes) says, apparently quoting from Proclus; "That the heaven is in the earth, but after an earthly manner; and that the earth is in the heaven, but after a heavenly manner." But inasmuch as negative existence is the subject incapable of definition, as I have before shown, it is rather considered by the Qabalists as depending back from the number of unity than as a separate consideration therefrom; therefore they frequently apply the same terms and epithets indiscriminately to either. Such epithets are "The concealed of the Concealed," "The Ancient of the Ancient Ones," the "Most Holy Ancient One," etc. {76}

I must now explain the real meaning of the terms Sephira and Sephiroth. The first is singular, the second is plural. The best rendering of the word is "numerical emanation." There are ten Sephiroth, which are the most abstract forms of the ten numbers of the decimal scale --- "i.e.", the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Therefore, as in the higher mathematics we reason of numbers in their abstract sense, so in the Qabalah we reason of the Deity by the abstract forms of the numbers in other words, by the SPIRVTh, Sephiroth. It was from this ancient Oriental theory that Pythagoras derived his numerical symbolic ideas.

Among the Sephiroth, jointly and severally, we find the development of the persons and attributes of God. Of these some are male and some female. Now,

for some reason or other best known to themselves, the translators of the Bible have carefully crowded out of existence and smothered up every reference to the fact that the Deity is both masculine and feminine. They have translated a feminine plural by a masculine singular in the case of the word Elohim. They have, however, left an inadvertent admission of their knowledge that it was plural in Genesis iv, 26: "And Elohim said: Let Us make man." Again (v. 27), who could Adam be made in the image of Elohim, male and female, unless the Elohim were male and female also? The word Elohim is a plural formed from the feminine singular ALH, Eloh, by adding IM to word. But inasmuch as IM is usually a termination of the masculine plural and is here added to a feminine noun, it gives to the word Elohim the sense of a female potency united to a masculine idea, and thereby capable of producing an offspring. How, we hear much of the Father and the Son, but we hear nothing of the Mother in the ordinary religions of the day. But in the Qabalah we find that the Ancient of Days conforms Himself simultaneously into the Father and the Mother, and thus begets the son. Now, this Mother is Elohim. Again, we are usually told that the Holy Spirit is masculine. But the word RVCh, Ruach, Spirit, is feminine, as appears from the following passage of the Sepher Yetzirah: "ACHTh RVCh ALHIM CHiIM, Achath (feminine, not Achad, masculine) Ruach Elohim Chimm: One is She the Spirit of the Elohim of Life."

Now, we find that before the Deity conformed Himself thus --- "i.e.", as male and female --- that the worlds of the universe could not subsist, or, in the words of Genesis, "The earth was formless and void." These prior worlds are considered to be symbolised by the "kings who reigned in Edom before there reigned a king in Israel," and they are therefore spoken of in the Qabalah as the "Edomite kings." This will be found fully explained in various parts of this work.

we now come to the consideration of the first Sephira, or the Number One, the Monad of Pythagoras. In this number are the other nine hidden. It is {77} indivisible, it is also incapable of multiplication; divide 1 by itself and it still remains 1, multiply 1 by itself and it is still 1 and unchanged. Thus it is a fitting representative of the unchangeable Father of all. Now this number of unity has a twofold nature, and thus forms, as it were, the link between the negative and the positive. In its unchangeable one-ness it is scarcely a number; but in its property of capability of addition it may be called the first number of a numerical series. Now, the zero, 0, is incapable even of addition, just as also is negative existence. How, then, if 1 can neither be multiplied nor divided, is another 1 to be obtained to add to it; in other words how is the number 2 to be found? By reflection of itself. For thought 0 be incapable of definition, 1 is definable. And the effect of a definition is to form an Eidolon, duplicate, or image, of the thing defined. Thus, then, we obtain a duad composed of 1 and its reflection. Now also we have the commencement of a vibration established, for the number 1 vibrates alternately from changelessness to definition, and back to changelessness again. Thus, then, it is the father of all numbers, and a fitting type of the Father of all things.

The name of the first Sephira is KThR, Kether, the Crown. The Divine Name attributed to it is the Name of the Father given in Exod. iii. 4: AHIH, Eheieh, I am. It signifies Existence.

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The first Sephira contains nine, and produces them in succession thus: ---

The number 2 or the Duad. The name of the second Sephira is ChKMhM, Chokmah, Wisdom, a masculine active potency reflected from Kether, as I have before explained. this Sephira is the active and evident Father, to whom the Mother is united, who is the number 3. This second Sephira is represented by the Divine Names, IH, Yah, and IHVHY; and the angelic hosts by AVPNIM, Auphanim, the Wheels (Ezek. i.). It is also called AB, Ab, the Father.

The third Sephira, or triad, is a feminine passive potency, called BINH, Binah, the Understanding, who is co-equal with Chokmah. For Chokmah, the number 2, is like two straight lines which can never enclose a space, and therefore it is powerless till the number 3 forms a triangle. Thus this Sephira completes and makes evident the supernal Trinity. It is also called AMA, Ama, Mother, and AIMA, Mima, the great productive Mother, who is eternally conjoined with AB, the Father, for the maintenance of the universe in order. There fore is she the most evident form in whom we can know the Father, and therefore is she worthy of all honour. She is the supernal Mother, co-equal with Chokmah, and the great feminine form of god, the Elohim, in whose image man and woman are created, according to the teaching of the Qabalah, equal before God. Woman is equal with man, and certainly not {78} inferior to him, as it has been the persistent endeavour of so-called Christians to make her. Aima is the woman described in the Apocalypse (chap. xii.). This third Sephira is also sometimes called the Great Sea. To her are attribute the Divine names, ALHIM, Elohim, and IHVH ALHIM; and the angelic order, ARALIM, Aralim, the Thrones. She is the Supernal Mother as distinguished from Malkuth, the inferior Mother, Bride, and Queen.

The number 4. This union of the second and third Sephiroth produced ChSD, Chesed, Mercy or Love, also called GDVLH, Gedulah, Greatness or Magnificence; a masculine potency represented by the Divine Name AL, EL, the Mighty One, and the angelic name, ChShMLIM, Chashmalim, Scintillating Flames (Ezek. iv. 4).

The number 5. From this emanated the feminine passive potency GBVRH, Geburah, strength or fortitude; or DIN, Deen, Justice; represented by the Divine Names, ALHIM GBVR, and ALH, Eloh, and the angelic name ShRPIM, Seraphim (Isa. vi. 6). This Sephira is also called PChD, Pachad, Fear.

The number 6. And from these two issued the uniting Sephira, ThPARTh, Tiphereth, Beauty or Mildness, represented by the Divine Name ALVH VDOTh, Eloah Va-Daath, and the angelic names, Shinanim, ShNANIM (Ps. lxxviii. 18), or MLKIM, Melakim, kings. Thus by the union of justice and mercy we obtain beauty or clemency, and the second trinity of the Sephiroth is complete. This Sephira, or "Path," or "Numeration" --- for by these latter appellations the emanations are sometimes called --- together with the fourth, fifth, seventh

eighth, and ninth Sephiroth, is spoken of as ZOIR ANPIN, Zaur Anpin, the Lesser Countenance, Microprosopus, by way of antithesis to Macroprosopus, or the Vast Countenance, which is one of the names of Kether, the first Sephira. The six Sephiroth of which Zaur Anpin is composed, are then called His six members. He is also called MLK, Melekh the King.

The number 7. The seventh Sephira is NTzCh, Netzach, or Firmness and Victory, corresponding to the Divine Name Jehovah Tzabaoth, IHVH TzBAVTh, the Lord of Armies, and the angelic names ALHIM, Elohim, gods, and ThRShIShIM, Tharshishim, the brilliant ones (Dan. x. 6)5.

The number 8. Thence proceeded the feminine passive potency HVD, Hod, Splendour, answering to the Divine Name ALHIM TzBAVTh, Elohim Tzabaoth, the God of Armies, and among the angels to BNI ALHIM, Beni Elohim, the sons of the Gods (Gen. vi. 4).

The number 9. These two produced ISVD, Yesod, the Foundation or Basis, represented by AL ChI, El Chai, the Mighty Living One, and ShDI, Shaddai; and among the angels by ASHIM, Aishim, the Flames (Ps. civ. 5), yielding the third Trinity of the Sephiroth. {79}

The number 10. From this ninth Sephira came the tenth and last, thus completing the decad of the numbers. It is called MLVth, Malkuth, the Kingdom, and also the Queen, Matrona, the inferior Mother, the Bride of Microprosopus; and ShKINH, Shekinah, represented by the Divine Name Adonai, ADNI, and among the angel hosts by the kerubim, KRVBIM. Now, each of these

5 WEH NOTE: Tharshishim. Literally the "ships of Tarshish".

Isaiah, II, 16: "And upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all delightful imagery." See also Isaiah XXIII, 1. Mathers copies Ginsburg's "The Kabbalah" with a reference to Daniel X,6 for this angelic order, but all that is found there is a description of an angel. The figuration of "Brass" in the description is all that can be directly found to unite to Netzach --- in as much as Brass contains Copper, the metal commonly attributed to Netzach. One could just as well attribute to Hod, Brass being a mixed metal.

Sephiroth will be in a certain degree androgynous, for it will be feminine or receptive with regard to the Sephira which immediately precedes it in the sephirotic scale, and masculine or transmissive with regard to the Sephira which immediately follows it. But there is no Sephira anterior to Kether, nor is there a Sephira which succeeds Malkuth. By these remarks it will be understood how Chokmah is a feminine noun, though marking a masculine Sephira. the connecting-link of the Sephiroth is the Ruach, spirit, Mezla, the hidden influence.

I will now add a few more remarks on the qabalistical meaning of the term MThQLA, Metheqla, balance. In each of the three trinities or triads of the Sephiroth is a duad of opposite sexes, and a uniting intelligence which is the result. In this, the masculine and feminine potencies are regarded as the two scales of the balance, and the uniting Sephira as the beam that joins them. Thus, then, the term balance maybe said to symbolise the Triune, Trinity in

Unity, and the Unity represented by the central point of the beam. But, again, in the Sephiroth there is a triple Trinity, the upper, lower, and middle. Now, these three are represented thus: the supernal, or highest, by the Crown, Kether; the middle by the King, and the inferior by the Queen; which will be the greatest trinity. And the earthy correlatives of these will be the primum mobile, the sun and the moon. Here we at once find alchemical symbolism.

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The Sephiroth are further divided into three pillars --- the right-hand Pillar of Mercy, consisting of the second, fourth, and seventh emanations; the left-hand Pillar of Judgment, consisting of the third, fifth, and eighth; and the middle Pillar of Mildness, consisting of the first, sixth, ninth, and tenth emanations.

In their totality and unity the ten Sephiroth represent the archetypal man, ADM QDMVN, Adam Qadmon, the Protogonos. In looking at the Sephiroth constituting the first triad, it is evident that they represent the intellect; and hence this triad is called the intellectual world, OVLM MVShKL, Olahm Mevshekal. The second triad corresponds to the moral world, OVLM MVRGSh, Olahm Morgash. The third represents power and stability, and is therefore called the material world, OLVM HMVTHBO, Olahm Ha-Mevethau. These three aspects are called the faces, ANPIN, Anpin. Thus is the tree of life, OTz ChIIM, Otz Chaiim, formed; the first triad being placed above, the {80} second and third below, in such a manner that the three masculine Sephiroth are on the right, the three feminine on the left, whilst the four uniting Sephiroth occupy the centre. This is the qabalistical "tree of life," on which all things depend. There is considerable analogy between this and the tree Yggdrasil of the Scandinavians. I have already remarked that there is one trinity which comprises all the Sephiroth, and that it consists of the crown, the king, and the queen. (In some senses this is the Christian Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which in their highest Divine nature are symbolised by the first three Sephiroth, Kether, Chokmah, and Binah.) It is the Trinity which created the world; or, in qabalistical language, the universe was born from the union of the crowned king and queen. But according to the Qabalah, before the complete form of the heavenly man (the ten Sephiroth) was produced, there were certain primordial worlds created, but these could not subsist, as the equilibrium of balance was not yet perfect, and they were convulsed by the unbalanced force and destroyed. These primordial worlds are called the "kings of ancient time" and the "kings of Edom who reigned before the monarchs of Israel." In this sense, Edom is the world of unbalanced force, and Israel is the balanced Sephiroth (Gen. xxxvi. 31.). This important fact, that worlds were created and destroyed prior to the present creation, is again and again reiterated in the Zohar.

Now the Sephiroth are also called the World of Emanations, or the Atziluthic World, or the archetypal world, OVLM ATzILUTH, Olahm Atziloth; and

this world gave birth to three other worlds each containing a repetition of the Sephiroth, but in a descending scale of brightness.

The second world is the Briatic world, OVLM HBRIAH, Olahm Ha-Briah, the world of creation, also called KVRSA, Khorsia, the throne. It is an immediate emanation from the world of Atziloth, whose ten Sephiroth are reflected herein, and are consequently more limited, though they are still of the purest nature, and without any admixture of matter.

The third is the Jetziratic world, OVLM HITZIRAH, Olahm Ha-Yetzirah, or world of formation and of angels, which proceeds from Briah, and, though less refined in substance, is still without matter. It is in this angelic world that reside those intelligent and incorporeal beings who are wrapped in a luminous garment, and who assume a form when they appear unto man.

The fourth is the Asiatic world, OVLM HOSHIH, Olahm Ha-Asiah, the world of action, called also the world of shells, OVLM HQLIPVTh, Olahm Ha-Qliphoth, which is this world of matter, made up of the grosser elements of the other three. In it is also the abode of the evil spirits, which are called "the shells" by the Qabalah, QLIPVTh, Qliphoth, material shells. The devils are also divided into ten classes, and have suitable habitations. (See Tables in "777.") {81}

The demons are the grossest and most deficient of all forms. Their ten degrees answer to the decad of the Sephiroth, but in inverse ratio, as darkness and impurity increase with the descent of each degree. The two first are nothing but absence of visible form and organisation. The third is the abode of darkness. Next follow seven Hells occupied by those demons which represent incarnate human vices, and those who have given themselves up to such vices in earth-life. Their prince is Samael, SMAL, the angel of poison and death.. His wife is the harlot, or woman of whoredom, ASHTh ZNVNIM, Isheth Zennuim; and united they are called the beast, CHIVA, Chioa. Thus the infernal trinity is completed which is, so to speak, the averse and caricature of the supernal Creative One. Samael is considered to be identical with Satan.

The name of the Deity, which we call Jehovah, is in Hebrew ad name of four letters, IHVH; and the true pronunciation of it is known to very few. I myself know some score of different mystical pronunciations of it. The true pronunciation of it is a most secret arcanum, and is a secret of secrets. "He who can rightly pronounce it, causeth heaven and earth to tremble, for it is the name which rusheth through the universe." Therefore when a devout Jew comes upon it in reading the Scripture, he either does not attempt to pronounce it, but instead makes a short pause, or else he substitutes for it the name Adonai, ADNI, Lord. The radical meaning of the word is "to be," and it is thus, like AHIH, Eheieh, a glyph of existence. It is capable of twelve transpositions, which all convey the meaning of "to be"; it is the only word that will bear so many transpositions without its meaning being altered. They are called the "twelve banners of the mighty name," and are said by some to rule the twelve signs of the Zodiac. These are the twelve banners: --- IHVH, IHHV, IVHH, HVHI, HVIH, HHIV, VHHI, VIHH, VHIH, HIIHV, HIVH, HHVI. There are

three other tetragrammatic names, which are AHIH, Eheieh, existence; ADNI, Adonai, Lord; and AGLA. This last is not properly speaking, a word, but is a notariqon of the sentence, AThH GBVR LOVLM ADNI, Steh Gebor LeOlahm Adonai: "Thou art might, for ever, O Lord!" A brief explanation of Agla is this; A, the one first; A, the one last; G, the Trinity in Unity; L, the completion of the great work.

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But IHVH, the Tetragrammaton, as we shall presently see, contains all the Sephiroth with the exception of Kether, and specially signifies the Lesser Countenance, Microprosopus, the King of the qabalistical Sephirotic greatest Trinity, and the Son in His human incarnation, in the Christian acceptance of the Trinity. Therefore, as the Son reveals the Father, so does IHVH, Jehovah, reveal AHIH, Eheieh. And ADNI is the Queen, by whom alone Tetragrammaton {82} can be grasped, whose exaltation into Binah is found in the Christian assumption of the Virgin.

The Tetragrammaton IHVH is referred to the Sephiroth, thus: the upper-most point of the letter Yod, I, is said to refer to Kether; the letter I itself to Chokmah, the father of Microprosopus; the letter H, or "the supernal He," to Binah, the supernal Mother; the letter V to the next six Sephiroth, which are called the six members of Microprosopus (and six is the numerical value of V, the Hebrew Vau); lastly, the letter H, the "inferior He," to Malkuth, the tenth Sephira, the bride of Microprosopus.

Advanced students should then go to the fountain head, Knorr von Rosenroth's "Kabbala denudata," and study for themselves. It should not prove easy; Frater P., after years of study, confessed: "I cannot get much out of Rosenroth"; and we may add that only the best minds are likely to obtain more than an academic knowledge of a system which we suspect von Rosenroth himself never understood in any deeper sense. As a book of reference to the hierarchical correspondences of the Qabalah, of course "777" stands alone an unrivalled.

The graphic Qabalah has been already fully illustrated in this treatise. See Illustrations 2, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 28, 29, 33, 34, 35, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 61, 63, 64, 65, 66, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 82.

By far the best and most concise account of the method of the Qabalah is that by an unknown author, which Mr. Aleister Crowley has printed at the end of the first volume of his Collected Works, and which we here reprint in full.

QABALISTIC DOGMA

The Evolution of Things is thus described by the Qabalists.

First is Nothing, or the Absence of Things, HB:Nun-final HB:Yod HB:Aleph, which does not

and cannot mean Negatively Existing (if such an Idea can be said to mean anything), as S. Liddell Macgregor Mathers, who misread the Text and stultified the {83} Commentary by the Light of his own Ignorance of Hebrew and Philosophy, pretends in his Translation of v. Rosenroth.

Second is Without Limit HB:Peh-final HB:Vau HB:Samekh HB:Nun-final HB:Yod a {WEH NOTE:

Corrected, original text had HB:Peh-final HB:Vau HB:Mem }, "i.e.", Infinite Space.

This is the primal Dualism of Infinity; the infinitely small and the infinitely great. The Clash of these produces a finite positive Idea which happens (see HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Shin HB:Aleph HB:Resh HB:Bet , in "The Sword of song," for a more

careful study, though I must not be understood to indorse every Word in our Poet-Philosopher's Thesis) to be Light, HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Aleph . This word HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Aleph

is most important. It symbolises the Universe immediately after Chaos, the confusion or Clash of the infinite Opposites. HB:Aleph is the Egg of Matter; HB:Yod is Taurus, the Bull, or Energy-Motion; and HB:Resh is the Sun, or organised and moving System of Orbs. The three Letters of HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Aleph thus repeat the

three Ideas. The Nature of HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Aleph is thus analysed, under the figure

of the ten Numbers and the 22 Letters which together compose what the Rosicrucians have diagrammatised under the name of Minutum Mundum. It will be noticed that every Number and Letter has its "Correspondence" in Ideas of every Sort; so that any given Object can be analysed in Terms of the 32. If I see a blue Star, I should regard it as a Manifestation of Chesed, Water, the Moon, Salt the Alchemical Principle, Sagittarius or What not, in respect of its Blueness ---- one would have to decide which from other Data --- and refer it to the XVIIth Key of the Taro in Respect of its Starriness.

The Use of these Attributions is lengthy and various: I cannot dwell upon it: but I will give one Example.

If I wish to visit the Sphere of Geburah, I use the Colours and Forces appropriate: I go there: if the Objects which then appear to my spiritual Vision are harmonious therewith, it is one Test of their Truth.

so also, to construct a Talisman, or to invoke a Spirit.

The methods of discovering Dogma from sacred Words are also numerous and important: I may mention: ---

("a)" The Doctrine of Sympathies: drawn from the total Numeration of a Word, when identical with, or a Multiple of Submultiple of, or a Metathesis of, that of another Word.

("b)" The Method of finding the Least Number of a Word, by adding (and re-adding) the Digits of its total Number, and taking the corresponding Key of the Taro as a Key to the Meaning of the Word.

("c)" The Method of Analogies drawn from the Shape of the Letters.

("d)" The Method of Deductions drawn from the Meanings and Correspondences of the letters.

("e") The Method of Acrostics drawn from the Letters. This Mode is only valid for Adepts of the highest Grades, and then under quite exceptional and rare Conditions. {84}

("f") The Method of Transpositions and Transmutations of the Letters, which suggest Analogies, even when they fail to explain in direct Fashion.

All these and their Varieties and Combinations, with some other more abstruse or less important Methods, may be used to unlock the Secret of a Word.

Of course with Powers so wide it is easy for the Partisan to find his favourite Meaning in any Word. Even the formal Proof $0 = 1 = 2 = 3 = 4 = 5 = \dots = n$ is possible.

But the Adept who worked out this Theorem, with the very Intent to discredit the Qabalistic Mode of Research, was suddenly dumfounded by the Fact that he had actually stumbled upon the Qabalistic Proof of Pantheism or Monism.

What really happens is that the Adept sits down and performs many useless Tricks with the Figures, without Result.

Suddenly the Lux dawns, and the Problem is solved.

The Rationalist explains this by Inspiration, the superstitious Man by Mathematics.

I give an Example of the Way in which one works. Let us take IAO, one of the "Barbarous Names of Evocation," of which those who have wished to conceal their own Glory by adopting the Authority of Zarathustra have said that in the holy Ceremonies it has ineffable Power.

But what Kind of Power? By the Qabalah we can found out the Force of the Name IAO.

We can spell it in Hebrew HB:Vau HB:Aleph HB:Yod or HB:Ayin HB:Aleph HB:Yod . The Qabalah will even tell us which is the true Way. Let us however suppose that it is spelt HB:Vau HB:Aleph HB:Yod . This adds up to 17.

But first of all it strikes us that I, A, and O are the three Letters associated with the three Letters HB:Heh in the great Name of Six Letters, HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph , which combines HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Aleph and HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod {WEH NOTE: sic. Should be: HB:Heh HB:Yod HB:Heh HB:Aleph and HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod }, Macroprosopus and Microprosopus. Now these feminine Letters HB:Heh conceal the "Three Mothers" of the Alphabet, HB:Aleph , HB:Mem , and HB:Shin . Replace these, and we get HB:Aleph HB:Vau HB:Mem HB:Yod HB:Shin HB:Aleph , which adds up to 358, the Number alike of HB:Shin HB:Chet HB:Nun , the Serpent of Genesis, and the Messiah. We thus look for redeeming Power in IAO, and for the Masculine Aspect of that Poser.

Now we will see how that Power works. We have a curious Dictionary, which

was made by a very learned Man, in which the Numbers 1 to 10,000 fill the left hand Column, in Order, and opposite them are written all the sacred or important Words which add up to each Number.

We take this Book, and look at 17. We find that 17 is the number of Squares in the Swastika, which is the Whirling Disc or Thunderbolt. Also there is HB:Nun HB:Vau HB:Chet , a Circle or Orbit; HB:Dalet HB:Vau HB:Zain , to seethe or boil; and some other Words, {85} which we will neglect in this Example, thought we should not dart to do so if we were really trying to find out a Thing we none of us knew. To help our Deduction about Redemption, too, we find HB:Heh HB:Dalet HB:Heh {WEH NOTE: sic, should be: HB:Heh HB:Dalet HB:Chet }, to brighten or make glad.

We also work in another Way. I is the Straight Line or Central Pillar of the Temple of Life; also it stands for Unity, and for the Generative Force. A Circle from which everything came, also Nothingness, and the Female, who absorbs the Male. The Progress of the Name shows then the Way from Life to Nirvana by means of the Will: and is a Hieroglyph of the Great Work.

Look at all our Meanings! Every one shows that the Name, if it has any Power at all, and that we must try, has the Power to redeem us from the Love of Life which is the Cause of Life, by its masculine Whirlings, and to gladden us and to bring us to the bosom of the Great Mother, Death.

Before what is known as the Equinox of the Gods, a little While ago, there was an initiated Formula which expressed these Ideas to the Wise. As these Formulas are done with, it is of no Consequence if I reveal them. Truth is not eternal, any more than God; and it would be but a poor God that could not and did not alter his Ways at his Pleasure.

This Formula was used to pen the Vault of the Mystic Mountain of Abiegnus, within which lay (so the Ceremony of Initiation supposed) the body of our Father Christian Rosen Creutz, to be discovered by the Brethren with the Postulant as said in the Book called Fama Fraternitatis.

There are three Officers, and they repeat the Analysis of the Word as follows: ---

Chief. Let us analyse the Key Word --- I.

2nd. N.

3rd. R.

All. I.

Chief. Yod. HB:Yod .

2nd. Nun. HB:Nun .

3rd. Resh. HB:Resh .

All. Yod, HB:Yod .

Chief. Virgo (Virgo) Isis, Mighty Mother.

2nd. Scorpio (Scorpio) Apophis, Destroyer.

3rd. Sol (Sun) Osiris, slain and risen.

All. Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

All spread Arms as if on a cross, and say: ---

The Sign of Osiris slain! {86}

Chief bows his Head to the Left, rises his Right Arm, and lowers his Left keeping the Elbow at right Angles, thus forming the letter L (also the Swastika).

The Sign of the Mourning of Isis.

2nd. With erect Head, rises his Arms to form a V (but really to form the triple tongue of Flame, the Spirit), and says: ---

The Sign of Apophis and Typhon.

3rd. Bows his Head and crosses his Arms on his Breast (to form the Pentagram).

The Sign of Osiris risen.

All give the Sign of the Cross, and say: ---

L.V.X.

Then the Sign of Osiris risen, and say: ---

Lux, the Light of the Cross.

This formula, on which one may meditate for Years without exhausting its wonderful Harmonies, gives an excellent Idea of the Way in which Qabalistic Analysis is conducted.

First, the Letters have been written in Hebrew Characters.

Then the Attributions of them to the Zodiac and to Planets are substituted, and the Names of Egyptian Gods belonging to these are invoked.

The Christian Idea of I.N.R.I. is confirmed by these, while their Initials form the sacred Word of the Gnostics. That is, IAO. From the Character of the Deities and their Functions are deduced their Signs, and these are found to signal (as it were) the Word Lux (HB:Resh HB:Vau HB:Aleph), which itself is contained in the Cross.

A careful Study of these Ideas, and of the Table of Correspondences, which one of our English Brethren is making, will enable him to discover a very great Deal of Matter for Thought in these Poems which an untutored Person would pass by.

To return to the general Dogma of the Qabalists.

The Figure of Minutum Mundum will show how they suppose one Quality to proceed from the last, first in the pure God-World Atziluth, then in the Angel-World Briah, and so on down to the Demon-Worlds, which are however not thus organised. They are rather Material that was shed off in the Course of Evolution, like the Sloughs of a Serpent, from which comes their Name of Shells, or Husks.

Apart from silly Questions as to whether the Order of the Emanations is {87} confirmed by Palaeontology, a Question it is quite impertinent to discuss, there is no Doubt that the Sephiroth are types of Evolution as opposed to Catastrophe and Creation.

The great Charge against this Philosophy is founded on its alleged Affinities with Scholastic Realism. But the Charge is not very true. No Doubt but they did suppose vast Storehouses of "Things of one Kind: from which, pure or mingled, all other Things did proceed.

Since HB:Gemel, a Camel, refers to the moon, they did say that a Camel and the Moon were sympathetic, and came, that Part of them, from a common Principole: and that a Camel being yellow brown, it partook of the Earth Nature, to which that Colour is given.

Thence they said that by taking all the Natures involved, and by blending them in the just Proportions, one might have a Camel.

But this is no more than is said by the Upholders of the Atomic Theory.

They have their Storehouses of Carbon, Oxygen, and such (not in one Place, but no more is Geburah in one Place), and what is Organic Chemistry but the Production of useful Compounds whose Nature is deduced absolutely from theoretical Considerations long before it is ever produced in the Laboratory?

The difference, you will say, is that the Qabalists maintain a Mind of each Kind behind each Class of Things of one Kind; but so did Berkeley, and his Argument in that Respect is, as the great Huxley showed, irrefragable. For by the Universe I mean the Sensible; any other is not to be Known; and the Sensible is dependent upon Mind. Nay, though the Sensible is said to be an Argument of a Universe Insensible, the latter becomes sensible to Mind as soon as the Argument is accepted, and disappears with its Rejection.

Nor is the Qabalah dependent upon its Realism, and its Application to the Works magical --- but I am defending a Philosophy which I was asked to describe, and this is not lawful.

A great Deal may be learned from the Translation of the Zohar by S. Liddell Macgregor Mathers, and his Introduction thereto, though for those who have Latin and some acquaintance with Hebrew it is better to study the Kabbala Denudata of Knorr von Rosenroth, in Despite of the heavy Price; for the Translator has distorted the Text and its Comment to suit his belief in a supreme Personal God, and in that degraded Form of the Doctrine of Feminism which is so popular with the Emasculate.

The Sephiroth are grouped in various Ways. There is a Superior Triad or Trinity; a Hexad; and Malkuth: the Crown, the Father, and the Mother; the Son or King; and the Bride.

Also, a Division into seven Palaces, seven Planes, three Pillars or

Columns, and the like. {88}

The Flashing Sword follows the Course of the Numbers; and the Serpent Nechushtan or of Wisdom crawls up the Paths which join them upon the Tree of Life, namely the Letters.

It is important to explain the Position of Daath or Knowledge upon the Tree. It is called the Child of Chokmah and Binah, but it hath no Place. But it is really the Apex of a Pyramid of which the three first Numbers form the Base.

Now the Tree, or Minutum Mundum, is a Figure in a Plane of a solid Universe. Daath, being above the Plane, is therefore a Figure of a Force in four Dimensions, and thus it is the Object of the Magnum Opus. The three Paths which connect it with the First Trinity are the three lost Letters or Fathers of the Hebrew Alphabet.

In Daath is said to be the Head of the great Serpent Nechesh or Leviathan, called Evil to conceal its Holiness. (HB:Shin HB:Chet HB:Nun = 358 = HB:Chet HB:Yod HB:Shin HB:Mem, the Messiah or Redeemer, and HB:Koph-final HB:Taw HB:Yod HB:Vau HB:Lamed = 496 = HB:Taw HB:Vau HB:Koph HB:Lamed HB:Mem, the Bride.) It is identical with the Kundalini of the Hindu Philosophy, the Kwan-se-on of the Mongolian Peoples, and means the magical Force in Man, which is the sexual Force applied to the Brain, Heart, and other Organs, and redeemeth him.

The gradual Disclosure of these magical Secrets to the Poet may be traced in these Volumes, which it has been my Privilege to be asked to explain. It has been impossible to do more than place in the Hands of any intelligent Person the Keys which will permit him to unlock the many Beautiful Chambers of Holiness in these Palaces and Gardens of Beauty and Pleasure.

Of the results of the method we possess one flawless gem, already printed in the EQUINOX (Vol {I, No.) II. pp. 163-185), "A Note on Genesis" by V. H. Fra. I. A.

From this pleasant, orthodox, and-so-they-all-lived-happy-ever-after view let us turn for a moment to the critical aspect. Let us demolish in turn the qabalistic methods of exegesis; and then, if we can, discover a true basis upon which to erect an abiding Temple of Truth.

1. Gematria.

The number 777 affords a good example of the legitimate and illegitimate deductions to be drawn. It represents the sentence AChTh RVCh ALHIM ChIIM, "One is the Spirit {89} of the Living God," and also OLAHM H-QLPVTh, "The world of the Shells (excrements --- the demon-world)."

Now it is wrong to say that this idea of the unity of the divine spirit is identical with this idea of the muddle of chaos --- unless in that exalted grade in which "the One is the Many." But the compiler of Liber 777 was a great Qabalist when he thus entitled his book; for he meant to imply, "One is the Spirit of the Living God," "i.e." I have in this book unified all the

diverse symbols of the world; and also, "the world of shells," "i.e." this book is full of mere dead symbols; do not mistake them for the living Truth. Further, he had an academic reason for his choice of a number; for the tabulation of the book is from Kether to Malkuth, the course of the Flaming Sword; and if this sword be drawn upon the Tree of Life, the numeration of the Paths over which it passes (taking HB:Gemel , 3, as the non-existent path from Binah to Chesed, since it connects Macroprosopus and Microprosopus) is 777. [See Diagrams 2 and 12.]

To take another example, it is no mere coincidence that 463, the Staff of Moses, is HB:Taw , HB:Samekh , HB:Gemel , the paths of the Middle Pillar; no mere coincidence that 26, HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod , is $1 + 6 + 9 + 10$, the Sephiroth of the Middle Pillar. But ought we not to have some supreme name for 489, their sum, the Middle Pillar perfect? Yet the Sepher Sephiroth is silent. (We find only $489 = \text{MShLM GMVL}$, the avenger. Ed.)

Again, 111 is Aleph, the Unity, but also APL, thick Darkness, and ASN, Sudden Death. This can only be interpreted as meaning the annihilation of the individual in the Unity, and the Darkness which is the Threshold of the Unity; in other words, one must be an expert in Samadhi {90} before this simple Gematria has any proper meaning. How, then, can it serve the student in his research? The uninitiated would expect Life and Light in the One; only by experience can he know that to man the Godhead must be expressed by those things which most he fears.

We have purposely avoid dwelling on the mere silliness of many Gematria correspondences, "e.g.", the equality of the Qliphoth of one sign with the Intelligence of another. Such misses are more frequent than such hits as AChD, Unity, 13 = AHBH, Love, 13.

The argument is an argument in a circle. "Only an adept can understand the Qabalah," just as (in Buddhism) Sakyamuni said, "Only an Arahant can understand the Dhamma."

In this light, indeed, the Qabalah seems little more than a convenient language for recording experience.

We may mention in passing that Frater P. never acquiesced in the obvious "cook" of arguing: " $x = y + 1$ " $\therefore$ " $x = y$ ", by assuming that " x " should add one to itself "for the concealed unity." Why shouldn't " y " have a little concealed unity of its own?

That this method should ever have been accepted by any Qabalist argues a bankruptcy of ingenuity beyond belief. In all conscience, it is easy enough to fake identities by less obviously card-sharping methods!

2. Notarikon.

The absurdity of this method needs little indication. The most unsophisticated can draw pity and amusement from Mr Mathers' Jew, converted by the Notarikons of "Berashith." True, F.I.A.T. is Flatus, Ignis, Aqua, Terra; showing the Creator as Tetragrammaton, the synthesis of the four elements; {91} showing the Eternal Fiat as the equilibrated powers of Nature. But what forbids Fecit Ignavus Animam Terrae, or any other convenient blasphemy, such

as Buddha would applaud?

Why not take our converted Jew and restore him to the Ghetto with Ben, Ruach, Ab, Sheol! --- IHVH, Thora? why not take the sacred
'Iota chi theta epsilon sigma of the Christian who thought it meant
'Iota eta sigma omicron epsilon sigma Chi rho iota sigma tau omicron sigma
Theta epsilon omicron epsilon 'Upsilon iota omicron sigma Sigma omega tau eta rho
and make him
a pagan with "'Iota sigma kappa delta omicron sigma Chi alpha rho iota sigma
Theta eta sigma alpha epsilon rho omicron sigma 'Upsilon iota omega nu
Sigma omicron phi iota alpha sigma "'?

Why not argue that Christ in cursing the fig, F.I.G., wished to attack Kant's dogmas of Freewill, Immortality, God?

3. Temurah.

Here again the multiplicity of our methods makes our method too pliable to be reliable. Should we argue that BBL = ShShK (620) by the method of Athbash, and that therefore BBL symbolises Kether (620)? Why, BBL is confusion, the very opposite of Kether.

Why Athbash? Why not Abshath? or Agrath? or any other of the possible combinations?

About the only useful Temurah is Aiq Bkr, given above. In this we do find a suggestive reasoning. For example, we find it in the attribution of ALHIM to the pentagram which gives pi. [See EQUINOX, No. II. p. 184] Here we write Elohim, the creative deities, round a pentagram, and read it reverse beginning with HB:Lamed, Libra, the letter of equilibrium, and obtain an approximation to pi 3.1415 (good enough for the benighted Hebrews), as if thereby the finite square of creation was assimilated to the infinite circle of the Creator.

Yes: but why should not Berashith 2, 2, 1, 3, 1, 4, give, say, "e"? The only answer is, that if you screw it round long enough, it perhaps will! {92}

The Rational Table of Tzirup should, we agree with Fra. P., be left to the Rationalist Press Association, and we may present the Irregular Table of Commutations to Irregular Masons.

4. To the less important methods we may apply the same criticism.

We may glance in passing at the Yetziratic, Tarot, and signification methods of investigating any word. But though Frater P. was expert enough in these methods they are hardly pertinent to the pure numerical Qabalah, and we therefore deal gently with them. The attributions are given in "777". Thus HB:Aleph in the Yetziratic world is "Air," by Tarot "the Fool," and by signification "an ox." Thus we have the famous I.N.R.I. = HB:Yod, HB:Nun, HB:Resh, HB:Yod = Virgo, Scorpio, Sun, Virgo; the Virgin, the Evil Serpent, the Sun, suggesting the story of Genesis ii. and of the Gospel. The initials of the Egyptian names Isis, Apophis, Osiris, which correspond, give in their turn the Ineffable Name IAO; thus we say that the Ineffable is concealed in and revealed by the Birth, Death, and Resurrection of Christ; and further the Sings of Mourning of the Mother, Triumph of the Destroyer, and Rising of the Son, give by shape the letters L.U.X., Lux, which letters are (again)

concealed in and revealed by the Cross

..L V V

: .'. ^ the Light of the Cross. Further examples will be found in "A Note on Genesis." One of the most famous is the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin of Daniel, the imaginary prophet who lived under Belshazzar the imaginary king.

MNA. The Hanged Man, Death, the Fool = "Sacrificed to Death by thy Folly." {93}

ThKL. The Universe, the Wheel of Fortune, Justice = "Thy kingdom's fortune is in the Balance."

PRSh. The Blasted Tower, the Sun, the Last Judgment = "Ruined is thy glory, and finished."

But we cannot help thinking that this exegesis must have been very hard work.

We could more easily read

MNA. To sacrifice to death is folly.

ThKL. Thy kingdom shall be fortunate, for it is just.

PRSh. The Tower of thy glory shall endure until the Last Day.

There! that didn't take two minutes; and Belshazzar would have exalted us above Daniel.

Similarly AL, God, may be may be interpreted, "His folly is justice," as it is written: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Or, by Yetzirah: "The air is His balance," as it is written: "God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament."

Or, by meaning: "The ox and the goad," "i.e.", "He is both matter and motion."

We here append a sketch MS. by Frater P., giving his explanation by Tarot, etc., of the letters of the alphabet spelt in full.

MYSTIC READINGS OF THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET ("See" TAROT CARDS, "AND MEDITATE")

ALP. Folly's Doom is Ruin.

BITH. The Juggler with the Secret of the Universe.

GML. The Holy Guardian Angel is attained by Self-Sacrifice and Equilibrium.
{94}

DLTh. The Gate of the Equilibrium of the Universe. (Note D, the highest reciprocal path.)

HH. The Mother is the Daughter; and the Daughter is the mother.

VV. The Son is (but) the Son. (These two letters show the true doctrine of Initiation as given in Liber 418; opposed to Protestant Exotericism.)

ZIN. The answer of the Oracles is always Death.

ChITH. The Chariot of the Secret of the Universe.

TITH. She who rules the Secret Force of the Universe.

IVD. The Secret of the Gate of Initiation.

KP. In the Whirlings is War.
 LMD. By Equilibrium and Self-Sacrifice, the Gate!
 MIM. The Secret is hidden between the Waters that are above and the Waters that are beneath. (Symbol, the Ark containing the secret of Life borne upon the Bosom of the Deluge beneath the Clouds.)
 NVN. Initiation is guarded on both sides by death.
 SMK. Self-control and Self-sacrifice govern the Wheel.
 OIN. The Secret of Generation is Death.
 PH. The Fortress of the Most High. (Note P, the lowest reciprocal path).
 TzDI. In the Star is the Gate of the Sanctuary.
 QVP. Illusionary is the Initiation of Disorder.
 RISH. In the Sun (Osiris) is the Secret of the Spirit.
 SHIN. Resurrection is hidden in Death.
 ThV. The Universe is the Hexagram.

(Other meanings suit other planes and other grades.)

Truly there is no end to this wondrous science; and when the sceptic sneers, "With all these methods one ought to be able to make everything out of nothing," the Qabalist smiles back the sublime retort, "With these methods One did make everything out of nothing."

Besides these, there is still one more method --- a method of some little importance to students of the Siphra Dzenioutha, namely, the analogies drawn from the shapes of letters; {95} these are often interesting enough. HB: Aleph, for example, is a HB: Vau between HB: Yod and HB: Yod, making 26. Thus HB: Heh HB: Vau HB: Heh HB: Yod 26 = HB: Aleph, 1. Therefore Jehovah is One. But it would be as pertinent to continue 26 x 2 x 13, and 13 = Achad = 1, and therefore Jehovah is Two.

This then is an absurdity. Yes; but it is also an arcanum!

How wonderful is the Qabalah! How great is its security from the profane; how splendid its secrets to the initiate!

Verily and Amen! yet here we are at the old dilemma, that one must know Truth before one can rely upon the Qabalah to show Truth.

Like the immortal burglar:

"Bill wouldn't hurt a baby --- he's a pal as you can trust,
 He's all right when yer know 'im; but yer've got to know 'im fust."

So those who have committed themselves to academic study of its mysteries have found but a dry stick: those who have understood (favoured of God!) have found therein Aaron's rod that budded, the Staff of Life itself, yea, the venerable Lingam of Mahasiva!

It is for us to trace the researches of Frater P. in the Qabalah, to show how from this storehouse of child's puzzles, of contradictions and incongruities, of paradoxes and trivialities, he discovered the very canon of Truth, the authentic key of the Temple, the Word of that mighty Combination which unlocks the Treasure-Chamber of the King.

And this following is the Manuscript which he has let for our instruction.
{96}

AN ESSAY UPON NUMBER

(May the Holy One mitigate His severities toward His servant in respect of the haste wherewith this essay hath been composed!

When I travelled with the venerable Iehi Aour in search of Truth, we encountered a certain wise and holy man, Shri Parananda. Children! said he, for two years must ye study with me before ye fully comprehend our Law.

"Venerable Sir!" answered Frater I.A., "the first verse of "Our" Law contains but seven words. For seven years did I study that verse by day and by night; and at the end of that time did I presume --- may the Dweller of Eternity pardon me! --- to write a monograph upon the first word of those seven words."

"Venerable Sir!" quoth I: "that First Word of our law contains but six letters. For six years did I study that word by day and by night; and at the end of that time did I not dare to utter the first letter of those six letters."

Thus humbling myself did I abash both the holy Yogi and my venerable Frater I. A. But alas! Tegrammaton! Alas! Adonai! the hour of my silence is past. May the hour of my silence return! Amen.)

PART I

THE UNIVERSE AS IT IS

SECTION I

0. The Negative --- the Infinite --- the Circle, or the Point.
1. The Unity --- the Positive --- the Finite --- the Line, derived from 0 by extension. The divine Being.
2. The Dyad --- the Superficies, derived from 1 by reflection 1/1, or by revolution of the line around its end. The Demiurge. The divine Will.
3. The Triad, the solid, derived from 1 and 2 by addition. Matter. The divine Intelligence.
4. The Quaternary, the solid existing in Time, matter as we know it.

Derived from 2 by multiplication. The divine Repose.

5. The Quinary, Force or Motion. The interplay of the divine Will with matter. Derived from 2 and 3 by addition.

6. The Senary, Mind. Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication.

7. The Septenary, Desire. Derived from 3 and 4 by addition. (There is {97} however a secondary attribution of 7, making it the holiest and most perfect of the numbers.)

8. The Ogdoad, Intellect (also Change in Stability). Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication, $8 = 23$.

9. The Ennead, Stability in Change. Derived from 2 and 3 by multiplication, $9 = 32$.

(Note all numbers divisible by nine are still so divisible, however the order of the figures is shifted.)

10. The Decad, the divine End. Represents the 1 returning to the 0. Derived from $1 + 2 + 3 + 4$.

11. The Hendecad, the accursed shells, that only exist without the divine Tree. $1 + 1 = 2$, in its evil sense of not being 1.

SECTION II

0. The Cosmic Egg.

1. The Self of Deity, beyond Fatherhood and Motherhood.

2. The Father.

3. The Mother.

4. The Father made flesh --- authoritative and paternal.

5. The Mother made flesh --- fierce and active.

6. The Son --- partaking of all these natures.

7. The Mother degraded to mere animal emotion.

8. The Father degraded to mere animal reason.

9. The Son degraded to mere animal life.

10. The Daughter, fallen and touching with her hands the shells.

It will be noticed that this order represents creation as progressive degeneration --- which we are compelled to think of as evil. In the human organism the same arrangement will be noticed.

SECTION III

0. The Pleroma of which our individuality is the monad: the "All-Self."

1. The Self --- the divine Ego of which man is rarely conscious.

2. The Ego; that which thinks "I" --- a falsehood, because to think "I" is to deny "not-I" and thus to create the Dyad.

3. The Soul; since 3 reconciles 2 and 1, here are placed the aspirations to divinity. It is also the receptive as 2 is the assertive self.

- 4-9. The intellectual Self, with its branches:
 - 4. Memory. {98}
 - 5. Will.
 - 6. Imagination.
 - 7. Desire.
 - 8. Reason.
 - 9. Animal being.
- 6. The Conscious Self of the Normal Man: thinking itself free, and really the toy of its surroundings.
- 9. The Unconscious Self of the Normal Man. Reflex actions, circulation, breathing, digestion, etc., all pertain here.
- 10. The illusory physical envelope; the scaffolding of the building.

SECTION IV

Having compared these attributions with those to be found in 777, studied them, assimilated them so thoroughly that it is natural and needs no effort to think "Binah, Mother, Great Sea, Throne, Saturn, Black Myrrh, Sorrow, Intelligence, etc. etc. etc.," in a flash whenever the number 3 is mentioned or seen, we may profitably proceed to go through the most important of the higher numbers. For this purpose I have removed myself from books of reference; only those things which have become fixed in my mind (from their importance) deserve place in the simplicity of this essay.

- 12. HVA, "He," a title of Kether, identifying Kether with the Zodiac, and "home of the 12 stars" and their correspondences. See 777.
- 13. AChD, Unity, and AHBH Love. A scale of unity; thus $13 \times 1 = 1$; $26 = 13 \times 2 = 2$; $91 = 13 \times 7 = 7$; so that we may find in 26 and 91 elaboration of the Dyad and the Septenary respectively.
- 14. An "elaboration" of 5 ($1 + 4 = 5$), Force; a "concentration" or 86 ($8 + 6 = 14$) Elohim, the 5 elements.
- 15. IH, Jah, one of the ineffable names; the Father and Mother united. Mystic number of Geburah: $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5$.
- 17. The number of squares in the Swastika, which by shape is Aleph, HB: Aleph. Hence 17 recalls 1. Also IAV, IAO, the triune Father. See 32 and 358.
- 18. Chl, Life. An "elaboration" of 9.
- 20. IVD, Yod, the letter of the Father.
- 21. AHIH, existence, a title of Keter, Note $3 \times 7 = 21$. Also IHV, the first 3 (active) letters of IHVH. Mystic number of Tiphereth.
- 22. The number of letters in the Hebrew Alphabet; and of the paths on the Tree. Hence suggests completion of imperfection. Finality, the fatal finality. Note $2 \times 11 = 22$, the accursed Dyad at play with the Shells.
- 24. Number of the Elders; and 72 ÷ 3. 72 is the "divided Name." {99}
- 26. IHVH. Jehovah, as the Dyad expanded, the jealous and terrible God, the lesser Countenance. The God of Nature, fecund, cruel, beautiful, relentless.
- 28. Mystic number of Netzach, KCh, "Power."

31. LA, "not"; and AL, "God." In this Part I. ("Nature as it is") the number is rather forbidding. For AL is the God-name of Chesed, mercy; and so the number seems to deny that Name.

32. Number of Sephiroth and Paths, $10 + 22$. Hence is completion of perfection. Finality: things as they are in their totality. AHIHVH, the combined AHIH and IHVH, Macroprosopus, and Microprosopus, is here. If we suppose the 3 female letters H to conceal the 3 mothers A, M, Sh, we obtain the number 358, Messiach, q.v. Note $32 = 25$, the divine Will extended through motion. $64 = 26$, will be the perfect number of matter, for it is 8, the first cube, squared. So we find it a Mercurial number, as if the solidity of matter was in truth eternal change.

35. AGLA, a name of God = Ateh Gibor Le Olahm Adonai. "To Thee by the Power unto the Ages, O my Lord!" $35 = 5 \times 7$. 7 = Divinity, 5 = Power.

36. A Solar Number. ALH. Otherwise unimportant, but is the mystic number of Mercury.

37. ICHIDH. the highest principle of the soul, attributed to Kether. Note $37 = 111 \div 3$.

38. Note $38 \times 11 = 418$ q.v. in Part II.

39. IHVH AChD, Jehovah is one. $39 = 13 \times 3$. This is then the affirmation of the aspiring soul.

40. A "dead" number of fixed law, 4×10 , Tetragrammaton, the lesser countenance immutable in the heaviness of Malkuth.

41. AM, the Mother, unfertilised and unenlightened.

42. AMA, the Mother, still dark. Here are the 42 judges of the dead in Amennti, and here is the 42-fold name of the Creative God. See Liber 418.

44. DM, blood. See Part II. Here $4 \times 11 =$ the corruption of the created world.

45. MH, a secret title of Yetzirah, the Formative World. ADM, Adam, man, the species (not "the first man"). A is Air, the divine breath which stirs DM, blood, into being.

49. A number useful in the calculations of Dr. Dee, and a mystic number of Venus.

50. The number of the Gates of Binah, whose name is Death ($50 = \text{HB:Nun} =$ by Tarot, "Death").

51. AN, pain. NA, failure. ADVN, Edom, the country of the demon kings. There is much in the Qabalah about these kings and their dukes; it never meant much to me, somehow. But 51 is 1 short of 52. {100}

52. AIMA, the fertilised Mother, the Phallus (HB:Yod) thrust into AMA. Also BN, the Son. Note $52 = 13 \times 4$, 4 being Mercy and the influence of the Father.

60. Samekh, which in full spells $60 \times 2 = 120$ (q.v.), just as Yod, 10 in full spells $10 \times 2 = 20$. In general, the tens are "solidifications" of the ideas of the units which they multiply. Thus 50 is Death, the Force of Change in its final and most earthy aspect. Samekh is "Temperance" in the Tarot: the 6 has little evil possible to it; the worst name one can call 60 is "restriction."

61. AIN, the Negative. ANI, Ego. A number rather like 31, q.v.
64. DIN and DNI, intelligences (the twins) of Mercury. See also 32.
65. ADNI. In Roman characters LXV = LVX, the redeeming light. See the 5ř = 6ř ritual and "Konx om Pax." Note $65 = 13 \times 5$, the most spiritual form of force, just as 10×5 was its most material form. Note HS, "Keep silence!" and HIKL, the palace; as if it were said "Silence is the House of Adonai."
67. BINH the Great Mother. Note $6 + 7 = 13$, uniting the ideas of Binah and Kether. A number of the aspiration.
70. The Sanhedrin and the precepts of the Law. The Divine 7 in its most material aspect.
72. ChSD, Mercy. The number of the Shemhamphorasch, as if affirming God as merciful. For details of Shemhamphorasch, see 777 and other classical books of reference. Note especially $I + IH + IHV + IHVH = 72$.
73. ChKMH, Wisdom. Also GML, Gimel, the path uniting Kether and Tiphereth. But Gimel, "the Priestess of the Silver Star," is the Female Hierophant, the Moon; and Chokmah is the Logos, or male initiator. See Liber 418 for much information on these points, though rather from the standpoint of Part II.
78. MZLA, the influence from Kether. The number of the cards of the Tarot, and of the 13 paths of the Beard of Macroprosopus. Note $78 = 13 \times 6$. Also AIVAS, the messenger. See Part II.
80. The number of HB:Peh, the "lightning-struck Tower" of the Tarot. $8 =$ Intellect, Mercury; its most material form is Ruin, as Intellect in the end is divided against itself.
81. A mystic number of the Moon.
84. A number chiefly important in Buddhism. $84 = 7 \times 12$.
85. PH, the letter P,. $85 = 5 \times 17$: even the highest unity, if it move or energise, means War.
86. ALHIM. See "A Note on Genesis," EQUINOX, No. II.
90. Number of Tzaddi, a fishhook = Tanha, the clinging of man to life (9), the trap in which man is caught as a fish is caught by a hook. The most material aspect of animal life; its final doom decreed by its own lust. also MIM, Water. {101}
91. $91 = 7 \times 13$, the most spiritual form of the Septenary. AMN, Amen, the holiest title of God; the Amoun of the Egyptians. It equals IHVH ADNI (IAHDVNHI, interlaced), the eight-lettered name, thus linking the 7 to the 8. Note that AMN (reckoning N as final, 700) = 741 = AMThSh, the letters of the elements; and is thus a form of Tetragrammaton, a form unveiled.
100. The number of HB:Qof, the perfect illusion, 10×10 . also HB:Peh-final HB:Koph, Kaph, the Wheel of fortune. The identity is that of matter, fatality, change, illusion. It seems the Buddhist view of the Samsara-Cakkram.
106. NVN, Nun, a fish. The number of death. Death in the Tarot bears a cross-handled scythe; hence the Fish as the symbol of the Redeemer. Iota Chi Theta Upsilon Sigma = Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.
108. Chiefly interesting because $108 = 2 \times 2 \times 3 \times 3 \times 3 =$ the square of 2 playing with the cube of 3. Hence the Buddhists hailed it with acclamation,

and make their rosaries of this number of beads.

111. AChD HVA ALHIM, "He is One God."

ALP, Aleph, and ox, a thousand. The redeeming Bull. By shape the Swastika, and so the Lightning. "As the lightning lighteneth out of the East even unto the West, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man." An allusion to the descent of Shiva upon Shakti in Samahdi. The Roman A shows the same through the shape of the Pentagram, which it imitates.

ASN, ruin, destruction, sudden death. "Scil.", of the personality in Samadhi.

APL, thick darkness. "Cf." St John of the Cross, who describes these phenomena in great detail.

AMO, the Hindu Aum or Om.

MHVLL, mad --- the destruction of Reason by Illumination.

OVLH, a holocaust. "Cf." ASN.

PLA, the Hidden Wonder, a title of Kether.

114. DMO, a tear. The age of Christian Rosencreutz.

120. SMK, Samech, a prop. Also MVSDI, basis, foundation. $120 = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5$, and is thus a synthesis of the power of the pentagram. [Also $1 + 2 + \dots + 15 = 120$.] Hence its importance in the 5 = 6 ritual, q.v. "supra" EQUINOX, No. III. I however disagree in part; it seems to me to symbolise a lesser redemption than that associated with Tiphereth. Compare at least the numbers 0.12 and 210 in Liber Legis and Liber 418, and extol their superiority. For while the first is the sublime formula of the infinite surging into finity, and the latter the supreme rolling-up of finity into infinity, the 120 can symbolise at the best a sort of intermediate condition of stability. For how can one proceed from the 2 to the 0? 120 is also ON, a very important name of God.

124. ODN, Eden.

131. SMAL, Satan so-called, but really only Samael, the accuser of the {120} brethren,. unpopular with the Rabbis because their consciences were not clear. Samael fulfils a most useful function; he is scepticism, which accuses intellectually; conscience, which accuses morally; and even that spiritual accuser upon the Threshold, without whom the Sanctuary might be profaned. We must defeat him, it is true; but how should we abuse and blame him, without abuse and blame of Him that set him there?

136. A mystic number of Jupiter; the sum of the first 16 natural numbers.

144. A square and therefore a materialisation of the number 12. Hence the numbers in the Apocalypse. 144,000 only means 12 (the perfect number in the Zodiac or houses of heaven and tribes of Israel) $\times 12$, "i.e." settled $\times 1-000$, "i.e." on the grand scale.

148. MAZNIM, Scales of Justice.

156. BABALON. See Liber 418. This number is chiefly important for Part II. It is of no account in the orthodox dogmatic Qabalah. Yet it is 12×13 , the most spiritual form, 13, of the most perfect number, 12, HVA. [It is TzIVN, Zion, the City of the Pyramids. --- ED.]

175. A mystic number of Venus.

203. ABR, initials of AB, BN, RVCh, the Trinity.
206. DBR, Speech, "the Word of Power."
207. AVR, Light. Contrast with AVB, 9, the astral light, and AVD, 11, the Magical Light. Aub is an illusory thing of witchcraft ("cf." Obi, Obeah); Aud is almost = the Kundalini force ("Odic" force). This illustrates well the difference between the sluggish, viscous 9, and the keen, ecstatic 11.
210. Pertains to Part II. See Liber 418.
214. RVCh, the air, the mind.
220. Pertains to Part II. The number of verses in Liber Legis.
231. The sum of the first 22 numbers, 0 to 21; the sum of the Key-Numbers of the Tarot cards; hence an extension of the idea of 22, q.v.
270. I.N.R.I. See 5 = 6 ritual.
280. The sum of the "five letters of severity," those which have a final form --- Kaph, Men, Nun, Pe, Tzaddi. Also the number of the squares on the sides of the Vault 7 x 40; see 5 = 6 ritual. Also RP = terror.
300. The letter HB:Shin, meaning "tooth," and suggesting by its shape a triple flame. Refers Yetziratically to fire, and is symbolic of the Holy Spirit, RVCh ALHIM = 300. Hence the letter of the Spirit. Descending into the midst of IHVH, the four inferior elements, we get IHShVH Jeheshua, the Saviour, symbolised by the Pentagram.
301. ASH, Fire.
314. ShDI, the Almighty, a name of God attributed to Yesod. {103}
325. A mystic number of Mars. BRTzBAL, the spirit of Mars, and GRAPIAL, the intelligence of Mars.
326. IHShVH, Jesus --- see 300.
333. ChVRVNZVN, see Liber 418, 10th Aethry. It is surprising that this large scale 3 should be so terrible a symbol of dispersion. There is doubtless a venerable arcanum here connoted, possibly the evil of Matter summ̃. 333 = 37 x 9 the accurs,d.
340. ShM --- the Name.
341. The sum of the "3 mothers," Aleph, Mem, and Shin.
345. MShH, Moses. Note that by transposition we have 543, AHIH ASHR AHIEH, "Existence is Existence," "I am that I am," a sublime title of Kether. Moses is therefore regarded as the representative of this particular manifestation of deity, who declared himself under this special name.
358. See 32. MShIch, Messiah, and NChSh, the serpent of Genesis. The dogma is that the head of the serpent (N) is "bruised," being replaced by M, the letter of Sacrifice, and god, the letter alike of virginity (HB:Yod = Virgo) and of original deity (HB:Yod = the foundation or type of all the letters). Thus the word may be read:
 "The Sacrifice of the Virgin-born Divine One triumphant (HB:Chet, the Chariot) through the Spirit," while NChSh reads "Death entering the (realm of the) Spirit."
- But the conception of the Serpent as the Redeemer is truer. See my explanation of 5 = 6 ritual (EQUINOX, No. III.).
361. ADNI HARTz, the Lord of the Earth. Note 361 denotes the 3 Supernals,

the 6 members of Ruach, and Malkuth. This name of God therefore embraces all the 10 Sephiroth.

365. An important number, though not in the pure Qabalah. See "The Cannon." Mu Epsilon Iota Theta Rho Alpha Sigma and Alpha Beta Rho Alpha Chi Alpha Sigma in Greek.

370. Really more important for Part II. OSh, Creation. The Sabbatic Goat in his highest aspect. This shows the whole of Creation as matter and spirit. The material 3, the spiritual 7, and all cancelling to Zero. also ShLM = peace.

400. The letter HB:Taw, "The Universe." It is the square of 20, "The Wheel of fortune," and shows the Universe therefore as the Sphere of Fortune --- the Samsara-Cakkram, where Karma, which fools call chance, rules.

400 is the total number of the Sephiroth, each of the 10 containing 210 in itself and being repeated in the 4 worlds of Atziluth, Briah, yetzirah, and Assiah. These four worlds are themselves attributed to IHVH, which is therefore not the name of a tribal fetish, but the formula of a system.

401. ATh, "The" emphatic, meaning "essence of," for A and Th are first and last letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, as Alpha and Omega are of the Greek, and A and Z of the Latin. Hence the Word Azoth, not to be confused with Azote {104} (lifeless, asotos), the old name for nitrogen. Azoth means the sum and essence of all, conceived as One.

406. ThV, the letter Tau (see 400), also AThH, "Thou." Note that AHA (7), the divine name of Venus (7), gives the initials of Ani, Hua, Ateh --- I, He, Thou; three different aspects of a deity worshipped in three persons and in three ways: viz. (1) with averted face; (2) with prostration; (3) with identification.

418. Pertains principally to Part., q.v.

419. TITH, the letter Teth.

434. DLTh, the letter Daleth.

440. ThLI, the great dragon.

441. AMTh, Truth. Note $441 = 21 \times 21$. 21 is AHIH, the God of Kether, whose Will is Truth.

450. ThN, the great dragon.

463. NTH HShQD, Moses' Wand, a rod of Almond. $3 + 60 + 400$, the paths of the middle pillar.

474. DVTh, {WEH NOTE: sic, should be DOTTh in the substitutions used in text} Knowledge, the Sephira that is not a Sephira. In one aspect the child of Chokmah and

Binah; in another the Eighth Head of the Stooping Dragon, raised up when the Tree of Life was shattered, and Macroposopus set cherubim against Microposopus. See $4 = 7$ ritual "supra." Also, and very specially, Liber 418. It is the demon that purely intellectual or rational religions take as their God. The special danger of Hinayana Buddhism.

480. LILTh, the demon-queen of Malkuth.

543. AHIH AShR AHIH, "I am that I am."

666. Last of the mystic numbers of the sun. SVRTh, the spirit of Sol. Also OMMV SThH, Ommo Satan, the Satanic Trinity of Typhon, Apophis, and Besz; also ShM IHShVH, the name of Jesus. The names of Nero, Napoleon, W. E. Gladstone, and any person that you may happen to dislike, add up the this number. In reality it is the final extension of the number 6, both because 6×111 (ALPh = $111 = 1$) = 6 and because the Sun, whose greatest number it is, is 6.

(I here interpolate a note on the "mystic numbers" of the planets. The first is that of the planet itself, "e.g." Saturn, 3. The second is that of the number of squares in the square of the planet, "e.g." Saturn 9. The third is that of the figures in each line of the "magic square" of the planet, "e.g." Saturn 15. A "magic square" is one in which each file, rank, and diagonal add to the same number, "e.g." Saturn is 816, 357, 492, each square being filled in with the numbers from 1 upwards.

The last of the magic numbers is the sum of the whole of the figures in the square, "e.g." Saturn 45. The complete list is thus:

Saturn 3, 9, 15, 45.	
Jupiter 4, 16, 34, 136.	{105}
Mars 5, 25, 65, 325.	
sol 6, 36, 111, 666.	
Venus 7, 49, 175, 1225.	
Mercury 8, 64, 260, 2080.	
Luna 9, 81, 369, 3321.	

Generally speaking, the first number gives a divine name, the second an archangelic or angelic name, the third a name pertaining to the Formative world, the fourth a name of a "spirit" or "blind force." For example, Mercury has AZ and DD (love) for 8, DIN and DNI for 64, TIRIAL for 260, and ThPThRThRTh for 2090. But in the earlier numbers this is not so well carried out. 136 is both IVPhIL, the Intelligence of Jupiter, and HSMAL, the Spirit.

The "mystic numbers" of the Sephiroth are simply the sums of the numbers from 1 to their own numbers.

Thus (1) Kether = 1.

(2) Chokmah = $1 + 2 = 3$.

(3) Binah = $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$.

(4) Chesed = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$.

(5) Geburah = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 = 15$.

(6) Tiphereth = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 = 21$.

(7) Netzach = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 = 28$.

(8) Hod = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 = 36$.

(9) Yesod = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 = 45$.

(10) Malkuth = $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10 = 55$.

The most important attributions of 666, however, pertain to the second part, q.v.

671. ThORA the Law, ThROA the Gate, AThOR the Lady of the Path of Daleth,

RPTThA the Wheel. Also ALPH, DLTh, NUN, IVD, Adeonai (see 65) spelt in full.

This important number marks the identity of the Augoeides with the Way itself ("I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life") and shows the Taro as a key; and that the Law itself is nothing else than this. For this reason the outer College of the A ∴ A ∴ is crowned by this "knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel."

This number too is that of the Ritual of Neophyte. See Liber XIII.

741. AMThSh, the four letters of the elements. AMN, counting the N final as 700, the supreme Name of the Concealed One. The dogma is that the Highest is but the Four Elements; that there is nothing beyond these, beyond Tetragrammaton. This dogma is most admirably portrayed by Lord Dunsany in a tale called "The Wanderings of Shaun." {106}

777. "Vide supra."

800. ASHTh, the Rainbow. The Promise of Redemption (8) --- 8 as Mercury, Intellect, the Ruach, Microprosopus, the Redeeming Son --- in its most material form.

811. Iota Alpha Omega (Greek numeration).

888. Jesus (Greek numeration).

913. BRASHlTh, the Beginning. See "A Note on Genesis." This list⁶ will enable the student to follow most of the arguments of the dogmatic Qabalah. It is useful for him to go through the arguments by which one can prove that any given number is the supreme. It is the case, the many being but veils of the One; and the course of argument leads one to knowledge and worship of each number in turn. For example.

Thesis. The Number Nine is the highest and worthiest of the numbers.

Scholion alpha . "The number nine is sacred, and attains the summits of philosophy," Zoroaster.

Scholion beta . Nine is the best symbol of the Unchangeable One, since by whatever number it is multiplied, the sum of the figures is always 9, "e.g." $9 \times 487 = 4383$. $4 + 3 + 8 + 3 = 18$. $1 + 8 = 9$.

Scholion gamma . $9 = \text{HB:Tet}$, a serpent. And the Serpent is the holy Uraeus, upon the crown of the Gods.

Scholion delta . $9 = \text{IX} =$ the Hermit of the Tarot, the Ancient One with Lamp (Giver of Light) and Staff (the Middle Pillar of the Sephiroth). This, too, is the same Ancient as in 0, Aleph.

"The Fool" and Aleph = 1.

Scholion epsilon . $9 = \text{ISVD} = 80 = \text{P} = \text{Mars} = 5 = \text{HB:Heh} =$

$\text{Ú} = \text{G} = \text{GML} = 73 = \text{ChKMH} =$

the Mother = Binah = $3' = \text{AB} =$ The Father =

$\text{R} = (1 + 2)$ Mystic Number of Chokmah =

= Chokmah = 2 = B = the Magus = I = 1.

Scholion digamma . 9 = the foundation of all things = the Foundation of the alphabet = Yod = 10 = Malkuth = Kether = 1.

Scholion zeta . $9 = \text{IX} =$ The Hermit = Yod = 10 = X = The Wheel of Fortune = K = 20 = XX = The Last Judgment = Sh = 300 = 30 = L = Justice = VIII = 8 = Ch = The Chariot = VII = 7 = Z = The Lovers = VI = 6 = V (Vau) = The Pope = V = 5

= H = The Emperor = IV = 4 = D = The Empress = III = 3 = G = The High Priestess = II = 2 = B = The Magus = I = 1 = A = The Fool = 0. {107}

Scholion eta . 9 = Luna = G _ 3, etc., as before.

Ú Indigo ž

Scholion theta . 9 = ' Å Saturn = 3, etc., as before.

Ř Lead Ů

There are many other lines of argument. This form of reasoning reminds one of the riddle "Why is a story like a ghost?" Answer. "A story's a tale; a tail's a brush; a brush is a broom; a brougham's a carriage; a carriage is a gig; a gig's a trap; a trap's a snare; a snare's a gin; gin's a spirit; and a spirit's a ghost."

But our identities are not thus false; meditation reveals their truth. Further, as I shall explain fully later, 9 is not equal to 1 for the neophyte. These equivalences are dogmatic, and only true by favour of Him in whom All is Truth. In practice each equivalence is a magical operation to be carried out by the aspirant.

PART II

THE UNIVERSE AS WE SEEK TO MAKE IT

6 The complete dictionary, begun by Fra. I.A., continued by Fra. P. and revise by Fra. A. e. G. and others, will shortly be published by authority of the A ∴ A ∴

In the first part we have seen all numbers as Veils of the One, emanations of and therefore corruptions of the One. It is the Universe as we know it, the static Universe.

Now the Aspirant to Magic is displeased with this state of things. He finds himself but a creature, the farthest removed from the Creator, a number so complex and involved that he can scarcely imagine, must less dare to hope for, its reduction to the One.

The numbers useful to him, therefore, will be those which are subversive of this state of sorrow. So the number 2 represents to him the Magus (the great Magician Mayan who has created the illusion of Maya) as seen in the 2nd Aethyr. And considering himself as the Ego who posits the Non-Ego (Fichte) he hates this Magus. It is only the beginner who regards this Magus as the Wonder-worker --- as the thing he wants to be. For the adept such little consolation as he may win is rather to be found by regarding the Magus as B = Mercury = 8 = Ch = 418 = ABRAHADABRA, the great Word, the "Word of Double Power in the voice of the Master" which unites the 5 and the 6, the Rose and the Cross, the Circle and the Square. And also B is the Path from Binah to Kether; but that is only important for him who is already in Binah, the "Master of the Temple."

He finds no satisfaction in contemplating the Tree of Life, and the orderly

arrangement of the numbers; rather does he enjoy the Qabalah as a means of juggling with these numbers. He can leave nothing undisturbed; he is the Anarchist of Philosophy. He refuses to acquiesce in merely formal proofs of {108} the Excellence of things, "He doeth all things well," "Were the World understood Ye would see it was good," "Whatever is, is right," and so on. To him, on the contrary, whatever is, is wrong. It is part of the painful duty of a Master of the Temple to understand everything. Only he can excuse the apparent cruelty and fatuity of things. he is of the supernals; he sees things from above; yet, having come from below, he can sympathise with all. And he does not expect the Neophyte to share his views. Indeed, they are not true to a Neophyte. The silliness of the New-Thought zanies in passionately affirming "I am healthy! I am opulent! I am well-dressed! I am happy," when in truth they are "poor and miserable and blind and naked," is not a philosophical but a practical silliness. Nothing exists, says the Magister Templi, but perfection. True; yet their consciousness is imperfect. Ergo, it does not exist. For the M.T. this is so: he has "cancelled out" the complexities of the mathematical expression called existence, and the answer is zero. But for the beginner his pain and another's joy do not balance; his pain hurts him, and his brother may go hang. The Magister Templi, too, understands why Zero must plunge through all finite numbers to express itself; why it must write itself as "n - n" instead of 0; what gain there is in such writing. And this understanding will be found expressed in Liber 418 (Episode of Chaos and His Daughter) and Liber Legis (i. 28-30).

But it must never be forgotten that everyone must begin at the beginning. And in the beginning the Aspirant is a rebel, even though he feel himself to be that most dangerous type of rebel, a King Dethroned.⁷

hence he will worship any number which seems to him to promise to overturn the Tree of Life. He will even deny and blaspheme the One --- whom, after all, it is his ambition to be --- because of its simplicity and aloofness. He is tempted to "curse God and die."

Atheists are of three kinds.

1. The mere stupid man. (Often he is very clever, as Bolingbroke, Bradlaugh and Foote were clever.) He has found out one of the minor arcana, and hugs it and despises those who see more than himself, or who regard things

7 And of course, if his revolt succeeds, he will acquiesce in order. The first condition of gaining a grade is to be dissatisfied with the one that you have. And so when you reach the end you find order as at first; but also that the law is that you must rebel to conquer.

from a different standpoint. Hence he is usually a bigot, intolerant even of tolerance.

2. The despairing wretch, who, having sought God everywhere, and failed to hind Him, thinks everyone else is as blind as he is, and that if he has failed --- he, the seeker after truth! --- it is because there is no goal. In his cry there is {109} pain, as with the stupid kind of atheist there is smugness and self-satisfaction. Both are diseased Egos.

3. The philosophical adept, who, knowing God, says "There is No God," meaning "God is Zero," as qabalistically He is. he holds atheism as a philosophical speculation as good as any other, and perhaps less likely to mislead mankind and do other practical damage than any other.

Him you may know by his equanimity, enthusiasm, and devotion. I again refer to Liber 418 for an explanation of this mystery. The nine religions are crowned by the ring of adepts whose password is "There is No God," so inflected that even the Magister when received among them had not wisdom to interpret it.

1. Mr Daw, K.C.: M'lud, I respectfully submit that there is no such creature as a peacock.
2. Oedipus at Colonus: Alas! there is no sun! I, even I, have looked and found it not.
3. Dixit Sultus in corde suo: "Ain Elohim."

There is a fourth kind of atheist, not really an atheist at all. He is but a traveller in the Land of No God, and knows that it is but a stage on his journey --- and a stage, moreover, no far from the goal. Daath is not on the Tree of Life; and in Daath there is no God as there is in the Sephiroth, for Daath cannot understand unity at all. If he thinks of it, it is only to hate it, as the one thing which he is most certainly not (see Liber 418. 10th Aethyr. I may remark in passing that this book is the best known to me on Advanced Qabalah, and of course it is only intelligible to Advanced Students)).

This atheist, not in-being but in-passing, is a very apt subject for initiation. He has done with the illusions of dogma. From a Knight of the Royal Mystery he has risen to understand with the members of the Sovereign Sanctuary that all is symbolic; all, if you will, the Jugglery of the Magician. he is tired of theories and systems of theology and all such toys; and being weary and anhungred and athirst seeks a seat at the Table of Adepts, and a portion of the Bread of Spiritual Experience, and a draught of the wine of Ecstasy.

It is then thoroughly understood that the Aspirant is seeking to solve the great Problem. And he may conceive, as various Schools of Adepts in the ages have conceived, this problem in three main forms.

1. I am not God. I wish to become God.
This is the Hindu conception.
I am Malkuth. I wish to become Kether.
This is the qabalistic equivalent. {110}
2. I am a fallen creature. I wish to be redeemed.
This is the Christian conception.
I am Malkuth, the fallen daughter. I wish to be set upon the throne
of Binah my supernal mother.

This is the qabalistic equivalent.

3. I am the finite square; I wish to be one with the infinite circle.

This is the Unsectarian conception.

I am the Cross of Extension; I wish to be one with the infinite Rose.

This is the qabalistic equivalent.

The answer of the Adept to the first form of the problem is for the Hindu "Thou art That" (see previous chapter, "The Yogi"); for the Qabalist "Malkuth is in Kether, and Kether is in Malkuth," or "That which is below is like that which is above" or simply "Yod." (the foundation of all letters having the number 10, symbolising Malkuth.)

The answer of the Adept to the second form of the problem is for the Christian all the familiar teaching of the Song of Songs and the Apocalypse concerning the Bride of Christ.⁸

For the Qabalist it is a long complex dogma which may be studied in the Zohar and elsewhere. Otherwise, he may simply answer "H," (the letter alike of mother and daughter in IHVH). See Liber 418 for lengthy disquisition on this symbolic basis.

The answer of the Adept to the third form of the problem is given by pi , implying that an infinite factor must be employed.

For the Qabalist it is usually symbolised by the Rosy Cross, or by such formulae as $5 = 6$. That they concealed a Word answering this problem is also true. My discovery of this word is the main subject of this article. All the foregoing exposition has been intended to show why I sought a word to fulfil the conditions, and by what standards of truth I could measure things. {111}

But before proceeding to this Word, it is first necessary to explain further in what way one expects a number to assist one in the search for truth, or the redemption of the soul, or the formulation of the Rosy Cross. (I am supposing that the reader is sufficiently acquainted with the method of reading a name by its attributions to understand how, once a message is received, and accredited, it may be interpreted.) Thus if I ask "What is knowledge?" and receive the answer "DOTh," I read it Daleth the door, O matter, Th darkness, by various columns of 777 (To choose the column is a matter of spiritual intuition. Solvitur ambulando). But here I am only dealing with the "Trying of the spirits, to know whether they be of God."

Suppose now that a vision purporting to proceed from God is granted to me. The Angel declares his name. I add it up. It comes to 65. An excellent number! a blessed angel! Not necessarily. suppose he is of a Mercurial appearance? 65 is a number of Mars.

Then I conclude that, however beautiful and eloquent he may be, he is a false spirit. The Devil does not understand the Qabalah well enough to clothe his symbols in harmony.

But suppose an angel, even lowly in aspect, not only knows the Qabalah --- your own researches in the Qabalah --- as well as you do, but is able to show you truths, qabalistic truths, which you had sought for long and vainly! Then

you receive him with honour and his message with obedience.

It is as if a beggar sought audience of a general, and showed beneath his rags the signet of the King. When an Indian servant shows me "chits" signed by Colonel This and Captain That written in ill-spelt Babu English, one knows what to do. On the contrary the Man Who Was Lost rose and broke the stem of his wineglass at the regimental toast, and all knew him for one of their own.

In spiritual dealings, the Qabalah, with those secrets discovered by yourself that are only known to yourself and God, forms the grip, sign, token and password that assure you that the Lodge is properly tiled.

8 This Christian teaching (not its qabalistic equivalent) is incomplete. The Bride (the soul) is united, though only by marriage, with the son, who then presents her to the Father and Mother or Holy Spirit. These four then complete Tetragrammaton. But the Bride is never united to the Father. In this scheme the soul can never do more than touch Tiphereth and so receive the ray from Chokmah. Whereas even St John makes his Son say "I and my Father are one." And we all agree that in philosophy there can never be (in Truth) more than one; this Christian dogma says "never less than four." Hence its bondage to law and its most imperfect comprehension of any true mystic teaching, and hence the difficulty of using its symbols.

It is consequently of the very last importance that these final secrets should never be disclosed. And it must be remembered that an obsession, even momentary, might place a lying spirit in possession of the secrets of your grade. Probably it was in this manner that Dee and Kelly were so often deceived.

A reference to this little dictionary of numbers will show that 1, 3, 5, 7, 12, 13, 17, 21, 22, 26, 32, 37, 45, 52, 65, 67, 73, 78, 91, 111, 120, 207, 231, 270, 300, 326, 358, 361, 370, 401, 406, 434, 474, 666, 671, 741, 913, were for me numbers of peculiar importance and sanctity. Most of them are venerable, referring to or harmonious with the One. Only a few --- "e.g." 120 --- refer to the means. There {112} are many others --- any others --- just as good; but not for me. God in dealing with me would show me the signs which I should have intelligence enough to understand. It is a condition of all intellectual intercourse.

Now I preferred to formulate the practical problem in this shape; "How shall I unite the 5 and the 6, Microcosm and Macrocosm?"

And these are the numbers which seemed to me to bear upon the problem.

1. Is the goal, not the means. Too simple to serve a magician's purpose.
2. "Vide supra."
3. Still too simple to work with, especially as $3 = 1$ so easily. But, and therefore, a great number to venerate and desire.
4. The terrible number of Tetragrammaton, the great enemy. The number of the weapons of the Evil Magician. The Dyad made Law.
5. The Pentagram, symbol of the squaring of the circle by virtue of $ALHIM = 3.1415$, symbol of man's will, of the evil 4 dominated by man's spirit. Also

Pentagrammaton, Jeheshua, the Saviour. Hence the Beginning of the Great Work.

6. The Hexagram, symbol of the Macrocosm and Microcosm interlaced, and hence of the End of the Great Work. (Pentagram on breast, Hexagram on back, of Probationer's Robe.) Yet it also symbolises the Ruach, 214, q.v., and so is as evil "in vif" as it is good "in termino."

7. A most evil number, whose perfection is impossible to attack.

8. The great number of redemption, because $Ch = ChITh = 418$, q.v. this only develops in importance as my analysis proceeds. A priori it was of n{o} great importance.

9. Most Evil, because of its stability. AVB, witchcraft, the false moon of the sorceress.

10. Evil, memorial of our sorrow. Yet holy, as hiding in itself the return to the negative.

11. The great magical number, as uniting the antitheses of 5 and 6 etc. AVD the magic force itself.

12. Useless. Mere symbol of the Goal.

13. Helpful, since if we can reduce our formula to 13, it becomes 1 without further trouble.

17. Useful, because though it symbolises 1, it does so under the form of a thunderbolt. "Here is a magic disk for me to hurl, and win heaven by violence," says the Aspirant.

21. As bad, nearly, as 7.

26. Accursed. As bad as 4. Only useful when it is a weapon in your hand; then --- "if Satan be divided against Satan," etc. {113}

28. Attainable; and so, useful. "My victory," "My power," says the Philosophus.

30. The Balance --- Truth. Most useful.

31. LA the reply to AL, who is the god of Chesed, 4. The passionate denial of God, useful when other methods fail.

32. Admirable, in spite of its perfection, because it is the perfection which all from 1 to 10 and Aleph to Tau, share. Also connects with 6, through AHIHVH.

37. Man's crown.

44. Useful to me chiefly because I had never examined it and so had acquiesced in it as accursed. When it was brought by a messenger whose words proved true I then understood it as an attack on the 4 by the 11. "Without shedding of blood ($DM = 44$) there is no remission." Also since the messenger could teach this, and prophesy, it added credit to the Adept who sent the message.

45. Useful as the number of man, ADM, identified with MH, Yetzirah, the World of Formation to which man aspires as next above Assiah. Thus 45 baffles the accuser, but only by affirmation of progress. It cannot help that progress.

52. AIMA and BN. But orthodoxy conceives these as external saviours; therefore they serve no useful purpose.

60. Like 30, but weaker. "Temperance" is only an inferior balance. 120,

its extension, gives a better force.

65. Fully dealt with in "Knox om Pax," q.v.

72. Almost as bad as 4 and 26; yet being bigger and therefore further from 1 it is more assailable. Also it does spell ChSD, Mercy, and this is sometimes useful.

73. The two ways to Kether, Gimel and Chokmah. Hence venerable, but not much good to the beginner.

74. LMD, Lamed, an expansion of 30. Reads "By equilibrium and self-scrifice, the Gate!" Thus useful. Also $74 = 37 \times 2$.

So we see $37 \times 1 = 37$, Man's crown, Jechidah, the highest Soul --- "in termino."

$37 \times 2 = 74$, The Balance, 2 being the symbol "in vif."

$37 \times 3 = 111$, Aleph, etc., 3 being the Mother, the nurse of the soul.

$37 \times 4 = 148$, "The Balances, and so on. I have not yet worked out all the numbers of this important scale.

77. OZ, the Goat, "scil." of the Sabbath of the Adepts. The Baphomet of the Templars, the idol set up to defy and overthrow the false god --- though it is understood that he himself is false, not an end, but a means. Note the $77 = 7 \times 11$, magical power in perfection. {114}

78. Most venerable because MZLA is shown as the influence descending from On High, whose key is the Tarot: and we possess the Tarot. The proper number of the name of the Messenger of the Most Exalted One. [The account of AIVAS follows in its proper place. --- ED.]

85. Good, since $85 = 5 \times 17$.

86. Elohim, the original mischief. But good, since it is a key of the Pentagram, $5 = 1 + 4 - 14 - 8 + 6 = 86$.

91. Merely venerable.

111. Priceless, because of its 37×3 symbolism, its explanation of Aleph, which we seek, and its comment that the Unity may be found in "Thick darkness" and in "Sudden death." This is the most clear and definite help we have yet had, showing Samadhi and the Destruction of the Ego as gates of our final victory.

120. See Part I. and references.

124. ODN, Eden. The narrow gate or path between Death and the Devil.

156. BABALON. This most holy and precious name is fully dealt with in Liber 418. Notice $12 \times 13 = 156$. This was a name given and ratified by Qabalah; 156 is not one of the ... priori helpful numbers. It is rather a case of the Qabalah illuminating St John's intentional obscurity.

165. $11 \times XV$ should be a number Capricorni Pneumatici. Not yet fulfilled.

201. AR, Light (Chaldee). Note $201 = 3 \times 67$, Binah, as if it were said, "Light is concealed as a child in the womb of its mother." The occult retort of the Chaldean Magi to the Hebrew sorcerers who affirmed AVR, Light, 207, is holy enough.

206. DBR, the Word of Power. A useful acquisition = "The Gateway of the Word of Light."

210. Upon this holiest number it is not fitting to dilate. We may refer Zelatores to Liber VII. Cap. I., Liber Legis Cap. I., and Liber 418. But this was only revealed later. At first I only had ABRAHA, the Lord of the Adepts. "Cf." Abraha-Melin.

214. RVCh is one of the most seductive numbers to the beginner. Yet its crown is Daath, and later one learns to regard it as the great obstacle. Look at its promise 21, ending in the fearful curse of 4! Calamity!

216. I once hoped much from this number, as it is the cube of 6. But I fear it only expresses the fixity of mind. Anyhow it all came to no good.

But we have DBIR, connected with DBR, adding the Secret Phallic Power.

220. This is the number of the verses of Liber Legis. It represents 10 x 22, {115} "i.e." the whole of the Law welded into one. Hence we may be sure that the Law shall stand as it is without a syllable of addition.

Note 1022, the modulus of the universe of atoms, men, stars. See "Two new worlds."

222. The grand scale of 2; may one day be of value.

256. The Eighth power of 2; should should be useful.

280. A grand number, the dyad passing to zero by virtue of the 8, the Charioteer who bears the Cup of Babalon. See Liber 418, 12th Aethyr. See also 280 in Part I.

300. Venerable, but only useful as explaining the power of the Trident, and the Flame on the Altar. too stable to serve a revolutionary, except in so far as it is fire.

333. See Part I.

340. Connects with 6 through ShM, the fire and the water conjoined to make the Name. Thus useful as a hint in ceremonial.

358. See Part I.

361. See Part I. Connects with the Caduceus; as 3 is the supernal fire, 6 the Ruach, 1 Malkuth. See illustration of Caduceus in EQUINOX No. II.

370. Most venerable (see Part I.). It delivers the secret of creation into the hand of the Magician. See Liber Capricorni Pneumatici.

400. Useful only as finality or material basis. Being 20 x 20, it shows the fixed universe as a system of rolling wheels (20 = K, the Wheel of Fortune).

401. See Part I. But Azoth is the Elixir prepared and perfect; the Neophyte has not got it yet.

406. See Part I.

414. HGVTh, Meditation, the 1 dividing the accursed 4. Also AIN SVP AVR, the Limitless Light.

418. CHITH, Cheth. ABRAHADABRA, the great Magic Word, the Word of the Aeon. Note the 11 letters, 5 A identical, and 6 diverse. Thus it interlocks Pentagram and Hexagram. BITH HA, the House of H, the Pentagram; see Idra Zuta Gadisha, 694. "For H formeth K, but Ch formeth IVD." Both equal 20.

Note $4 + 1 + 8 = 13$, the 4 reduced to 1 through 8, the redeeming force; and $418 = Ch = 8$.

By Aiq Bkr ABRAHADABRA = $1 + 2 + 2 + 1 + 5 + 1 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 1 = 22$.

Also 418 = 22 x 19 Manifestation. Hence the word manifests the 22 Keys of Rota.

It means by translation Abraha Deber, the Voice of the Chief Seer.

It resolves into Pentagram and Hexagram as follows: --- {116}

A
 / \ [This is by taking the 5 middle letters.]
 R-----B
 A The pentagram is 12, HVA, Macroprosopus.
 / \
 H D The hexagram is 406, AThH, Microprosopus.
 \ /
 A-A
 B---R Thus it connotes the Great Work.
 \ /
 A Note ABR, initials of the Supernals, Ab, Ben, Ruach.

(2) A [This is by separating the One (Aleph) from the Many
 / \ (diverse letters).]
 A A R H ž "The Vision and the Voice," a
 \ / | | BRH = 207, Aur, Light Ā phrase which meant much
 A-A B D DBR = 206, Deber, Voice † to me at the moment of dis-
 \ / Ū covering this Word.
 R

(3) A A
 / \ / \
 A A B A
 \ / | | [By taking each alternate letter.]
 R-B H D
 \ /
 R

205 = GBR, mighty. ž

Ā This shows Abrahadabra as

213 = ABIR, mighty. Ū

the Word of Double Power, another phrase that meant much to me at the time.

AAB at the top of the Hexagram gives AB, AIMA, BN, Father, Mother, Child.

HDR by Yetzirah gives Horus, Isis, Osiris, again Father, Mother, Child.

This Hexagram is again the human Triad.

Dividing into 3 and 8 we get the Triangle of Horus dominating the Stooping Dragon of 8 Heads, the Supernals bursting the Head of Daath.

Also A
 / \ The Supernals are supported upon two squares ---
 R---B

A--B A--H ABAD = DD, Love, 8.
 | | | |

A--D R--A AHRA = AVR, Light, 207.

Now $8 \times 207 = 1656 = \text{ChI, Living, and } 207 = 9 \times 23, \text{ ChIH, Life.}$ At this time "Licht, Liebe, Leben" was the mystic name of the Mother-Temple of the G.'. D.'. {117}

The five letters used in the word are A, the Crown; B, the Wand; D, the Cup; H, the Sword; R, the Rosy Cross; and refer further to Amoun the Father, Thoth His messenger, and Isis, Horus, Osiris, the divine-human triad.

Also 418 = ATh IAV, the Essence of IAO, q.v.

This short analysis might be indefinitely expanded; but always the symbol will remain the Expression of the Goal and the Exposition of the Path.

419. Teth, the number of the "laughing lion" on whom BABALON rideth. See Liber 418. Note $419 + 156 = 23 \times 25$, occultly signifying 24, which again signifies to them that understand the interplay of the 8 and the 3. Blessed be His holy Name, the Interpreter of his own Mystery!

434. Daleth, the holy letter of the Mother, in glory as Queen. she saves the 4 by the 7 ($D = 4 = \text{Venus} = 7$), thus connects with 28. Mystic number of Netzach (Venus), Victory. Note the 3 sundering the two fours. This is the feminine victory; she is in one sense the Delilah to the divine Samson. Hence we adore her from full hearts. It ought to be remembered, by the way, that the 4 is not so evil when it has ceased to oppress us. The square identified with the circle is as good as the circle.

441. Truth, the square of 21. Hence it is the nearest that our dualistic consciousness can conceive of 21, AHIH, the God of Kether, 1. Thus Truth is our chiefest weapon, our rule. Woe to whosoever is false to himself (or to another, since in 441 that other is himself), and seven times woe to him that swerves from his magical obligation in thought, word or deed! By my side as I write wallows in exhaustion following an age of torment one who did not understand that it is a thousand times better to die than to break the least tittle of a magical oath.

463. Shows that the Wand ought to represent. Not 364; so we should hold it by the lower end. The Wand is also Will, straight and inflexible, pertaining to Chokmah (2) as a Wand has two ends.

474. See Part I. To the beginner, though, Daath seems very helpful. He is glad that the Stooping Dragon attacks the Sanctuary. He is doing it himself. hence Buddhists make Ignorance the greatest fetter of all the ten fetters. But in truth Knowledge implies a Knower and a Thing Known, the accursed Dyad which is the prime cause of misery.

480. Lilith. See Liber 418. So the orthodox place the legal 4 before the holy 8 and sublime Zero. "And therefore their breaths stink."

543. Good, but only carries us back to the Mother.

666. Chosen by myself as my symbol, partly for the reasons given in Part I., partly for the reasons given in the Apocalypse. I took the Beast to be the Lion (Leo my rising sign) and Sol, 6,666, the Lord of Leo on which Babalon should ride. And there were other more intimate considerations, unnecessary {118} to enter upon in this place. Note however that the Tarot card of Leo, Strength, bears the number XI., the great number of the Magnum Opus, and its

interchange with Justice, VIII.; and the key of 8 is 418.

This all seemed to me so important that no qabalistic truths were so firmly implanted in my mind at the time when I was ordered to abandon the study of magic and the Qabalah as these: 8, 11, 418, 666; combined with the profoundest veneration for 1, 3, 5, 7, 13, 37, 78, 91, 111. I must insist on this at the risk of tautology and over-emphasis; for it is the key to my standard of Truth, the test-numbrs which I applied to the discernment of the Messenger from the Sanctuary.

That such truths may seem trivial I am well aware; let it be remembered that the discovery of an identity may represent a year's toil. But this is the final test; repeat my researches, obtain your own holy numbers; then, and not before, will you gully understand their Validity, and the infinite wisdom of the Grand Arithmetician of the Universe.

671. Useful, as shown in Part I.

741. Useful chiefly as a denial of the Unity; sometimes employed in the hope of tempting it from its lair.

777. Useful in a similar way, as affirming that the Unity is the Qliphoth. But a dangerous tool, especially as it represents the flaming sword that drove Man out of Eden. A burnt child dreads the fire. "The devils also believe, and tremble." Worse than useless unless you have it by the hilt. Also 777 is the grand scale of 7, and this is useless to anyone who has not yet awakened the Kundalini, the female magical soul. Note 7 as the meeting-place of 3, the Mother, and 10, the Daughter; whence Netzach is the Woman, married but no more.

800. Useful only in 5 = 6 symbolism, p.v.

888. The grad scale of 8. In Greek numeration therefore Iota Eta Sigma Omicron Upsilon Sigma the Redeemer, connecting with 6 because of its 6 letters. This links Greek and Hebrew symbolism; but remember that the mystic Iesous and Yeheshua have no more to do with the legendary Jesus of the Synoptics and the Methodists than the mystic IHVH has to do with the false God who commanded the murder of innocent children. The 13 of the Sun and the Zodiac was perhaps responsible for Buddha and his 12 disciples, Christ and his 12 disciples, Charlemagne and his 12 peers, &c., &c., but to disbelieve in Christ or Charlemagne is not to alter the number of the signs of the Zodiac. Veneration for 666 does not commit me to admiration for Napoleon and Gladstone.

I may close this paper by expressing a hope that I may have the indulgence of students. The subject is incomparably difficult; it is almost an unworked {119} vein of thought; and my expression must be limited and thin. It is important that every identity should be most thoroughly understood. No mere perusal will serve. This paper must be studied line by line, and even to a great extent committed to memory. And that memory should already be furnished with a thorough knowledge of the chief correspondences of 777. It is hard to "suffer gladly" the particular type of fool who expects with a twenty-third-

rate idle brain to assimilate in an hour the knowledge that it has cost me twelve years to acquire. I may add that nobody will ever understand this method of knowledge without himself undertaking research. Once he has experienced the joy connecting (say) 131 and 480 though 15, he will understand. Further, it is the work itself, not merely the results, that is of service. We teach Greek and Latin, though nobody speaks either language.

And thus I close: Benedictus sit Dominus Deus Noster qui nobis dedit Scientiam Summam.

Amen!

We may now return to Frater P.'s experiences. It will be remembered that he found Yoga practices of any kind very difficult in the cold climate of his home; for he was now sufficiently advanced to need long spells of continuous concentration --- very different from the early days of practice when twenty minutes in the morning and again in the evening sufficed for the day.

Further, he had entered on the third stage of life, and from a Brahmachari became a householder. It was in the course of the journey undertaken by him shortly after his marriage that occurred the event which we shall proceed to relate.

And to that end we must ask the reader to accompany us in imagination to the sovereign nursery of wisdom and initiation, to the holy land of the Uraeus serpent, to the land of Isis and Osiris, of the Pyramids and the Nile, even to Khem, more magnificent in ruin than all other lands are in plenitude of their glory.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05008.html>

35 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

A NOCTURNE

IN the little cleft of the rocks whence life first sprang
To birth, by the secret shadowy molten sea,
Where Aphrodite sprang to greet the sun,
Low voices murmur: shadowy under-world
In the void of time; light song of Erebus
On the lips of a courtesan of Rome --- ah! list!
A wandering singer caught the light o' the stars
On his lips, and the sun-dawn of the world in his heart.

For I that dwelt within the city of Time
Was lost in a cloudy dawn; the silken veil
Of dew that clothed the green grass of the fields
Was the veil of Olympus; now the shadowy night
That sang to me, that sand, that sang to me,
Sprang from the underworld of Eld: the moon
That circled in the heavens sang to me,
And I that heard the olden monstrous lays
Of Eld, the dreaming wonders of the dawn,
Died, and still lie imprisoned in the rocks
By the salt sea, knowing of the doom of man,
But being dumb, as is the doom of man,
For nightfall is delight of Eld, and I
Wander bareheaded under the dark sky; {121}
Calling and calling from the windy deeps,
The olden night still draws me; moonlight weeps
Fro sunlight faded in the dark; the sea
Is under the dark clouds; still one by one
Soft, silver stars creep silently upon me,
Leaving soft trails of light; O wonder dawn
Of the inverted thunder of the skies!
Back to the gardens of old Babylon,
The hanging lamps, the slow, enchanted moon,
The gold-eyed stars, the pillars of the sea,
And the call of her forgotten! --- Oh, I lie
Under the stars, upon the dewy sward;
And all around me is the silent city,
The soft white city, softened by the dawn;
And I hear the sistrion, and I hear the songs
Sung to the hanging moon, and thou, Istar,
Radiantly comest on the brains of men
To the slow illumination of desire;
The old enchanted palace of the Will
Is thine, and god-like dreams of Eld are thine,
Of the underworld of the stars, beneath the sea,
Beyond the cloudy palaces of the hills.
Ah! Never hath the dawn been nearer thee!

Fallen to idle sleep, and borne within
The Temple of Mind, the soul of Night is bared
Under the starry canopy of the worlds,
And the lamp is set upon her bier; let be,
Let her still slumber! Oh, my radiant one,
Thou that art born of the dew and of the stars, {122}
come thou to me, while that the soft night sleeps,
O thou far inmost and supernal Dawn,

O thou that bearest the torch for the feast o' the gods!
 In the core of Night I found thee, and a rose
 Was thy heart, and thorns were thy crown, and tiny rosebuds.
 Girt thy green mantle, and thy yellow hair
 Glittered with the dust of the stars! By the river-side
 Thou camest unto me; ho, the secret night
 When I stared into the water under the moon,
 Singing and tumbling on its way to the sea!
 The soft stream flowed under the milky stars,
 And there were poplars by the water-side,
 Gazing upon themselves; but I was blind,
 Blinder than wood, more silent than the moon;
 And so thou camest to me! Oh, my darling,
 My little rose-lipped darling, fountain-cool
 Thy hands, and thine eyes bright with celestial fire
 Drawn from the world's heart! Oh, my little one,
 Come to me here in the great slow silences,
 In the radiant dimness of the after-glow
 Of the passionate ache of the world; I am Pan no more,
 But the Virgin of the starlight of the world.
 Her in the silence, in the great, green woods,
 Lie thou with me! Slumber with me to-night
 Under the stars, and the yellow drifting moon.
 We ill love no more as Syrinx and Pan; Diana!
 Come unto me, and I will grant the thing
 Thou cravest! Oh! the foaming milk of the stars!
 "I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!" {123}

Rosa Ignota! Ah! the pale moon flowers;
 The soft shy glances, and the virgin unwon!
 Oh! the sweet burden of the sunless hours:
 Love! I am conquered! Nay, love! I have won!
 Oh, feeble moon-light! Oh sweet stars undone
 By the pale longing of Eld! O Virgin word,
 Under the silent moon I bear the Sword!
 Oh, the soft burden of the sunken sun
 "I bear a chalice of lilies under the moon!"
 "I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!"

Light is no more; oh! let us swoon and die!
 And the secret way is starlit, star-bestrewn,
 Star-guarded, star-set under the starry moon!
 Is there no way but this beneath the sky?
 Oh, moon of Eld, ah! shall we die or swoon?
 O Rose eclipsed, O Rose, my rose of roses,
 The night is pale to death; the lyre reposes

Under the star-shot glamour of the moon
And all her palest roses.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05009.html>

31 captures

6 Mar 2002 - 19 Sep 2023

Sep SEP Oct

19

2021 2023 2024

About this capture

THE VIXEN

"To and from N. I. L. B. W."

PATRICIA FLEMING threw the reins to a groom, and ran up the steps into the great house, her thin lips white with rage.

Lord Eyre followed her heavily. "I'll be down in half an hour," she laughed merrily, "tell Dawson to bring you a drink!" Then she went straight through the house, her girlish eyes the incarnation of a curse.

For the third time she had failed to bring Geoffrey Eyre to her feet. She looked into her hat; there in the lining was the talisman that she had tested --- and it had tricked her.

What do I need? she thought. Mut it be blood?

She was a maiden of the pure English strain; brave, gay, honest, shrewd --- and there was not one that guessed the inmost fire that burnt her. For she was but a child when the Visitor came.

The first of the Visits was in a dream. She woke choking; the air --- clear, sweet, and wholesome as it blew through the open window from the Chilterns --- was fouled with a musty stench. And she woke her governess with a tale of a tiger.

The second Visit was again at night. She had been hunting, was alone at the death, had beaten off the hounds. That night she heard a fox bark in her room, She spent a {125} sleepless night of terror; in the morning she found the red hairs of a fox upon her pillow.

The third Visit was nor in sleep nor waking.

But she tightened her lips, and would have veiled the hateful gleam in her eyes.

It was that day, though, that she struck a servant with her riding=whip.

She was so sane that she knew exactly wherein her madness lay; and she set all her strength not to conquer but to conceal it.

Two years later, and Patricia Fleming, the orphan heiress of Carthwell

Abbey, as the county toast, Diana of the Chilterns.

Yet Geoffrey Eyre evaded her. His dog's fidelity and honesty kept him true to the little north-country girl that three months earlier had seduced his simplicity. He did not even live her; but she had made him think so for an hour; and his pledged word held him.

Patricia's open favour only made him hate her because of its very seduction. It was really his own weakness that he hated.

Patricia ran, tense and angry, through the house. The servants noticed it. The mistress has been crossed, they thought, she will go to the chapel and get ease. Praising her.

True, to the chapel she went; locked the door, dived behind the altar, struck a secret panel, came suddenly into a priest's hiding-hole, a room large enough to hold a score of men if need be.

At the end of the room was a great scarlet cross, and on it, her face to the wood, her wrists and ankles swollen over the whip lashes that bound her, hung a naked girl, big-boned, voluptuous. Red hair streamed over her back. {126}

What, Margaret! so blue? laughed Patricia.

I am cold, said the girl upon the cross, in an indifferent voice.

Nonsense, dear! answered Patricia, rapidly divesting herself of her riding-habit. There is no hint of frost; we had a splendid run, and a grand kill. You shall be warm yet, for all that.

This time the girl writhed and moaned a little.

Patricia took from an old wardrobe a close-fitting suit of fox fur, and slipped it on her slim white body.

Did I make you wait, dear? she said, with a curious leer. I am the keener for the sport, to be sure!

She took the faithless talisman from her hat. It was a little square of vellum, written upon in black. She took a hairpin from her head, pierced the talisman, and drove the pin into the girl's thigh.

They must have blood, said she. Now see how I will turn the blue to red! Come! don't wince: you haven't had it for a month.

Then her ivory arm slid like a serpent from the furs, and with the cutting whip she struck young Margaret between the shoulders.

A shriek rang out: its only echo was Patricia's laugh, childlike, icy, devilish.

She struck again and again. Great weals of purple stood on the girl's back; froth tinged with blood came from her mouth, for she had bitten her lips and tongue in agony.

Patricia grew warm and rosy --- exquisitely beautiful. Her babe-breasts heaved; her pips parted; her whole body and soul seemed lapped in ecstasy.

I wish you were Geoffrey, girlie! she panted. {127}

Then the skin burst. Raw flesh oozed blood that dribbled down Margaret's back.

Still the fair maid struck and struck in the silence, until the tiny rivulets met and waxed great and touched the talisman. She threw the bloody

whalebone into a corner, and went upon her knees. She kissed her friend; she kissed the talisman; and again kissed the girl, the warm blood staining her pure lips.

She took the talisman, and hid it in her bosom. Last of all she loosened the cords, and Margaret sank in a heap to the floor. Patricia threw furs over her and rolled her up in them; brought wine, and poured it down her throat. She smiled, kindly, like a sister.

"Sleep now awhile, sweetheart!" she whispered, and kissed her forehead.

It was a very demure and self-possessed little maiden that made dinner lively for poor Geoffrey, who was thinking over his mistake.

Patricia's old aunt, who kept house for her, smiled on the flirtation. it was not by accident that she left them alone sitting over the great fire. "Poor Margaret has her rheumatism again," she explained innocently; "I must go and see how she is." Loyal Margaret!

So it happened that Geoffrey lost his head. "The ivy is strong enough" (she had whispered, ere their first kiss had hardly died). "Before the moon is up, be sure!" and glided off just as the aunt returned.

Eyre excused himself; half a mile from the house he left his horse to his man to lead home, and ten minutes later was groping for Patricia in the dark. {128}

White as a lily in body and soul, she took him in her arms.

Awaking as from death, he suddenly cried out., "Oh God! What is it? Oh God! my God! Patricia! Your body! Your Body!"

"Yours!" she cooed.

"Why, you're all hairy!" he cried. "And the scent! the scent!"

From without came sharp and resonant the yap of a hound as the moon rose.

Patricia put her hands to her body. he was telling the truth. "The Visitor!" she screamed once with fright, and was silent. he switched the light on, and she screamed again.

There was a savage lust upon his face.

"This afternoon," he cried, "you called me a dog. I looked like a dog and thought like a dog; and, by God! I am a dog. I'll act like a dog then!"

Obedient to some strange instinct, she dived from the bed for the window.

But he was on her; his teeth met in her throat.

In the morning they found the dead bodies of both hound and fox --- but how did that explain the wonderful Elopement of Lord Eyre and Miss Fleming? For neither of them were ever seen again.

I think Margaret understands; in the convent which she rules to-day there hangs beside a blood-stained cutting-whip the silver model of a fox, with the inscription:

"Patricia Margaritae vulpis vulpem dedit."

FRANCIS BENDICK. {129}

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep SEP Feb

19

2021 2023 2024

About this capture

THE PILGRIM

AT the dawn of the bout
Of my life I set out
 For the Palace of Light.
At the end of the road
I have found an abode
 In the Tavern of Night.

Ever on! ever on!
Said the day-star, and shone!
 Ever on! and above!
Said the even-star: rest
In the night on my Breast!
 Beyond light there is love.

But I stayed not; I feared
A false witch in her weird.
 I went on, ever on,
Till the day and the night
And the love and the light
 Were, suddenly, gone.

Came the Voice of the Lord:
"Now receive the reward
 Of the laughers at Life,
Who, faint, have not failed;
Who, weak, have not wailed:
 My one jewel --- a wife.

{130}

"Since the ape stood erect
For a sign of his sect
 There have only been ten.
So perfect were they
That their names are to-day
 Forgotten of men."

I took her, and still
Through the wit and the will
 And the way and the word

And the crown of all these,
By the water at ease
Sings our bliss as a bird.

Together! together!
The wage of the weather {131}
I liberty, light;
Is loyalty, love;
Is laughter, above
The caprices of night.

From ocean emergent
Springs splendid, assurgent,
The strenuous sun.
The shadows are gone,
But the tune ripples on,
And the word is but one.

Let all that is living
Unite in thanksgiving
To Heaven above,
For the Heaven within,
That a woman may win
For a man --- that is love.

At the end of the road
I have found an abode
In the Tavern of Night;
And behold! it is one
With the House of the Sun
And the Palace of Light!
ALEISTER CROWLEY.

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05011.html>
51 captures
06 Mar 2002 - 19 Oct 2025
Aug SEP Oct
19
2022 2023 2024

About this capture

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. IV

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

[The hibernation of A. Quiller, senior, and the approaching marriage of A. Quiller, junior, have prevented either of them from contributing their columns as usual. --- ED.]

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC. A. E. WAITE. Wm. Rider
& Son, Ltd., 15s.

IT would ill become us to review this book; which, when it was called "The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts," was dismissed by the Editor of the "Goetia" as "a farrago of twenty-fifth-rate shoddy schoolboy journalism." And we are glad to see that in the new edition Mr Waite has corrected his logic by that Editor's light. But the introduction is new, and deserves comment.

Mr Waite still talks as if his mouth were full of hot potatoes. The length and obscurity of his archaisms renders him almost unintelligible to me, an affectation which I find intolerable. Such fools as it may impress are not worth having as followers, unless one is a swindler. In fact (let me whisper in Mr Waite's ear) no follower is worth having.

Mr Waite's central doctrine appears identical with that to which I personally assent; but I think he ruins its simplicity by his insistence on sectarian symbols and on the literalism which he would be the first to condemn in a Methodist.

As to the rituals of ceremonial magic which he condemns, he is right. But the Mass itself is a Magical Ceremony, {135} and he does not condemn the Mass. The ceremonies which might be practised by, say, a neophyte of the A.'. A.'. would be as sublime as, and less tainted than, the services of the Church. Of such rituals Mr Waite is ignorant, more ignorant than the author of "The King's Dole" should be, unless such ignorance be the result of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Further, ceremonial magic, even of the low angelic order, may be a sort of divine trap. The utterance of the Logos is one, but he is heard by divers nations in divers languages. Cannot God deal with a soul even by allowing him to pass through the "Houses of Sin"? Mr Waite blasphemes if he denies it.

As a practical example, I know of a man who took up the blackest magic from sheer hatred of God and Christ, a hatred Shelleyan and Thomsonian. What happened? He found by practice that to call forth an evil spirit you must

identify yourself with the god that commands him.

he then saw no use for the demon, and continued with the god. Reason next said: "If with the small god, why not with the great God of all?" And in the upshot he found himself practising exactly the same method as Molinos, St Teresa, Buddha, Father Poulain, St Paul, Meredith Starr, A. E. Waite, Aleister Crowley, and the rest --- and getting the very same results.

Oh, my dear sir, a man is a man, and if you give whisky to A, B, and C, they all get drunk, with minor variations for the personal equation; and god is one, and when A, B, and C pray, meditate, concentrate, invoke, chant, utter, watch, resign themselves, it is all one thing in different words. One is a little better, perhaps, for A; and another suits B. But God rewards all alike, in The End. {136}

Mr Waite's grammar is as slovenly as ever: "The said three persons will draw lots among each other."

Mr Waite's scholarship is as slovenly as ever. He refers to Molinos as a Jesuit. I. Biss.

* * * * *

I am learning Scotch (for legal purposes) at present. I know the meaning of "lovite," "compear," "furthcoming," "reponed," "Edictal," "the matter libelled," "effeirs," "teind," "condescendence," "decderned," "arrestments have been used," "diligence of arrestment," "addebted," "averments," "proof was led," "oath of calumny," "sist," "mandatory," "runrig and rundale," "the Record has been placed in the Roll for adjustment" (Not said of a Pianola).

So that I have no time to learn Waitese, such as "palmary," "the imputed standpoint," "scattermeal," "a writer of my known dedications," "in respect of diluted views," "in respect of the mystic term," "in fine," "signal presentations," "it offers an experiment in integration," "casually literate," "some more withdrawn condition," "ineffable typology," "an essence so uttermost," "anywise," "dilucid," "hypostatic," "super-incession," "all antecedents and warrants of precursors," and so on.

but where I can understand Mr Waite I am surprised to find him (as soon as he wishes to speak of the high states) borrowing without acknowledgment from my published works.

WAITE (1911)	†	CROWLEY
The act or "state of being lost"	†	Man's vision goes, dissolves in
in God is that which I have else-	†	God's. "AHA!" 1909.
where described in a perfection of	†	All the illusion gone, behold The
all similitudes --- which is of my	†	One that is. Ib. {137}
adaptation but not of my making	†	"Thou fastenest on
(Is this his apology to me? A.C.)	†	This soul of mine, that it is gone,
when Christ delivers up the King-	†	Gone from all life, and rapt away." Ib.
dom of each soul to His Father,	†	"This I know, that I am gone
and God is all in all.	†	To the heart of God's great diamond."
	†	"The Ladder," 1909.
	†	"I climbed still inwards. At the

‡ moveless point.
 ‡ Where all power, life, light, motion
 ‡ concentrate.
 ‡ I found God dwelling ...
 ‡ He drank my breath,
 ‡ Absorbed my life in His, dispersed me,
 ‡ gave me death."
 ‡ "Aceldama," 1898.
 ‡ "The First House ("i.e." the Father's
 ‡ House) is so brilliant that you can't
 ‡ think; and there, too, is my lover (the
 ‡ Son) and I (the soul) when we are one.
 ‡ "The Wake-World," 1907.

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This is the state beyond the
 state when it is said that "they"
 shall see His face"

‡ "reverent gaze
 ‡ Upon the ancient One of Days,
 ‡ Beyond which fancy lies the Truth."
 ‡ "Pentecost," 1902.
 ‡ "to us the rites of Eleusis should open
 ‡ the doors of Heaven, and we shall enter
 ‡ in and see God face to face!
 ‡ "Eleusis," 1906.
 ‡ "ye also shall see God face to face."
 ‡ Ib.
 ‡ "they do lead one to the Vision of God
 ‡ face to face." Ib.
 ‡ "initiates --- men who have themselves
 ‡ seen god face to face, and lived." Ib.
 ‡ "the three ways to the Holy House
 ‡ of the Old King ... so that is his
 ‡ House, he is the Old King himself, and
 ‡ so are you."
 ‡ "The Wake World," 1907.
 ‡ Leaping all the lesser bars, I shall
 ‡ become the One and All ... and lose
 ‡ myself. "Konx Om Pax," 1907.
 ‡ This were my guerdon; to fade utterly
 ‡ Into the rose-heart of that sanguine
 ‡ vase,
 ‡ And lose my purpose in its silent sea,
 ‡ And lose my life, and find my life, and
 ‡ pass
 ‡ Up to the sea that is as molten glass.
 ‡ "Tannh„user," 1901.
 ‡ "the ego is altogether abased,

{138}

{ absorbed, in the Beloved."
{ "Time," 1906.

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"In that love and in that joining { (Of Dhyana)
together there is "no passage longer" { "The absolute identity
"from subject to object." But this is { Of the beholder and the Vision."
the Godhead." { "Pentecost," 1904.
"The Most Secret, Most Holy { "If a single state of consciousness
Temple, into which God and the { persist unchanged for a period
soul go in (sic! I don't acknowledge { exceeding a very few seconds, its
Mr Waite as a disciple in grammar) { duality is annihilated."
and only one comes out." { "Science and Buddhism," 1904.
{ The object ("scil." of meditation)
{ disappears; in its stead arises a great
{ glory, characterised by a feeling of
{ calm, yet of intense, unimaginable
{ bliss ... it might be absurd to assert
{ that either subject or object
{ disappears in Dhyana to the
{ disadvantage of the other.
{ "Time," 1906.
{ He (the Black Magician) works in a
{ circle. ... He says: I am inside, and
{ you can't get at me. He says One and
{ One are Two! (By the "Black Magician"
{ is here symbolised any person with the
{ normal dualistic consciousness.)
{ "Ali Sloper," 1907.
{ "Destroy him, or be he! That is
{ enough; there is no more to say."
{ "Konx Om Pax," 1907.
{ "Prostrate I wait upon Thy will,
{ Mine Angel, for this grace of
{ union." lb.
{ "nothing is {139}
{ But the intensity of bliss.
{ Being is blasted. That exists."
{ "Aha!" 1909.
{ "All thoughts are evil. Thought is two:
{ The seer and the seen. Eschew
{ That supreme blasphemy, my son,
{ Remembering that God is One."
{ "Aha!" 1909.
{ "In the astral visions the
{ consciousness is hardly disturbed; in

† magical evocations it is intensely
 † exalted; but it is still bound by its
 † original conditions. The Ego is still
 † opposed to the Non-Ego. ... all true
 † mystical phenomena contradict these
 † conditions. In the first place, the
 † Ego and the Non-Ego unite explosively
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 † --- "The Psychology of Hashish," 1909.
 † Samadhi (is) that state of mind in
 † which subject and object, becoming One,
 † have disappeared." lb.
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 † which is Samadhi." lb.
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 † Self and its shadow!"
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 † He (Huxley) denies the assertion of
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 † denial of duality. I have.
 † "Science and Buddhism," 1904.
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 anything but the Divine in his
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 {140}

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 † etc." "John St John," 1908.
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 † Forgetting purposely the wine

† (Though the Arcana of Nibbana
 † Ignore the very name of Cana).
 † He could not pass a heard of swine
 † Without a hint; in fact, in fine,
 † He took His Silence as a sign:
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 † "Konx Om Pax," 1907.
 † "Fifth House, and mostly dream at
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 † Geburah, the house of Magical Power).
 † Ib.

┌

"But after all these wonders,
 rank after rank of the Blessed
 Angels, after all visions of the
 Great White Throne, it is as if a
 quiet centre opened unawares and
 through an immeasurable silence
 drew down the soul --- from one
 many splendours into the one
 splendour ... as if the soul saw
 there the one God and itself as the
 one worshipper. But after a little
 while the worshipper itself has
 dissolved, and from henceforth and
 for ever it has the consciousness of
 God only. ..."

† "Then subtly, easily, imperceptibly
 † gliding, I passed away into nothing.
 † And I was wrapped in the black
 † brilliance of my Lord, that
 † interpenetrated me in every part,
 † fusing its light with my darkness, and
 † leaving there no darkness, but pure
 † light. ... At once, automatically, the
 † interior trembling began again, and
 † again the subtle brilliance flowed
 † through me. The consciousness again
 † died and was reborn as the divine,
 † always without shock or stress. ...
 † Being entered into the Silence, let me
 † abide in Silence!"
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 † "O petty purities and pale,
 † These visions I have spoken of!
 † The Infinite Lord of Light and Love
 † Breaks on the soul like dawn. ...
 † In that fire the soul burns up. {141}
 † One drop from that celestial cup
 † Is an abyss, an infinite sea
 † That sucks up immortality."
 † "Aha!" 1909.
 † "Lie open, a chameleon cup,
 † And let Him suck thine honey up." Ib.

Dozens and scores of other parallel passages could be adduced; but I have sat up half the night already.

It follows that: "either" Mr Waite is a disciple of my own, "or" "the devil is quoting Holy Writ."

I'll risk a bob that he would rather be the devil!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05012.html>

30 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 02 Jul 2017

Jun JUL Aug

02

2016 2017 2018

About this capture

X-RAYS ON EX-PROBATIONERS

RATS leave sinking ships; but you cannot be sure that a ship will sink because you see a rat running away from it. The captain may have given orders about it.

Persecution is like Keating's Powder. It does not injure the most delicate skin, but it removes all vermin.

"Mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted lifted up his heel against me"
--- and then I saw it was the hoof of an ass.

PERDURABO.

{142}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05011.html>

51 captures

6 Mar 2002 - 19 Oct 2025

Mar SEP Feb

19

2022 2023 2024

About this capture

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. IV

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

[The hibernation of A. Quiller, senior, and the approaching marriage of A. Quiller, junior, have prevented either of them from contributing their columns as usual. --- ED.]

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAITE

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC. A. E. WAITE. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 15s.

IT would ill become us to review this book; which, when it was called "The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts," was dismissed by the Editor of the "Goetia" as "a farrago of twenty-fifth-rate shoddy schoolboy journalism." And we are glad to see that in the new edition Mr Waite has corrected his logic by that Editor's light. But the introduction is new, and deserves comment.

Mr Waite still talks as if his mouth were full of hot potatoes. The length and obscurity of his archaisms renders him almost unintelligible to me, an affectation which I find intolerable. Such fools as it may impress are not worth having as followers, unless one is a swindler. In fact (let me whisper in Mr Waite's ear) no follower is worth having.

Mr Waite's central doctrine appears identical with that to which I personally assent; but I think he ruins its simplicity by his insistence on sectarian symbols and on the literalism which he would be the first to condemn in a Methodist.

As to the rituals of ceremonial magic which he condemns, he is right. But the Mass itself is a Magical Ceremony, {135} and he does not condemn the Mass. The ceremonies which might be practised by, say, a neophyte of the A.'. A.'. would be as sublime as, and less tainted than, the services of the Church. Of such rituals Mr Waite is ignorant, more ignorant than the author of "The King's Dole" should be, unless such ignorance be the result of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Further, ceremonial magic, even of the low angelic order, may be a sort of divine trap. The utterance of the Logos is one, but he is heard by divers nations in divers languages. Cannot God deal with a soul even by allowing him to pass through the "Houses of Sin"? Mr Waite blasphemes if he denies it.

As a practical example, I know of a man who took up the blackest magic from sheer hatred of God and Christ, a hatred Shelleyan and Thomsonian. What happened? He found by practice that to call forth an evil spirit you must identify yourself with the god that commands him.

he then saw no use for the demon, and continued with the god. Reason next said: "If with the small god, why not with the great God of all?" And in the upshot he found himself practising exactly the same method as Molinos, St Teresa, Buddha, Father Poulain, St Paul, Meredith Starr, A. E. Waite, Aleister Crowley, and the rest --- and getting the very same results.

Oh, my dear sir, a man is a man, and if you give whisky to A, B, and C, they all get drunk, with minor variations for the personal equation; and god is one, and when A, B, and C pray, meditate, concentrate, invoke, chant, utter, watch, resign themselves, it is all one thing in different words. One is a little better, perhaps, for A; and another suits B. But God rewards all alike, in The End. {136}

Mr Waite's grammar is as slovenly as ever: "The said three persons will draw lots among each other."

Mr Waite's scholarship is as slovenly as ever. He refers to Molinos as a Jesuit. I. Biss.

* * * * *

I am learning Scotch (for legal purposes) at present. I know the meaning of "lovite," "compear," "furthcoming," "reponed," "Edictal," "the matter libelled," "effeirs," "teind," "condescendence," "decdernd," "arrestments have been used," "diligence of arrestment," "addebted," "averments," "proof was led," "oath of calumny," "sist," "mandatory," "runrig and rundale," "the Record has been placed in the Roll for adjustment" (Not said of a Pianola).

So that I have no time to learn Waitese, such as "palmary," "the imputed standpoint," "scattermeal," "a writer of my known dedications," "in respect of diluted views," "in respect of the mystic term," "in fine," "signal presentations," "it offers an experiment in integration," "casually literate," "some more withdrawn condition," "ineffable typology," "an essence so uttermost," "anywise," "dilucid," "hypostatic," "super-incession," "all antecedents and warrants of precursors," and so on.

but where I can understand Mr Waite I am surprised to find him (as soon as he wishes to speak of the high states) borrowing without acknowledgment from my published works.

WAITE (1911)	{	CROWLEY
The act or "state of being lost"	{	Man's vision goes, dissolves in
in God is that which I have else-	{	God's. "AHA!" 1909.
where described in a perfection of	{	All the illusion gone, behold The
all similitudes --- which is of my	{	One that is. Ib. {137}
adaptation but not of my making	{	"Thou fastenest on
(Is this his apology to me? A.C.)	{	This soul of mine, that it is gone,
when Christ delivers up the King-	{	Gone from all life, and rapt away." Ib.
dom of each soul to His Father,	{	"This I know, that I am gone
and God is all in all.	{	To the heart of God's great diamond."
	{	"The Ladder," 1909.
	{	"I climbed still inwards. At the
	{	moveless point.

‡ Where all power, life, light, motion
 ‡ concentrate.
 ‡ I found God dwelling ...
 ‡ He drank my breath,
 ‡ Absorbed my life in His, dispersed me,
 ‡ gave me death."
 ‡ "Aceldama," 1898.
 ‡ "The First House ("i.e." the Father's
 ‡ House) is so brilliant that you can't
 ‡ think; and there, too, is my lover (the
 ‡ Son) and I (the soul) when we are one.
 ‡ "The Wake-World," 1907.

└

This is the state beyond the
 state when it is said that "they"
 shall see His face"

‡ "reverent gaze
 ‡ Upon the ancient One of Days,
 ‡ Beyond which fancy lies the Truth."
 ‡ "Pentecost," 1902.
 ‡ "to us the rites of Eleusis should open
 ‡ the doors of Heaven, and we shall enter
 ‡ in and see God face to face!
 ‡ "Eleusis," 1906.
 ‡ "ye also shall see God face to face."
 ‡ Ib.
 ‡ "they do lead one to the Vision of God
 ‡ face to face." Ib.
 ‡ "initiates --- men who have themselves
 ‡ seen god face to face, and lived." Ib.
 ‡ "the three ways to the Holy House
 ‡ of the Old King ... so that is his
 ‡ House, he is the Old King himself, and
 ‡ so are you."
 ‡ "The Wake World," 1907.
 ‡ Leaping all the lesser bars, I shall
 ‡ become the One and All ... and lose
 ‡ myself. "Konx Om Pax," 1907.
 ‡ This were my guerdon; to fade utterly
 ‡ Into the rose-heart of that sanguine
 ‡ vase,
 ‡ And lose my purpose in its silent sea,
 ‡ And lose my life, and find my life, and
 ‡ pass
 ‡ Up to the sea that is as molten glass.
 ‡ "Tannh„user," 1901.
 ‡ "the ego is altogether abased,
 ‡ absorbed, in the Beloved."

{138}

†

"Time," 1906.

Ł

"In that love and in that joining † (Of Dhyana)

together there is "no passage longer" † "The absolute identity

"from subject to object." But this is † Of the beholder and the Vision."

the Godhead." † "Pentecost," 1904.

"The Most Secret, Most Holy † "If a single state of consciousness

Temple, into which God and the † persist unchanged for a period

soul go in (sic! I don't acknowledge † exceeding a very few seconds, its

Mr Waite as a disciple in grammar) † duality is annihilated."

and only one comes out." † "Science and Buddhism," 1904.

† The object ("scil." of meditation)

† disappears; in its stead arises a great

† glory, characterised by a feeling of

† calm, yet of intense, unimaginable

† bliss ... it might be absurd to assert

† that either subject or object

† disappears in Dhyana to the

† disadvantage of the other.

† "Time," 1906.

† He (the Black Magician) works in a

† circle. ... He says: I am inside, and

† you can't get at me. He says One and

† One are Two! (By the "Black Magician"

† is here symbolised any person with the

† normal dualistic consciousness.)

† "Ali Sloper," 1907.

† "Destroy him, or be he! That is

† enough; there is no more to say."

† "Konx Om Pax," 1907.

† "Prostrate I wait upon Thy will,

† Mine Angel, for this grace of

† union." lb.

† "nothing is {139}

† But the intensity of bliss.

† Being is blasted. That exists."

† "Aha!" 1909.

† "All thoughts are evil. Thought is two:

† The seer and the seen. Eschew

† That supreme blasphemy, my son,

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05012.html>

30 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 2 Jul 2017

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2016 2017 2018

About this capture

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PERDURABO.

{142}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05013.html>

37 captures

6 Mar 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep SEP Feb

19

2021 2023 2024

About this capture

THE VAMPIRE

I DREAM in strange laughterless Mazes;
I wake at the set of the sun;
All popped the paeon of praise is
That lives on the lives it has won.

And crimson grow cheeks that are ashen,
And gold gleam the locks that are grey,
For I live --- and bright blood is my passion,
Hot-veined in the heart of the day!

Aha! For the rapture that dazes!
Wine-drained as the breast of a nun
Droops the throat that my savage soul raises,
Thirsting yet for the life that is done!
Sharp as rocks where strong billows have thundered,
Calm as seas where strange tempests have run,
Strong as Death; were the Derelicts sundered
Feed the Soul without Hope, which is One.

In the Vault of the Infinite Spaces,
By the Moon of a mirrorless Sea,
I lie, while Eternity races ---
Dream-bound in the visions of me.
See popped lips pale in the star-light,
The lustiest swoon at my breath,
Till the were-wolves howl --- ho! 'tis the far light! ---
Even so --- I caress --- it is Death!

ETHEL ARCHER.

{143}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05014.html>

34 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE BIG STICK

A DREAMER'S TALES. By LORD DUNSANY.

Lord Dunsany's prose is like Baudelaire's. I can only criticise five of these tales; for the others I have not yet read forty times!

"Poltarnees" is the best tale ever written of the lure of the Sea. I wish I could think that my "Anima Lunae" helped to inspire it.

"Bethmoora" and "The Hashish Man" are really one tale. Words really fail me here; if I quote one half sentence all who really understand English will know that this is the perfection of the sublime in its simplicity. "Away we went from that small, pale, "heinous" man."

"Pore Ole Bill" seems derived from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and

"the Yarn of the Nancy Bell." Mixed. What could be more ridiculous? Yet I read it again and again, and the oftener I read it the keener does its fascination grip me.

And what shall I say of "The Sword and the Idol"? Only this; that it is true. Lord Dunsany has really beheld the dawn of the Iron Age, and the conquest of the King by the Priest. G. W. Foote ought to publish this tale as an atheistic pamphlet; it is the best ever written. And yet to me "The Silence of Ged" (Oh bold my Lord Dunsany!) came as a voice in the wood at midnight, when the sword-holder raises his steel against Ged. Ged neither hit nor shrank --- in the end the sword was laid as an offering upon his knees.

So let the adept sit smiling through all that may befall him; then those that hate him shall wonder at his strength; in the end they shall worship him. And He, an He speak, shall by speaking save; an He yet keep silence, shall by keeping silence, bless. Amen. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MESSAGE OF THUBA MLEEN

I

Far beyond Utnar V?hi, far beyond
The Hills of Hap,
Sits the great Emperor crowned with diamond,
Twitching the rosary in his lap --- {144}
The rosary whose every bead well-conned
With sleek unblinking bliss
Was once the eyeball of an unborn child of his.

II

He drank the smell of living blood, that hissed
On flame-white steel.
He tittered while his mother's limbs were kissed
By the fish-hooks on the Wheel
That shredded soul and shape, more fine than mist
Is torn by the bleak wind
That blows from Kragua and the unknown lands behind.

III

As the last flesh was flicked, he wearied; slaves
From bright Bethmoora
Sprang forward with carved bowls whose crimson craves
Green wine of hashish, black wine of datura,
Like the Yann's earlier and its latter waves!
These wines soothed well the spleen
Of the Desert's bastard brother Thuba Mleen.

IV

He drank, and eyed the slaves. "'Mwass, Dagricho,
Xu-XCulgulura,
Saddle your mules!" he whispered, "ride full slow
Unto Bethmoora
And bid the people of the city know
That that most ancient snake,
The Crone of Utnar V?hi, is awake."

V

Thus twisted he his dagger in the hearts
Of those two slaves
That bore him wine; for they knew well the arts
Of Utnar V?hi --- what the grey Crone craves! ---
Knew how their kindred in the vines and marts
Of bright Bethmoora, thus accurst,
Would rush to the mercy of the Desert's thirst. {145}

VI

I would that Mana-Yood-Sushai would lean
And listen, and hear
The tittering , thin-bearded, epicene,
Dwarf, fringed with fear,
Of the Desert's bastard brother Thuba Mleen!
For He would wake, and scream
Aloud the Word to annihilate the dream.

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN. By VICTOR B. NEUBURG. The Equinox 5"s"

Shame, Mr Neuburg! Also fie! and tut!
No dog-nosed and blue-faced baboon in rut
Feels as you feel; or if he does, God's mercies
Deny him power to tell his thoughts in verses.

This is a most regrettable collection
Of songs; they deal with unrestrained affection
Unlicensed by the Church and State; what's worse
There's no denying they are first-rate verse.
It surely cannot be that Pan's in clover
And England's days of Sunday-school are over!
PERCY FLAGE.

THE GRACES OF INTERIOR PRAYER. FATHER POULAIN, S. J.

It would be easy, and was tempting, to dismiss Father Pulain and his 650 pages with a jest --- I have done harder things --- for the mountains of his prejudice are difficult to approach across the abyss of his ignorance.

For example, he devotes just a paragraph to "Yogis." These persons he describes as "Hindu Buddhists" who are "Pantheists," and endeavour to produce "a state of stupefaction" in "their mental powers which are very low" and a "comatose condition" of their body, whose joints they dislocate. How well this describes such people as the Buddha and the author of the Bhagavadgita!

What a ring fence is Romanism against not merely truth but information!

We then examine Father Poulain on the scientific side. How does levitation of the Saints take place?

"The simplest explanation, and that most in conformity with the order of Providence, consists in saying: Since the angels have power to move corporeal bodies, God makes use of their ministry, so as to avoid intervening Himself without necessity." {146}

(This is not the translator's blundering, though perhaps much more may be hoped from a lady who says that "Socrates remained for twenty-four hours lost in thought in the camp the Potidaea was besieging." It was Potidaea's way of doing her back hair that made her so generally admired.)

No; this is the real Poulain, 50 per cent. above proof.

I am sorry for this hobble-skirted Atalanta. He must not study mystic facts; all he is allowed to do is to arrange, invent, delete as may suit dogma. He is obliged to accept the nymphomaniac nun Gertrude, and treat her blasphemous maunderings with reverence, or ascribe some peculiarly foul outburst to an "early temptation." He must accept every orthodox levitation, and explain it by weight-lifting competitions among the angels; he must deny every heterodox levitation, or explain it by demonic power. And as one's bitterest enemies are always one's nearest relations, so his bitterest polemics are against the Quietists who are absolutely indistinguishable from the orthodox, and in favour at Rome until the intrigues of the beast of blood of the Society of Jesus destroyed Molinos. Father Poulain even repeats the Catholic Truths about Molinos's confession. But Father Poulain is a Jesuit.

At this stage a reviewer wants to get up and stamp such people into pulp. But the hour is not yet, though Ferrer's blood adds its cry to that of his fellow-martyrs. Rather let us consider the good points in Father Poulain's poultice.

He understand the mysticism of his own system fairly well, and his book forms a most useful document in comparative Occultism. A. C.

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By H. STANLEY REDGRAVE.

A most admirable treatise on the little-understood and misunderstood science of Alchemy. More, the only treatise. Clarity and good sense mark

every line. A book entirely essential to anyone who wishes to study the subject, and to understand, (1) how the alchemists conceived of hierarchical monism, (2) how they preserved mysticism, (3) how they made chemistry possible.

The book is a complete refutation alike of the Pooh-Pooh and the Holy Timmie schools of critics.
LEO VIRIDIS.

LOTUS LEAVES. By ALICE I. HEAD. Elkin Mathews.

I really enjoyed these charming poems.

Now, you know, I don't often say a thing like that! ALICE L. FOOTE.

AN ADVENTURE.

Anonymous.

This little book appears to be the production of an extremely clever young man. {147}

But he should have taken more pains to make the literary style of "Miss Morrison" different from that of "Miss Lamond"; and he should have shown the MS. to a lady. The most improbable event recorded is this: one of two modern ladies, walking at Versailles, sees a woman dressed in the clothes of the period of Louis XVI. --- and makes no remark!

I don't think!

S. HOLMES.

The Porch. Vol. I. NO. 5. John G. Gichtel (Extracts).

Outside 21 Cecil Court I don't suppose one could find a holier man than John G. Gichtel.

He writes likes a Magister Templi, does John G.; and does indeed communicate a little that may be of use to an Adeptus of any kind. But there is nothing for naughty Neophytes, or for poor putrid Probationers. Why doesn't Mr. Watkins issue easy simple straightforward instructions, like the EQUINOX?
PROBATIONER.

Ib. No. 6. THE SEVEN VALLEYS. by FARIDUDDIN ATTAR. 3"d".

A man of good repute who loved God saw Majnun sifting earth in the middle of the road, and said to him: "Oh Majnun! What art thou seeking thus?" "I seek Laylah." "Can a pearl so pure be found in that dust?" "I seek Laylah everywhere, in the hope of finding her one day somewhere."

This was my toil, and the reward is mine.

Of such gems the volume is full.

A. C.

Ib. No. 7. A SERMON FOR WHIT SUNDAY. By JOHN TAULER.

Awful good, but awful dull. Mr Crowley's "Pentecost" is much livelier.

H. G.

SPIRITISM AND INSANITY. By Dr MARCEL VIOLLET.

The worst type of cocksure medical dogmatising rendered into pitifully

Frenchified English. This is (I am told) not the fault of the translator, but of Dr Viollet's arrogance. Good English is not good enough for him. It sounds to me like incipient G.P.I.

TARR, M.B.

DIVORCE PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. E. S. P. HAYNES.

Divorce Law Reform Union. 1"s."

These papers are learned and acute, but also wise and broad-minded.

Mr. Haynes' suggestions go about as far as practical politics allow.

Polygynous Monogamy is the natural state of the Briton, and we cannot sweep it away to pleas a few idealistic cranks. And marriage is a matter too serious to be treated as Houdini treats handcuffs, popping in and out at will. On the other hand, {148} everybody is not a Houdini, and we must help the weaker brethren. No life should be irrevocably accurst. Marriage bonds should be bonds of roses; and if the roses fade, they should be thrown away.

As for me, I feel at present like a cross between Galahad and St Paul. Henry VIII. is but a memory.

MOHAMMED (dated from his suspended coffin).

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. The Equinox. 3"s." 6"d."

this admirable study of a modern temperament, a thoughtful and generous mind at sea in the whirl of these new forces, so difficult to understand at all, so impossible to rate at their real value is a monument of our late colleague's earlier manner.

The book is almost as abstract as Kant, more abstract than Erewhon. Mr Raffalovich when he wrote this had not that lightning flash, the concentration of infinite light into a single lucid symbol, which distinguishes his later work.

The light is calm and cool. If I had to compare this book to another, I should select one of Jane Austen's; and if it is pointed out that I have never read any of Jane Austen's I can retort that neither have I read "The History of a Soul."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PSYCHISM. By M. HUME.

Mrs Hume is a female M.....h S....r. She begins by a long hypothesis full of big words whose meaning she shows no sign of understanding, though the sentence "Lunatics abound" can hardly be denied. The body of the book is made up of rambling statements (unsupported by any sort of evidence) of psychic powers that she possesses, the least of which, if substantiated, would be sufficient to overturn the entire universe; and still more Starry are the "inspirational" poems which disconnectedly impregnate the other rubbish.

"Nay, take her up gently,
Dry thou her tears,
Wind thine arm round her,
Soothe thou her fears."

This seems as obviously borrowed from Hood as her great male analogue

borrowed from any book that he has been reading recently.

"Nature's law rules supreme
Because it is God's.
He framed it,
It must be,
And men are his 'lords.'" {149}

At this point, as Mrs Hume observes, "the strong man reeled in his anguish."
N. W.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

If we were right in suggestion as we did in September, that Mr Edgar Jepson had stolen fire from Mr Blackwood, we must now admit that Mr Blackwood has got more than even. For the "Human Chord" has a plot so like that of No. 19 that we can hardly help thinking that Mr Blackwood must have been studying the methods of William Somerset Maugham, Esq., M.D. In both books we have a lonely place, and a strong man of the magician type, and the beautiful young lady, and the nice young gentleman, who agree after a little experience that it is much better to give up any aspiration higher than that of checking race suicide. Even the incidents in the "Human Chord" suggest "No. 19." The horrible creature coming out of the dark is very like Mr Blackwood's personified sounds, and the final smash-up is of very much the sametype. Mr Blackwood's other sources are the Qabalah, which he appears to have taken from the preface to Mathers, and if he had only added to his library a shilling handbook on sound, he would have avoided some of the more absurd blunders. The distinguishing difference between "No. 19" and the "Human Chord," is that Edgar Jepson is a first-rate story-teller, while Algernon Blackwood is suffering from indigestion brought on by a surfeit of ill-cooked Theosophy. The theories spring up and choke the narrative, and it becometh unfruitful.
GEORGOS.

THE DEUCE AND ALL. By GEORGE RAFFLOVICH. Published by the EQUINOX.
Price 3"s." 6"d." and 1"s." net.

I can find no words of any known language strong and emphatic enough to express my admiration of this extraordinary volume. Twelve tales! The twelve Pointed Star of Genius! An introduction that is a Revelation! Magical knowledge thrown away! Psychology never at fault! Truly the Book to read again and again.

But, mind you, do not let it fall into the hands of elderly people. "They" "would never die."
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

POEMS. By VICTOR RATCLIFFE. Cambridge, 1910.

The title of this little volume is misleading.
CANTAB.

BRACKEN. By JOHN TREVENA.

This is a very fine study of west country life. Jaspar Ramridge is a schoolmaster, and can see nothing but discipline.

Cuthbert Orton is a schoolboy, and can see nothing but revolt against that discipline. {150}

Neither grows up. So when they start to create, the boy produces a creature of naked emotion and no more; the man a creature of naked intellect and no more. The first is an animal, the second a devil.

This is our own doctrine; but never have I seen it better expressed.

It is not the province of man to create, but to beget. The father of the girl who is in turn obsessed by Orton and Ramridge is a perfect ass; but he made a very good job once in his life.

Let this admirable book be a warning to all those who seek magical power, or to teach pupils.

If you obtain magical powers, as is easy, you can only use it to destroy both yourself and your victims, unless by a greater miracle than the magic itself. If you seek to teach, your pupils are almost sure to misunderstand.

The alternative is to initiate; and this can only be done by those who are no longer men or magicians.

Let me congratulate Mr Trevena upon a most enthralling and instructive book.
O. H.

THE WHIRLPOOL. By ETHEL ARCHER. The Equinox. 1"s." net.

I can add nothing to the appreciation which I have written for preface to this volume, which all should read.
ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Look at the cover, and shudder!

In this masterpiece of illustration dwells the very soul of the book, --- the virgin emaciated with insatiable passion; the verminous, illicit night-bird of a prehistoric age (the only conceivable steed for such an one!); the turbid waters of imagery; the lurid sky to which tentacular arms appeal to loves too luscious for this world, are all embodied in this simple design. The artist has seized the loathsome horror of the book, --- I feared even to sign it.

Look at the cover and shudder; then read it if you dare!

E. J. WIELAND

The obsurer phases of love, the more mystic side of passion, have never been more enchantingly delineated than they are by Ether Archer, in this delightfully vicious book.

Terrible in its na?vet?, astounding in its revelations, "The Whirlpool" is the complete morbid expression of that infinite disease of the spirit spoken of in Thelema.

For my own personal opinion I refer readers to my exquisite introductory sonnet to the volume.
VICTOR.

The first thing one wishes to know on completing this extraordinary volume is: --- What is the author's definition of Art? Some say that the definition of Art is to please; I say Art is artifice; Phil May said something which conveys nothing {151} if translated into Latin, and is unprintable in English. If the author holds Phil Mar's opinion she has, of course, ever right to continue printing such books; if, however, her idea of Art is to please, then

Ether Archer's idea of pleasure is as warped as her nature.

To the Philistine Public this book will have but one use --- it contains just sufficient paper to set the drawing-room fire agoing in event of returning home after the domestics have retire to rest. Those, however, who appreciate good verse, will find just sufficient warmth therein to read it though the fire be out.

BUNCO.

Especially after a last glance at the wonderful cover, I think that The World's Pool of Sound suggests itself as an alternative title to this thin volume. This but bony --- nor could sweeter marrow be found elsewhere. The volume has, I am afraid, an unfortunate horoscope, owing no doubt to some affliction in Virgo, with no correspondingly strong influence from the house of Taurus. Let us leave it at that.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

Babes of the Abyss! behold Form without Soul! Of womanhood (philosophical Weininger-womanhood!) Ether Archer is the supreme expression. She is passion? rebours; L?-bas in excelsis. One can imagine her writhing away from even the infamies and hysterics of Canon Docre; or, having won her broomstick, declining to go to the Sabbath. Hers is the glass fruit of Murano, with its tinkling bells; hers that obscene chastity which blasphemes love and holds the candle to vice. Hers is the prudery and respectability which can pass through all fires unscorched, unwarmed. Hers is the soul of the real succuba, as that was before man idealised it away into a vampire of voluptuousness.

Miss Archer (God help her!) is still young; her verse halts and her technique is faulty; it is amateurish. But she only needs a little hard work and experience to produce the vilest ravings that ever foamed upon the fleshless lips of a lost soul.

Unless that work redeems her. For she is as idle as she is vicious. The book is a masterpiece of horror, in its way; every one should read it and shudder.

LAURA GRAHAME.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!

ETHEL ARCHER. {152}

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, etc. BERNARD SHAW.

The preface to the first of these plays is a pointless hotchpotch of ignorant balderdash, the eavesdropping of a doctor's flunky translated to a suburban layman. sometimes it hits the marks; the law of chance provides for this event.

The play is even worse rubbish.

Follows a dull, dirty stupid, prolix, foolish farrago about marriage. "By George!" cried Somerset, "Three days of you have transformed me into an ancient Roman!" Bernard Shaw is the nearest approach to the redoubtable Zero

that seems possible. I have had doubts about marriage, and troubles in marriage; but Shaw has made me feel partly like St Paul and partly like Queen Victoria.

But there is no need to take Shaw seriously. He has lived so long as cock-of-the-walk of his mattoid dunghill of sexless and parasexual degenerates that he has lost sight of the world altogether. Probably a sewer-rat thinks that fresh air smells nasty. Nor, one may add, is much consideration due to a person so ignorant as to write "dumbfoundered" for "dumfoundered" and "laudatores temporis acti." "Til" for "till" is doubtless only a foolish faddism intended to irritate, like the Old Philadelphia Lady in the "New York" "Herald," but he has not here sense of humour.

There is some ground, though, for hoping that the "Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" merely mark the temporary eclipse of a great mind. For the remarks on the Censor are quite informed and sensible, and Blanco Posnet is really quite good. The characters are human and living --- a welcome change indeed from the dogmatic dummies of the other two plays. A. C.

CAGLIOSTRO. By W. H. TROWBRIDGE.

I have a prejudice against memoirs of a century ago. They are usually pornographic tittle-tattle, absolutely pointless, the favourite reading of a Colonel Glumley. One expects to see them in a still-life whose other ingredients are birches tied up with blue ribbons, and imitations of the Inimitable.

What, then, was my pleasure in finding this study of Cagliostro a well-written and profoundly interesting book!

The man problem of Cagliostro's identity is discussed with marvellous power and fascination.

Mr Trowbridge's review of eighteenth-century occultism is strikingly sane and intelligent. Knowing nothing of the causes *a priori*, he has judged by the effects, and these have not betrayed him. Indeed, had Mr Trowbridge sworn secrecy to the modern Illuminati, I am afraid that he might have his s...l {153} s..n across, and his b....s exposed to the s.....g r..s of the s..n before now!

I think Mr Trowbridge is too ready to assume that the initiations of Egyptian Masonry were ridiculous. On what documents does he base his description? It is always open to a Mason to reply to an "exposure" that those who tell don't know, and those who know don't tell. My own small knowledge of the matter assures me that the accounts given on pp. 111 and 112, 120 and 121 are entirely foreign to that knowledge and *a priori* most unlikely. It is incredible that one to whom so many impressive rites were accessible should found his system on tomfoolery.

I wish Mr Trowbridge could have found time to study intimately for a month the life of a modern master.

As it is, the most natural phenomena perturb him. The periodical disappearances of his hero annoy the historian; yet this is the first

condition of the life of a Magus, like the disappearance of salmon from rivers. Unless one went back to the sea pretty often, those silver scales would blacken.

Many other matter, too, would have suggested their own explanation. However, the historian's native wit has gone very far to supply him with motives for Cagliostro. What puzzles fools, whether they be Jewish, Russian, French, or naturalised Englishmen, in estimating the actions of an adept, is this; they have not the smallest notion of what he loves, or even of what he sees. Cagliostro is fortunate in finding a student with good sense and perspicacity. It is only a step from Cagliostro's vindication (successfully accomplished in this book) to his triumph. Mr Trowbridge will come one day to see that his high mission was not a failure, recognise that Dumas is the most illuminated of historians as well as the most fascinating of novelists.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE WAY OF THE SOUL, a legend in line and verse. By WILLIAM T. HORTON.

A little while ago I begged the Deity to forbid that William T. Horton should become vocal. My prayer was not heard.

Again, William T. Horton begged the Deity not to let the Equinox review his book.

His prayer has not been heard.

Enough to shake anybody's faith!

There is a most illuminated forward by Ralph Shirley, a thing I could wish to have written myself.

And now for the Reverse of the Medal.

The principal subject of illustration is a series of accordion-pleated cliffs {154} made of Sunlight soap, waters made of vermicelli, suns indicated by circles drawn with a compass surrounded by lines drawn with a very unsteady hand to represent rays --- surely a ruler would have been neater? --- moons cut out of cardboard probably by his little sister, trees rather well done as they are accurately copied from Morris & Co., flaming swords like fly-switches, roses and stars and the rest, all conceived and executed with inconceivable coarseness, banality, and an absolute lack of any sense of beauty on the one hand and technical skill on the other. Such drawing would be rejected by the vulgarest comic papers; the best examples do not reach the standard of Ally Sloper, though the feeling approximates to that journal's at its nadir.

I did not mention that there are numerous attempts to represent divine, angelic, and human forms; the subject is beyond my power of expression.

As it is, I can only beg my readers to buy this book, for these drawings must be seen to be believed. And even then? Their existence is incompatible with that of god.

The only other way to save my credit is to quote (without comment; I am only human) the "verse"; it is better than the drawings, but it will give an idea of what William T. Horton really can do.

Isis-Osiris, Lo! on Thy throne

Two-in-One, apart, alone,
Breathe on us of Thy might;
Ruler of Love an Light
Isis-Osiris on Thy golden throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone.

.
The Future hid,
The Soul, in Love,
Goes where 'tis bid.
By Love above.

.
Within a cold and barren land,
Whereon, at times, a moon doth shine
A tree of Life doth upright stand,
Close by a gap, near a deep mine.

.
I know that over there,
Behind the crescent moon,
There waits for me somewhere,
One I shall meet full soon.

. {155}
Thy heart shall weary
And thy Soul shall cry,
Till thou findest me,
Thy Bride from on high.

.
Star of my Hope to thee I call
Upon the way I stumbling fall
Shine thou upon my weary soul
Disperse the clouds that o'er me roll.

I faint for thee with dear desire
My heart with longing oft doth tire
To thee I climb --- ah! shine on me
Disclose thyself, revealed be.

Why hidest thou from me thy face?
Come forth, thy hand in mine, Sweet, place;
I stand where many coss roads meet
Oh! guide and guard my faltering feet

.
Within it's Crystal House the Soul,
Made perfect, sits enthroned in joy,
Around it all Earth's clouds may roll,
But nought can harm it, or annoy.
.

Isis, Mother of all the gods,
By Thee th' aspiring Soul doth rise;
No more on Earth it blindly plods
But, Spirit-freed, mounts to the skies.

The late Leonard Smithers once told me an anecdote, for whose truth I do not vouch.

William T. Horton was walking across a moor (I think it was Clapham Common) at night to be an architect, when he heard a voice,

"Turn again, Hor-ton,
Ar-tist of Lon-don!"

He turned. But I don't agree with Leonard Smithers' comment that William T. Horton could have made a good architect; I prefer the sober judgment of Ethel Archer that he might have been trained to be a bricklayer.

ALEISTER CROWLEY {156}

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By J. ARTHUR HILL.

A very interesting record, written fairly and conceived clearly. There is absolutely none of the sentimentality which degrades 99.9 per cent. of Spiritistic "research."

I must confess that "Watson" does not impress me. He is too terribly correct in his facts. To admit the supernormal hypothesis here would be to betray all good sense. However unlikely it may appear, Watson must have known the facts.

For otherwise, if he can describe and name some fifteen relatives of "F. K.," he ought --- in the course of a lifetime --- to do as much for many others. But he doesn't

The argument is this. Suppose my aeroplane does just manage to leave the ground for a few yards, one can explain it away. But if I fly from London to New York, I show such power that it is reasonable to insist on my flying at least a few miles to order.

I challenge Watson to give me the name of one relative of a stranger that I bring him.

the cross-correspondences are more satisfactory. But the hypothesis of spirits is quite unnecessary.

If we admit, as any Pantheist would admit, that subliminal Mrs Verral is identical with or in communication with subliminal Mrs Piper, there is no mystery left, no suggestion of Myers to pit against the blank failure of the sealed letter test. Further, I distrust "Mrs Holland." I cannot believe that any one is so imbecile as not to solve the Hodgson cipher at a single glance. But a grande hyst,rique forging the script might pretend to be unable to decipher it.

I have seen more fraud from the vanity of amateurs than from the cupidity of professionals. So, in the end, to this record as to all others, I enter the Scotch verdict.

A. C.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS. By ETHELBERT JOHNSON.

A charming little book, a book of understanding. But this one thing he does not understand, that He who should come hath indeed come. "For we have seen His Star in the West, and are come to worship Him." L. T. {157}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no5/eqi05015.html>

37 captures

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About this capture

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE PERFECT SHOPKEEPER"

25 OLD BOND STREET,
LONDON, W., 11th Feb. 1911."

DEAR SIR, --- I have heard from our Lawyers (to whom you compelled us to go to obtain payment from you) that you have paid "£6 into court in settlement of our account of "£9, 10"s.", of which "£8, 10"s.", is for repairs to a suit case brought to us in very bad state, the remaining "£1 being simply money paid out of pocket to our workman for watch and coffee-pot repairs, etc.

In instructing our Lawyers to accept such payment, we think it best to state that had you at any time told us you objected to any of the charges we should at once have tried to have met your wishes and pleased you, but you never have complained, simply ignoring all our applications for payment as on previous occasions with your accounts. The write, you may possibly remember, had an interview with you here in June 1906, when he remonstrated with you strongly on your very shabby treatment; you there and then, to make up for it perhaps, gave us an order, selecting the very fine suit case over which your were, by the special instructions of the writer, put on most liberal terms for cash.

Perhaps having treated us so shabbily again you will give us another order, for if letting people in for needless Lawyers' expense is your idea of right from wrong it is very different from

Yours faithfully,

A. ELLIOTT of

J. W. BENSON LTD.

"P.S." --- if calling, kindly ask for the writer, who will be pleased to see you again.

E. A. CROSLEY, Esq.,
124 Victoria Street, S. W.

[This letter (a masterpiece of autopsychography) should be read in the light of the article published in No. iv. pp. 311-313. A.C.]

[This correspondence must "not" now cease. --- ED.]

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About this capture

STOP PRESS REVIEWS

THE NEW GOD AND OTHER ESSAYS. By RALPH SHIRLEY.

These remarkable essays have much of the depth and lucidity of Huxley, with a greater power of sustaining the interest of the casual reader. Mr. Shirley has the gift of bringing life into controversies long since dead and buried, of showing their importance to us, of restating them in terms of actuality. Moreover his standpoint is most sane. he is a questioner and critic not obsessed by the microscopic accuracy of the logician, but able to see things with human eyes.

To the metaphysician professed, therefore, he may seem shallow. One may quarrel for instance with his attempted disproof of the theory that the Universe is a single phenomenon. One may assert that without experience of Samadhi it is impossible to understand what is meant by the theory. Mr. Shirley cannot realize that Time and Space are accidental forms of our consciousness, no more essential to it than a harem skirt to the Venus of Milo.

Suppose a cinematograph show observed by a man on earth and a man on the sun (with a devil of a telescope!) at 10.40, and their observations compared. The solar will regard the terrestrial as a prophet, for the latter can see at 10.40 what the former sees at 10.48 or thereabouts. With space it is the same

thing. Assumer a fourth dimension, and Calcutta may rub streets with Buenos Ayres. The Battle of Waterloo may be merely one name for a phenomenon whose other names are John Brown, saucepan, geometry, etc., etc./

These conceptions are hard to realize intellectually. Mr. Shirley is too sane; has never tortured his mind to the point of grasping such whirlwinds and making them the breath of his nostrils. But one minute in Samadhi, and he would understand the actuality of such imaginations. Not that facts are so discovered; it is the attainment of a point of view.

And were this apex added to the broad pyramid of his common sense, we should have another St. John the Divine, an incarnation of the Eagle Kerub, no longer as now merely the subtlety of the Serpent and the sharpness of the Scorpion.

LEO.

[We regret that urgency forbids detailed criticism of this admirable volume. We should in particular have liked to argue the "Rite" theory of the Crucifixion. As it is, we can only refer the author to J. M. Robertson's "Pagan Christs." --- ED.]

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By ISADOR H. CORIAT, M.D.

"Stage fright is also a condition of pathological fear." To such a degree of absurdity can specialization bring an unbalanced mind. Fear is only pathological when it has no reasonable basis.

This is enough to show the worthlessness of this ill-written book.

It is amusing to find the author quoting Mrs. Verral as conclusive proof against any supernormal element in automatic writing, while Mr. Hill quotes the same experiments as conclusive proof for it. But Mr. Hill is a student of science; Dr. Coriat a flatulent gastrologian.

ERIC TAIT.

MAN --- KING OF MIND, BODY, AND CIRCUMSTANCE. By JAMES ALLEN.

The important disclosures of this unpretentious volume mark a new epoch in human thought.

Good is better than evil. Bad habits should be broken. Health is more desirable than disease. Happiness gives more happiness than unhappiness does. Work is more useful than idleness. Selfishness is bad; unselfishness is good. Suffering is common. Dwelling upon one's petty troubles and ailments is a manifestation of weakness of character.

The reviewer, staggered by revelations so overwhelming, can only fall upon his knees and burst into a flood of tears.

But think of the chagrin of Lord Avebury!

M. TUPPER.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account of the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;
The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;
The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;
The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover-design in gold.

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*

Some Press Opinions

"Dr. M. D. EDER in "The New Age"

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, but misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself --- fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

"John Bull," in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN"

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humorist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

"The Times"

"The Light wherein he writes is the .V.X., of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness cause by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. ... It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX --- the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross --- that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

"The Literary Guide"

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. 'Konx Om Pax' is the apotheosis of extravagance. the last word in eccentricity. A prettily told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent --- --- which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing --- together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section --- 'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

OCCULTISM

RAMSEY (William). Astrologie Restored: being an Introduction to the General and Chief part of the Language of the Stars, in four Books, folio. "Fine"

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your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says --- several alphabets we should prefer to say --- is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the "imprimatur" of some body with the mysterious title of the A ∴ A ∴, and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indincible arcanum is an arcanum which "cannot" be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

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I AM in a vast crystal cube in the form of the Great God Harpocrates. This

cube is surrounded by a sphere. About me are four archangels in black robes, their wings and armour lined out in white.

In the North is a book on whose back and front are A.M.B.Z. in Enochian characters.

Within it is written:

I AM, the surrounding of the four.

Lift up your heads, O Houses of Eternity: for my Father goeth forth to judge the World. One Light, let it become a thousand, and one sword ten thousand, that no man hide him from my Father's eye in the Day of Judgment of my God. Let the Gods hide themselves: let the Angels be troubled and flee away: for the Eye of My Father is open, and the Book of the Aeons is fallen.

Arise! Arise! Arise! Let the Light of the Sight of Time be extinguished: let the Darkness cover all things: for my Father goeth forth to seek a spouse to replace her who is fallen and defiled.

Seal the book with the seals of the Stars Concealed: for {3} the Rivers have rushed together and the Name HB:Heh HB:Vau HB:Heh HB:Yod is broken in a thousand pieces (against the Cubic Stone).

Tremble ye, O Pillars of the Universe, for Eternity is in travail of a Terrible Child; she shall bring forth an universe of Darkness, whence shall leap forth a spark that shall put his father to flight.

The Obelisks are broken; the stars have rushed together: the Light hath plunged into the Abyss: the Heavens are mixed with Hell.

My Father shall not hear their Noise: His ears are closed: His eyes are covered with the clouds of Night.

The End! the End! the End: For the Eye of Shiva He hath opened: the Universe is naked before Him: for the Aeon of Saturn leaneth toward the Bosom of Death.

{Illustration on page 4 described:

This is an isosceles triangle with height about 7 times the base. It extends with base on a true vertical from the left. A line extends vertically upward from the apex, equal to the length of the base. A trefoliolate of three isosceles triangles of base slightly smaller than the first triangle and sides equal to the first triangle is created at the upper tip of the line. The tree component triangles of the terfoliate meet the upper tip of the line with their apices --- one vertically and two to right and left.}

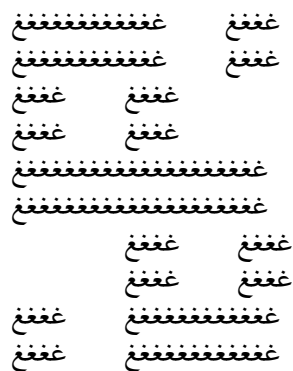
The Angel of the East hath a book of red written in letters of Blue A.B.F.M.A. in Enochian. The Book grows before my eyes and filleth the Whole Heaven.

Within: "It is Written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God."

I see above the Book a multitude of white-robed Ones from whom droppeth a great rain of Blood; but above them is a Golden Sun, having an eye, whence a great Light.

I turned me to the South: and read therein:
 Seal up the Book! Speak not that which thou seest and {4} reveal it unto
 none: for the ear is not framed that shall hear it: nor the tongue that can
 speak it!
 O Lord God, blessed, blessed, blessed be Thou for ever!
 Thy Shadow is as great Light.
 Thy Name is as the Breath of Love across all Worlds.

{Illustration on page 5 approximated:



(A vast Svastika is shewn unto me behind the Angel with the Book.)
 Rend your garments, O ye clouds! Uncover yourselves! for the Love of My
 Son!

Who are they that trouble thee?
 Who are they that slew thee?
 O Light! Come thou, who art joined with me to bruise the Dragon's head.
 We, who are wedded, and the Earth perceiveth it not!
 O that Our Bed were seen of Men, that they might rejoice in My Fertility:
 that My Sister might partake of My Great Light.
 O Light of God, when wilt thou find the heart of man --- write not! I
 would not that men know the Sorrow of my Heart, Amen!

I turned me to the West, and the Archangel bore a flaming Book, on which
 was written AN in Enochian. Within was drawn a fiery scorpion, yet cold
 withal.

Until the Book of the East be opened!
 Until the hour sound! {5}
 Until the Voice vibrate!
 Until it pierce my Depth;
 Look not on High!
 Look not Beneath!
 For thou wilt find a life which is as Death: or a Death which should be

infinite.

For Thou art submitted to the Four: Five thou shalt find, but Seven is lone and far.

O Lord God, let Thy Spirit hither unto me!

For I am lost in the night of infinite pain: no hope: no God: no resurrection: no end: I fall: I fear.

O Saviour of the World, bruise Thou my Head with Thy foot to save the world, that once again I touch Him whom I slew, that in my death I feel the radiance and the heat of the moving of Thy Robes!

Let us alone! What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?

Go! Go!

If I keep silence --- Or if I speak each word is anguish without hope.

And I heard the Aethyr cry aloud "Return! Return! Return! For the work is ended; and the Book is shut; and let the glory be to God the Blessed for ever in the Aeons, Amen." Thus far is the voice of TEX and no more.

THE CRY OF THE TWENTY AND NINTH AIRE OR AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED RII

The sky appears covered with stars of gold; the background is of green. But the impression is also of darkness. {6}

An immense eagle-angel is before me. His wings seem to hide all the Heaven.

He cried aloud saying: The Voice of the Lord upon the Waters: the Terror of God upon Mankind. The voice of the Lord maketh the Skies to tremble: the Stars are troubled: the Aires fall. The First Voice Speaketh and saith: Cursed, cursed be the Earth, for her iniquity is great. Oh Lord! Let Thy Mercy be lost in the great Deep! Open thine eyes of Flame and Light, O God, upon the wicked! Lighten thine Eyes! The Clamour of Thy Voice, let it smite down the Mountains!

Let us not see it! Cover we our eyes, lest we see the End of Man.

Close we our ears, lest we hear the cry of Woman.

Let none speak of it: let none write it: I, I am troubled, my eyes are moist with dew of terror: surely the Bitterness of Death is past.

And I turned me to the South and lo! a great lion as wounded and perplexed.

He cried: I have conquered! Let the Sons of Earth keep silence; for my Name is become as That of Death!

When will men learn the Mysteries of Creation?

How much more those of the Dissolution (and the Pang of Fire)?

I turned me to the West and there was a great Bull; White with horns of White and Black and Gold. His mouth was scarlet and his eyes as Sapphire stones. With a great sword he shore the skies asunder, and amid the silver

flashes of the steel grew lightnings and deep clouds of Indigo. {7}

He spake: It is finished! My mother hath unveiled herself!

My sister hath violated herself! The life of things hath disclosed its Mystery.

The work of the Moon is done! Motion is ended for ever!

Clipped are the eagle's wings: but my Shoulders have not lost their strength.

I heard a Great Voice from above crying: Thou liest! For the Volatile hath indeed fixed itself; but it hath arisen above thy sight. The World is desert: but the Abodes of the House of my Father are peopled; and His Throne is crusted over with white Brilliant Stars, a lustre of bright gems.

In the North is a Man upon a Great Horse, having a Scourge and Balances in his hand (or a long spear glitters at his back or in his hand). He is clothed in black velvet and his face is stern and terrible.

He spake saying: I have judged! It is the end: the gate of the beginning. Look in the Beneath and thou shalt see a new world!

I looked and saw a great abyss and a dark funnel of whirling waters or fixed airs, wherein were cities and monsters and trees and atoms and mountains and little flames (being souls) and all the material of an universe.

And all are sucked down one by one, as necessity hath ordained. For below is a glittering jewelled globe of gold and azure, set in a World of Stars.

And there came a Voice from the Abyss, saying: "Thou seest the Current of Destiny! Canst thou change one atom in {8} its path? I am Destiny. Dost thou think to control me? for who can move my course?"

And there falleth a thunderbolt therein: a catastrophe of explosion: and all is shattered. And I saw above me a Vast Arm reach down, dark and terrible, and a voice cried: I AM ETERNITY.

And a great mingled cry arose: "No! no! no! All is changed; all is confounded; naught is ordered: the white is stained with blood: the black is kissed of the Christ! Return! Return! It is a new chaos that thou findest here: chaos for thee: for us it is the skeleton of a New Truth!"

I said: Tell me this truth: for I have conjured ye by the Mighty Names of God, the which ye cannot but obey.

The voice said:

Light is consumed as a child in the Womb of its Mother to develop itself anew. But pain and sorrow infinite, and darkness are invoked. For this child riseth up within his Mother and doth crucify himself within her bosom. He extendeth his arms in the arms of his Mother and the Light becometh fivefold¹.

Lux in Luce,

Christus in Cruce;

Deo Duce

Sempiterno.

And be the glory for ever and ever unto the Most High God, Amen!

Then I returned within my body, giving glory unto the Lord of Light and of the Darkness. In Saecula Saeculorum. Amen!

(On composing myself to sleep, I was shewn an extremely brilliant HB:Dalet in the Character of the Passing of the River, in an egg of white light. And I take this as the best of Omens. The letter was extremely vivid and indeed apparently physical. Almost a Dhyana.)

"November 17, 1900, Die."

A NOTE

Concerning the thirty Aethyrs:

The Visions of the 29th and 30th Aethyrs were given to me in Mexico in August, 1900, and I am now (23.11.9) trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked that the last three aethyrs have ten angels attributed to them, and they therefore represent the ten Sephiroth. Yet these ten form but one, a Malkuth-pendant to the next three, and so on, each set being, as it were, absorbed in the higher. The last set consists, therefore, of the first three aethyrs with the remaining twenty-seven as their Malkuth. And the letters of the first three aethyrs are the key-sigils of the most exalted interpretation of the Sephiroth.

I is therefore Kether;
L, Chokmah and Binah;
A, Chesed;
N, Geburah; {10}
R, Tiphereth;
Z, Netzach;
N, Hod;
O, Jesod.

The geomantic correspondences of the Enochian alphabet form a sublime commentary.

Note that the total angels of the aethyrs are 91, the numeration of Amen.

The Cry of the 28th Aethyr, Which is Called BAG

There cometh an Angel into the stone with opalescent shining garments like a wheel of fire on every side of him, and in his hand is a long flail of

1 The LVX Cross hidden in the Svastika is probably the Arcanum here connoted.

Svastika itself adds to $231 = 0 + 1 + 2 + \dots + 21$, the 21 Keys. The cubical Svastika regarded as composed of this LVX Cross and the arms has a total of 78 Faces --- Tarot and Mezla. scarlet lightning; his face is black, and his eyes white without any pupil or iris. The face is very terrible indeed to look upon. Now in front of him is

a wheel, with many spokes, and many tyres; it is like a fence in front of him.

And he cries: O man, who art thou that wouldst penetrate the Mystery? for it is hidden unto the End of Time.

And I answer him: Time is not, save in the darkness of Her womb by whom evil came.

And now the wheel breaks away, and I see him as he is. His garment is black beneath the opal veils, but it is lined with white, and he has the shining belly of a fish, and enormous wings of black and white feathers, and innumerable little legs and claws like a centipede, and a long tail like a scorpion. The breasts are human, but they are all scored with blood; and he cries: O thou who hast broken down the veil, knowest thou not that who cometh where I am must be scarred by many sorrows? {11}

And I answer him: Sorrow is not, save in the darkness of the womb of Her by whom came evil.

I pierce the Mystery of his breast, and therein is a jewel. It is a sapphire as great as an ostrich egg, and thereon is graven this sigil:

{Illustration on page 12 described:

This is in the form of two "U" shapes, very elongated in the risers. The one to the right is lower than the first, and its left riser extends 2/3's of the way up inside the center of the one to the left. The left "U" turns back down to the far left, ending 1/5th the way down in a tiny circle. The right bends abruptly horizontally left across the other and also ends there in a tiny circle.}

But there is also much writing on the stone, very minute characters carved. I cannot read them. He points with his flail to the sapphire, which is now outside him and bigger than himself; and he cries: Hail! warden of the Gates of Eternity who knowest not thy right hand from thy left; for in the aeon of my Father is a god with clasped hands wherein he holdeth the universe, crushing it into the dust that ye call stars.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right eye from thy left; for in the aeon of my Father there is but one light.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right nostril from thy left; for in the aeon of my Father there is neither life nor death.

Hail unto thee who knowest not thy right ear from thy left; for in the aeon of my Father there is neither sound nor silence.

Whoso hath power to break open this sapphire stone shall find therein four elephants having tusks of mother-of-pearl, and upon whose backs are castles, those castles which ye call the watch-towers of the Universe.

Let me dwell in peace within the breast of the Angel that is warden of the aethyr. Let not the shame of my Mother be {12} unveiled. Let not her be put to shame that lieth among the lilies that are beyond the stars.

O man, that must ever be opening, when wilt thou learn to seal up the mysteries of the creation? to fold thyself over thyself as a rose in the

embrace of night? But thou must play the wanton to the sun, and the wind must tear thy petals from thee, and the bee must rob thee of thy honey, and thou must fall into the dusk of things. Amen and Amen.

Verily the light is hidden, therefore he who hideth himself is like unto the light; but thou openest thyself; thou art like unto the darkness that bindeth the belly of the great goddess².

OLAHO VIRUDEN MAHORELA ZODIREDA! ON PIREDA EXENTASER; ARBA
PIRE GAH GAHA
GAHAL GAHALANA VO ABRA NA GAHA VELUCORSAPAX.

2 In the light of the cry of LOE, this passage seems to mean
precisely the
opposite of its apparent meaning.

And the voice of the aeon cried: Return, return, return! the time sickeneth, and the space gapeth, and the voice of him that is, was and shall be crowned rattles in the throat of the mighty dragon of eld. Thou canst not pass by me, except thou have the mystery of the word of the abyss.

Now the angel putteth back the sapphire stone into his breast; and I spake unto him and said, I will fight with thee and overcome thee, except thou expound unto me the word of the abyss.

Now he makes as if to fight with me. (It is very horrible, all the tentacles moving and the flail flashing, and the fierce {13} eyeless face, strained and swollen. And with the Magic sword I pierce through his armour to his breast. He fell back, saying: Each of these my scars was thus made, for I am the warden of the aethyr. And he would have said more; but I cut him short, saying: expound the word of the Abyss. And he said: Discipline is sorrowful and ploughing is laborious and age is weariness.

Thou shalt be vexed by dispersion.

But now, if the sun arise, fold thou thine arms; then shall God smite thee into a pillar of salt.

Look not so deeply into words and letters; for this Mystery hath been hidden by the Alchemists. Compose the sevenfold into a fourfold regimen; and when thou hast understood thou mayest make symbols; but by playing child's games with symbols thou shalt never understand. Thou hast the signs; thou hast the words; but there are many things that are not in my power, who am but the warden of the 28th Aethyr.

Now my name thou shalt obtain in this wise. Of the three angels of the Aethyr, thou shalt write the names from right to left and from left to right and from right to left, and these are the holy letters:

The first 1, the fifth 2, the sixth 3, the eleventh 4, the seventh 5, the twelfth 6, the seventeenth 7.

Thus hast thou my name who am above these three, but the angels of the 30th Aethyr are indeed four, and they have none above them; wherefore dispersion and disorder.

Now cometh from every side at once a voice, terribly great, crying: Close

the veil; the great blasphemy hath been uttered; the face of my Mother is scarred by the nails of the devil. Shut the book, destroy the breaker of the seal! {14}

And I answered: Had he not been destroyed he had not come hither, for I am not save in the darkness in the womb of Her by whom came evil into the world.

And this darkness swallows everything up, and the angel is gone from the stone; and there is no light therein, save only the light of the Rose and of the Cross.

AUMALE, ALGERIA.

"November" 23, 1909, between 8 and 9 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 27TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZAA

There is an angel with rainbow wings, and his dress is green with silver, a green veil over silver armour. Flames of many-coloured fire dart from him in all directions. It is a woman of some thirty years old, and she has the moon for a crest, and the moon is blazoned on her heart, and her sandals are curved silver, like the moon.

And she cries: Lonely am I and cold in the wilderness of the stars. For I am the queen of all them that dwell in Heaven, and the queen of all them that are pure upon earth, and the queen of all the sorcerers of hell.

I am the daughter of Nuit, the lady of the stars. And I am the Bride of them that are vowed unto loneliness. And I am the mother of the Dog Cerberus. One person am I, and three gods.

And thou who hast blasphemed me shalt suffer knowing me. For I am cold as thou art cold, and burn with thy fire. Oh, when shall the war of the Aires and the elements be accomplished?

Radiant are these falchions of my brothers, invisibly about me, but the might of the aethyrs beneath my feet beareth me {15} down. And they avail not to sever the Kamillos. There is one in green armour, with green eyes, whose sword is of vegetable fire. That shall avail me. My son is he, --- and how shall I bear him that have not known man?

All this time intolerable rays are shooting forth to beat me back or destroy me; but I am encased in an egg of blue-violet, and my form is the form of a man with the head of a golden hawk. While I have been observing this, the goddess has kept up a continuous wail, like the baying of a thousand hounds; and now her voice is deep and guttural and hoarse, and she breathes very rapidly words that I cannot hear. I can hear some of them now.

UNTU LA LA ULULA UMUNA TOFA LAMA LE LI NA AHR IMA TAHARA ELULA
ETFOMA UNUNA
ARPETI ULU ULU ULU MARABAN ULULU MAHATA ULU ULU LAMASTANA.

And then her voice rises to a shriek, and there is a cauldron boiling in

front of her; and the flames under the cauldron are like unto zinc flames, and in the cauldron is the Rose, the Rose of 49 petals, seething in it. Over the cauldron she has arched her rainbow wings; and her face is bent over the cauldron, and she is blowing opalescent silvery rings on to the Rose; and each ring as it touches the water bursts into flame, and the Rose takes new colours.

And now she lifts her head, and raises her hands to heaven, and cries: O Mother, wilt thou never have compassion on the children of earth? Was it not enough that the Rose should be red with the blood of thine heart, and that its petals should be by 7 and by 7? {16}

She is weeping, weeping. And the tears grow and fill the whole stone with moons. I can see nothing and hear nothing for the tears, though she keeps on praying. "Take of these pearls, treasure them in thine heart. Is not the Kingdom of the Abyss accurst?" She points downward to the cauldron; and now in it there is the head of a most cruel dragon, black and corrupted. I watch, and watch; and nothing happens.

And now the dragon rises out of the cauldron, very long and slim (like Japanese Dragons, but infinitely more terrible), and he blots out the whole sphere of the stone.

Then suddenly all is gone, and there is nothing in the stone save brilliant white light and flecks like sparks of golden fire; and there is a ringing, as if bells were being used for anvils. And there is a perfume which I cannot describe; it is like nothing that one can describe, but the suggestion is like *lignum aloes*. And now all these things are there at once in the same place and time.

Now a veil of olive and silver is drawn over the stone, only I hear the voice of the angel receding, very sweet and faint and sorrowful, saying: Far off and lonely in the secret stone is the unknown, and interpenetrated is the knowledge with the will and the understanding. I am alone. I am lost, because I am all and in all; and my veil is woven of the green earth and the web of stars. I love; and I am denied, for I have denied myself. Give me those hands, put them against my heart. Is it not cold? Sink, sink, the abyss of time remains. It is not possible that one should come to ZAA. Give me thy face. Let me kiss it with my cold kisses. Ah! Ah! Ah! Fall back from me. The word, the word of the aeon is MAKHASHANAH. And these words shalt thou say backwards: {17} ARARNAY OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULU NOM LAHARA EN

NEDIEZO LO SAD FONUSA SOBANA ARANA BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA UOHULU when thou

wilt call my burden unto appearance, for I who am the Virgin goddess am the pregnant goddess, and I have cast down my burden even unto the borders of the universe. They that blaspheme me are stoned, and my veil is fallen about me even unto the end of time.

Now there arises a great raging of thousands and thousands of mighty warriors flashing through the aethyr so thickly that nothing is to be seen but their swords, which are like blue-gray plumes. And the noise is confused,

thousands of battle-cries harmonizing to a roar, like the roar of a monstrous river in flood. And all the stone is dull, dull gray. The life is gone from it.

There is no more to see.

SIDI AISSA, ALGERIA.

"November" 24, 1909, 8-9 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 26TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED DES

There is a very bright pentagram: and now the stone is gone, and the whole heaven is black, and the blackness is the blackness of a mighty angel. And though he is black (his face and his wings and his robe and his armour are all black), yet is he so bright that I cannot look upon him. And he cries: O ye spears and vials of poison and sharp swords and whirling thunderbolts that are about the corners of the earth, girded with wrath and justice, know ye that His name is Righteousness in Beauty? Burnt out are your eyes, for that ye have seen me in my majesty. And broken are the drum-heads of {18} your ears, because my name is as two mountains of fornication, the breasts of a strange woman; and my Father is not in them.

Lo! the pools of fire and torment mingled with sulphur! Many are their colours, and their colour is as molten gold, when all is said. Is not He one, one and alone, in whom the brightness of your countenance is as 1,728 petals of fire.

Also he spake the curse, folding his wings across and crying: Is not the son the enemy of his father? And hath not the daughter stolen the warmth of the bed of her mother? therefore is the great curse irrevocable. Therefore there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor knowledge in this house, that hangeth upon the edge of hell. Thou art not 4 but 2, O thou blasphemy spoken against 1!

Therefore whoso worshippeth thee is accursed. He shall be brayed in a mortar and the powder thereof cast to the winds, that the birds of the air may eat thereof and die; and he shall be dissolved in strong acid and the elixir poured into the sea, that the fishes of the sea may breathe thereof and die. And he shall be mingled with dung and spread upon the earth, so that the herbs of the earth may feed thereof and die; and he shall be burnt utterly with fire, and the ashes thereof shall calcine the children of flame, that even in hell may be found an overflowing lamentation.

And now on the breast of the Angel is a golden egg between the blackness of the wings, and that egg grows and grows all over the aethyr. And it breaks, and within there is a golden eagle.

And he cries: Woe! woe! woe! Yea, woe unto the world! For there is no sin, and there is no salvation. My plumes are {19} like waves of gold upon the sea. My eyes are brighter than the sun. My tongue is swifter than the lightning.

Yet am I hemmed in by the armies of night, singing, singing praises unto Him that is smitten by the thunderbolt of the abyss. Is not the sky clear behind the sun? These clouds that burn thee up, these rays that scorch the brains of men with blindness; these are heralds before my face of the dissolution and the night.

Ye are all blinded by my glory; and though ye treasure in your heart the sacred word that is the last lever of the key to the little door beyond the abyss, yet ye gloss and comment thereupon; for the light itself is but illusion. Truth itself is but illusion. Yea, these be the great illusions beyond life and space and time.

Let thy lips blister with my words! Are they not meteors in thy brain? Back, back from the face of the accursed one, who am I; back into the night of my father, into the silence; for all that ye deem right is left, forward is backward, upward is downward.

I am the great god adored of the holy ones. Yet am I the accursed one, child of the elements and not their father.

O my mother! wilt thou not have pity upon me? Wilt thou not shield me? For I am naked, I am manifest, I am profane. O my father! wilt not thou withdraw me? I am extended, I am double, I am profane.

Woe, woe unto me! These are they that hear not prayer. It is I that have heard all prayer alway, and there is none to answer "me." Woe unto me! Woe unto me! Accursed am I unto the aeons!

All this time this brilliant eagle-headed god has been {20} attacked, seemingly, by invisible people, for he is wounded now and again, here and there; little streams of fresh blood come out over the feathers of his breast. And the smoke of the blood is gradually filling the Aethyr with a crimson veil. There is a scroll over the top, saying: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine;" and there is another scroll below it in a language of which I do not know the sounds. The meaning is, Not as they have understood.

The blood is thicker and darker now, and it is becoming clotted and black, so that everything is blotted out; because it coagulates, coagulates. And then at the top there steals a dawn of pure night-blue, --- Oh, the stars, the stars in it deeply set! --- and drives the blood down; so that all round the top of the oval gradually dawns the figure of our Lady Nuit, and beneath her is the flaming winged disk, and below the altar of Ra-Hoor-Khuit, even as it is upon the Stele of Revealing. But below is the supine figure of Seb, into whom is concentrated all that clotted blood.

And there comes a voice: It is the dawn of the aeon. The aeons of cursing are passed away. Force and fire, strength and sight, these are for the servants of the Star and the Snake.

And now I seem to be lying in the desert, exhausted.

THE DESERT, NEAR SIDI AISSA.

"November" 25, 1909. 1.10 - 2 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 25TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED VTI

There is nothing in the stone but the pale gold of the Rosy Cross.

Now there comes an Angel with bright wings, that is the Angel of the 25th Aire. And all the aire is a dark olive about {21} him, like an alexandrite stone. He bears a pitcher or amphora. And now there comes another Angel upon a white horse, and yet again another Angel upon a black bull. And now there comes a lion and swallows the two latter angels up. The first angel goes to the lion and closes his mouth. And behind them are arrayed a great company of Angels with silver spears, like a forest. And the Angel says: Blow, all ye trumpets, for I will loose my hands from the mouth of the lion, and his roaring shall enkindle the worlds.

Then the trumpets blow, and the wind rises and whistles terribly. It is a blue wind with silver specks; and it blows through the whole Aethyr. But through it one perceives the lion, which has become as a raging flame.

And he roareth in an unknown tongue. But this is the interpretation thereof: Let the stars be burnt up in the fire of my nostrils! Let all the gods and the archangels and the angels and the spirits that are on the earth, and above the earth, and below the earth, that are in all the heavens and in all the hells, let them be as motes dancing in the beam of mine eye!

I am he that swalloweth up death and victory. I have slain the crown'd goat, and drunk up the great sea. Like the ash of dried leaves the worlds are blown before me. Thou hast passed by me, and thou hast not known me. Woe unto thee, that I have not devoured thee altogether!

On my head is the crown, 419 rays far-darting. And my body is the body of the Snake, and my soul is the soul of the Crowned Child. Though an Angel in white robes leadeth me, who shall ride upon me but the Woman of Abominations? Who is the Beast? Am not I one more than he? In {22} his hand is a sword that is a book. In his hand is a spear that is a cup of fornication. Upon his mouth is set the great and terrible seal. And he hath the secret of V. His ten horns spring from five points, and his eight heads are as the charioteer of the West. Thus doth the fire of the sun temper the spear of Mars, and thus shall he be worshipped, as the warrior lord of the sun. Yet in him is the woman that devoureth with her water all the fire of God.

Alas! my lord, thou art joined with him that knoweth not these things.

When shall the day come that men shall flock to this my gate, and fall into my furious throat, a whirlpool of fire? This is hell unquenchable, and all they shall be utterly consumed therein. Therefore is that asbestos unconsumable made pure.

Each of my teeth is a letter of the reverberating name. My tongue is a pillar of fire, and from the glands of my mouth arise four pillars of water. TAOTZEM is the name by which I am blasphemed. My name thou shalt not know, lest thou pronounce it and pass by.

And now the Angel comes forward again and closes his mouth.

All this time heavy blows have been raining upon me from invisible angels, so that I am weighed down as with a burden greater than the world. I am

altogether crushed. Great millstones are hurled out of heaven upon me. I am trying to crawl to the lion, and the ground is covered with sharp knives. I cut myself at every inch.

And the voice comes: Why art thou there who art here? Hast thou not the sign of the number, and the seal of the name, and the ring of the eye? Thou wilt not. {23}

And I answered and said: I am a creature of earth, and ye would have me swim.

And the voice said: Thy fear is known; thine ignorance is known; thy weakness is known; but thou art nothing in this matter. Shall the grain which is cast into the earth by the hand of the sower debate within itself, saying, am I oats or barley? Bond-slave of the curse, we give nothing, we take all. Be thou content. That which thou art, thou art. Be content.

And now the lion passeth over through the Aethyr with the crowned beast upon his back, and the tail of the lion goes on instead of stopping, and on each hair of the tail is something or other --- sometimes a little house, sometimes a planet, at other times a town. Then there is a great plain with soldiers fighting upon it, and an enormously high mountain carved into a thousand temples, and more houses and fields and trees, and great cities with wonderful buildings in them, statues and columns and public buildings generally. This goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on all on the hairs of this lion's tail.

And then there is the tuft of his tail, which is like a comet, but the head is a new universe, and each hair streaming away from it is a Milky Way.

And then there is a pale stern figure, enormous, enormous, bigger than all that universe is, in silver armour, with a sword and a pair of balances. That is only vague. All has gone into stone-gray, blank.

There is nothing.

AIN EL HAJEL.

"November" 25, 1909. 8.40-9.40 p.m. {24}

(There were two voices in all this Cry, one behind the other --- or, one was the speech, and the other the meaning. And the voice that was the speech was simply a roaring, one tremendous noise, like a mixture of thunder and water-falls and wild beasts and bands and artillery. And yet it was articulate, though I cannot tell you what a single word was. But the meaning of the voice --- the second voice --- was quite silent, and put the ideas directly into the brain of the Seer, as if by touch. It is not certain whether the millstones and the sword-strokes that rained upon him were not these very sounds and ideas.)

THE CRY OF THE 24TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED NIA

An angel comes forward into the stone like a warrior clad in chain-armour.

Upon his head are plumes of gray, spread out like the fan of a peacock. About his feet a great army of scorpions and dogs, lions, elephants, and many other wild beasts. He stretches forth his arms to heaven and cries; In the crackling of the lightning, in the rolling of the thunder, in the clashing of the swords and the hurling of the arrows: be thy name exalted!

Streams of fire come out of the heavens, a pale brilliant blue, like plumes. And they gather themselves and settle upon his lips. His lips are redder than roses, and the blue plumes gather themselves into a blue rose, and from beneath the petals of the rose come brightly coloured humming-birds, and dew falls from the rose-honey-coloured dew. I stand in the shower of it.

And a voice proceeds from the rose: Come away! Our chariot is drawn by doves. Of mother-of-pearl and ivory is {25} our chariot and the reins thereof are the heart-strings of men. Every moment that we fly shall cover an aeon. And every place on which we rest shall be a young universe rejoicing in its strength; the meadows thereof shall be covered with flowers. There shall we rest but a night, and in the morning we shall flee away, comforted.

Now, to myself, I have imagined the chariot of which the voice spake, and I looked to see who was with me in the chariot. It was an Angel of golden hair and golden skin, whose eyes were bluer than the sea, whose mouth was redder than the fire, whose breath was ambrosial air. Finer than a spider's web were her robes. And they were of the seven colours.

All this I saw; and then the hidden voice went on low and sweet: Come away! The price of the journey is little, though its name be death. Thou shalt die to all that thou fearest and hopest and hatest and lovest and thinkest and art. Yea! thou shalt die, even as thou must die. For all that thou hast, thou hast not; all that thou art, thou art not!

NENNI OFEKUFA ANANAEL LAIADA I MAELPEREJI NONUKA AFAFA
ADAREPEHETA PEREGI
ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE OL ZODIR IDOIAN.

And I said: ODO KIKALE QAA. Why art thou hidden from me, whom I hear?

And the voice answered and said unto me: Hearing is of the spirit alone. Thou art a partaker of the five-fold mystery. Thou must roll up the ten divine ones like a scroll, and fashion therefrom a star. Yet must thou blot out the star in the heart of Hadit. {26}

For the blood of my heart is like a warm bath of myrrh and ambergris; bathe thyself therein. The blood of my heart is all gathered upon my lips if I kiss thee, burns in my fingertips if I caress thee, burns in my womb when thou art caught up into my bed. Mighty are the stars; mighty is the sun; mighty is the moon; mighty is the voice of the ever-living one, and the echoes of his whisper are the thunders of the dissolution of the worlds. But my silence is mightier than they. Close up the worlds like unto a weary house; close up the book of the recorder, and let the veil swallow up the shrine, for I am arisen, O my fair one, and there is no more need of all these things.

If once I put thee apart from me, it was the joy of play. Is not the ebb

and flowing of the tide a music of the sea? Come, let us mount unto Nuit our mother and be lost! Let being be emptied in the infinite abyss! For by me only shalt thou mount; thou hast none other wings than mine.

All this while the Rose has been shooting out blue flames, coruscating like snakes through the whole Aire. And the snakes have taken shapes of sentences. One of them is: "Sub umbra alarum tuarum Adonai quies et felicitas." And another: "Summum bonum, vera sapientia, magnanima vita, sub noctis nocte sunt." And another is: "Vera medicina est vinum mortis." And another is: "Libertas" "evangelii per jugum legis ob gloriam dei intactam ad vacuum nequaquam tendit." And another is: "Sub aqua? lex terrarum." And another is: "Mens edax rerum, cor" "umbra rerum; intelligentia via summa." And another is: "Summa via lucis: per" "Hephaestum undas regas." And another is: "Vir introit tumulum regis, invenit oleum lucis.

And all round the whole of these things are the letters {27} TARO; but the light is so dreadful that I cannot read the words. I am going to try again. All these serpents are collected together very thickly at the edges of the wheel, because there are an innumerable number of sentences. One is: "tres" "annos regimen oraculi." And another is: "terribilis ardet rex" HB:Nun-final HB:Vau HB:Yod HB:Lamed HB:Ayin . And another is: "Ter amb (amp?)" (can't see it) "rosam" "oleo (?)." And another is: "Tribus annulis regna olisbon." And the marvel is that with those four letters you can get a complete set of rules for doing everything, both for white magic and black.

And now I see the heart of the rose again. I see the face of him that is the heart of the rose, and in the glory of that face I am ended. My eyes are fixed upon his eyes; my being is sucked up through my eyes into those eyes. And I see through those eyes, and lo! the universe, like whirling sparks of gold, blown like a tempest. I seem to swell out again into him. My consciousness fills the whole Aethyr. I hear the cry NIA, ringing again and again from within me. It sounds like infinite music, and behind the sound is the meaning of the Aethyr. Again there are no words.

All this time the whirling sparks of gold go on, and they are like blue sky, with a lot of rather thin white clouds in it, outside. And now I see mountains round, far blue mountains, purple mountains. And in the midst is a little green dell of moss, which is all sparkling with dew that drips from the rose. And I am lying on that moss with my face upwards, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking of the dew.

I cannot describe to you the joy and the exhaustion of everything that was, and the energy of everything that is, for it is only a corpse that is lying on the moss. I am the soul of the Aethyr. {28}

Now it reverberates like the swords of archangels, clashing upon the armour of the damned; and there seem to be the blacksmiths of heaven beating the steel of the worlds upon the anvils of hell, to make a roof to the Aethyr.

For if the great work were accomplished and all the Aethyrs were caught up into one, then would the vision fail; then would the voice be still.

Now all is gone from the stone.

AIN EL HAJEL.

"November" 26, 1909. 2-3.25 p.m.

The Cry of the 23rd Aethyr, Which is Called TOR.

In the brightness of the stone are three lights, brighter than all, which revolve ceaselessly. And now there is a spider's web of silver covering the whole of the stone. Behind the spider's web is a star of twelve rays; and behind that again, a black bull, furiously pawing up the ground. The flames from his mouth increase and whirl, and he cries: Behold the mystery of toil, O thou who art taken in the toils of mystery. For I who trample the earth thereby make whirlpools in the air; be comforted, therefore, for though I be black, in the roof of my mouth is the sign of the Beetle. Bent are the backs of my brethren, yet shall they gore the lion with their horns. Have I not the wings of the eagle, and the face of the man?

And now he is turned into one of those winged Assyrian bull-men.

And he sayeth: The spade of the husbandman is the sceptre of the king. All the heavens beneath me, they serve me. They are my fields and my gardens and my orchards and my pastures. {29}

Glory be unto thee, who didst set thy feet in the North; whose forehead is pierced with the sharp points of the diamonds in thy crown; whose heart is pierced with the spear of thine own fecundity.

Thou art an egg of blackness, and a worm of poison. But thou hast formulated thy father, and made fertile thy mother.

Thou art the basilisk whose gaze turns men to stone, and the cockatrice at the breast of an harlot that giveth death for milk. Thou art the asp that has stolen into the cradle of the babe. Glory unto thee, who art twined about the world as the vine that clingeth to the bare body of a bacchanal.

Also, though I be planted so firmly upon the earth, yet is my blood wine and my breath fire of madness. With these wings, though they be but little, I lift myself above the crown of the yod, and being without fins I yet swim in the inviolate fountain.

I disport myself in the ruins of Eden, even as Leviathan in the false sea, being whole as the rose at the crown of the cross. Come ye unto me, my children, and be glad. At the end of labour is the power of labour. And in my stability is concentrated eternal change.

For the whirlings of the universe are but the course of the blood in my heart. And the unspeakable variety thereof is but my divers hairs, and plumes, and gems in my tall crown. The change which ye lament is the life of my rejoicing, and the sorrow that blackeneth your hearts is the myriad deaths by which I am renewed. And the instability which maketh ye to fear, is the little waverings of balance by which I am assured.

And now the veil of silver tissue-stuff closes over him, and above that, a purple veil, and above that, a golden veil, {30} so that now the whole stone

is like a thick mat of woven gold wires; and there come forth, one from each side of the stone, two women, and grasp each other by both hands, and kiss, and melt into one another; and melt away.³ And now the veils open again, the gold parts, and the purple parts, and the silver parts, and there is a crowned eagle, also like the Assyrian eagles.

And he cries: All my strength and stability are turned to the use of flight. For though my wings are of fine gold, yet my heart is the heart of a scorpion.

Glory unto thee, who being born in a stable didst make thee mirth of the filth thereof, who didst suck in iniquity from the breast of thy mother the harlot; who didst flood with iniquity the bodies of thy concubines.

Thou didst lie in the filth of the streets with the dogs; thou wast tumbled and shameless and wanton in a place where four roads meet. There wast thou defiled, and there wast thou slain, and there wast thou left to rot. The charred stake was thrust through thy bowels, and thy parts were cut off and thrust into thy mouth for derision.

All my unity is dissolved; I live in the tips of my feathers. That which I think to be myself is but infinite number. Glory unto the Rose and the Cross, for the Cross is extended unto the uttermost end beyond space and time and being and knowledge and delight! Glory unto the Rose that is the minute point of its center! Even as we say; glory unto the Rose that is Nuit the circumference of all, and glory unto the Cross that is the heart of the Rose! {31}

Therefore do I cry aloud, and my scream is the treble as the bellowing of the bull is the bass. Peace in the highest and peace in the lowest and peace in the midst thereof! Peace in the eight quarters, peace in the ten points of the Pentagram! Peace in the twelve rays of the seal of Solomon, and peace in the four and thirty whirlings of the hammer of Thor! Behold! I blaze upon thee. (The eagle is gone; it is only a flaming Rosy Cross of white brilliance.) I catch thee up into rapture. FALUTLI, FALUTLI!

... O it dies, it dies.

BOU SAADA.

3 These are intended to show symbolically that the Bull is the same as the Eagle.

"November" 28, 1909. 9.30-10.15 A.M.

THE CRY OF THE 22ND AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIN

There comes first into the stone the mysterious table of forty-nine squares. It is surrounded by an innumerable company of angels; these angels are of all kinds, --- some brilliant and flashing as gods, down to elemental creatures. The light comes and goes on the tablet; and now it is steady, and I perceive that each letter of the tablet is composed of forty-nine other letters, in a language which looks like that of Honorius; but when I would

read, the letter that I look at becomes indistinct at once.

And now there comes an Angel, to hide the tablet with his mighty wing. This Angel has all the colours mingled in his dress; his head is proud and beautiful; his headdress is of silver and red and blue and gold and black, like cascades of water, and in his left hand he has a pan-pipe of the seven holy metals, upon which he plays. I cannot tell you how wonderful {32} the music is, but it is so wonderful that one only lives in one's ears; one cannot see anything any more.

Now he stops playing and moves with his finger in the air. His finger leaves a trail of fire of every colour, so that the whole Aire is become like a web of mingled lights. But through it all drops dew.

(I can't describe these things at all. Dew doesn't represent what I mean in the least. For instance, these drops of dew are enormous globes, shining like the full moon, only perfectly transparent, as well as perfectly luminous.)

And now he shows the tablet again, and he says: As there are 49 letters in the tablet, so are there 49 kinds of cosmos in every thought of God. And there are 49 interpretations of every cosmos, and each interpretation is manifested in 49 ways. Thus also are the calls 49, but to each call there are 49 visions. And each vision is composed of 49 elements, except in the 10th Aethyr, that is accurs'd, and that hath 42.

All this while the dewdrops have turned into cascades of gold finer than the eyelashes of a little child. And though the extent of the Aethyr is so enormous, one perceives each hair separately, as well as the whole thing at once. And now there is a mighty concourse of angels rushing toward me from every side, and they melt upon the surface of the egg in which I am standing in the form of the god Kneph, so that the surface of the egg is all one dazzling blaze of liquid light.

Now I move up against the tablet, --- I cannot tell you with what rapture. And all the names of God, that are not known even to the angels, clothe me about.

All the seven senses are transmuted into one sense, and that sense is dissolved in itself ... (Here occurs Samadhi.) {33} ... Let me speak, O God; let me declare it ... all. It is useless; my heart faints, my breath stops. There is no link between me and P . . . I withdraw myself. I see the table again.

(He was behind the table for a very long time. O.V.)

And all the table burns with intolerable light; there has been no such light in any of the Aethyrs until now. And now the table draws me back into itself; I am no more.

My arms were out in the form of a cross, and that Cross was extended, blazing with light into infinity. I myself am the minutest point in it. This is "the birth of form."

I am encircled by an immense sphere of many-coloured bands; it seems it is the sphere of the Sephiroth projected in the three dimensions. This is "the" "birth of death."

Now in the centre within me is a glowing sun. That is "the birth of hell."

Now all that is swept away, washed away by the table. It is the virtue of the table to sweep everything away. It is the letter I in this Aethyr that gives this vision, and L is its purity, and N is its energy. Now everything is confused, for I invoked the Mind, that is disruption. Every Adept who beholds this vision is corrupted by mind. Yet it is by virtue of mind that he endures it, and passes on, if so be that he pass on. Yet there is nothing higher than this, for it is perfectly balanced in itself. I cannot read a word of the holy Table, for the letters of the Table are all wrong. They are only the shadows of shadows. And whoso beholdeth this Table with this rapture, is light. The true word for light hath seven letters. They are the same as ARARITA, transmuted. {34}

There is a voice in this Aethyr, but it cannot be spoken. The only way one can represent it is as a ceaseless thundering of the word Amen. It is not a repetition of Amen, because there is no time. It is one Amen continuous.

Shall mine eye fade before thy glory? I am the eye. That is why the eye is seventy. You can never understand why, except in this vision.

And now the table recedes from me. Far, far it goes, streaming with light. And there are two black angels bending over me, covering me with their wings, shutting me up into the darkness; and I am lying in the Pastos of our Father Christian Rosenkreutz, beneath the Table in the Vault of seven sides. And I hear these words:

The voice of the Crowned Child, the Speech of the Babe that is hidden in the egg of blue. (Before me is the flaming Rosy Cross.) I have opened mine eye, and the universe is dissolved before me, for force is mine upper eye-lid and matter is my lower eye-lid. I gaze into the seven spaces, and there is naught.

The rest of it comes without words; and then again:

I have gone forth to war, and I have slain him that sat upon the sea, crowned with the winds. I put forth my power and he was broken. I withdrew my power and he was ground into fine dust.

Rejoice with me, O ye Sons of the Morning; stand with me upon the Throne of Lotus; gather yourselves up unto me, and we shall play together in the fields of light. I have passed into the Kingdom of the West after my Father.

Behold! where are now the darkness and the terror and the lamentation? For ye are born into the new Aeon; ye shall {35} not suffer death. Bind up your girdles of gold! Wreath yourselves with garlands of my unfading flowers! In the nights we will dance together, and in the morning we will go forth to war; for, as my Father liveth that was dead, so do I live and shall never die.

And now the table comes rushing back. It covers the whole stone, but this time it pushes me before it, and a terrible voice cries: Begone! Thou hast profaned the mystery; thou hast eaten of the shew-bread; thou hast spilt the consecrated wine! Begone! For the Voice is accomplished. Begone! For that which was open is shut. And thou shalt not avail to open it, saving by virtue of him whose name is one, whose spirit is one, whose individuum is one, and

whose permutation is one; whose light is one, whose life is one, whose love is one. For though thou art joined to the inmost mystery of the heaven, thou must accomplish the sevenfold task of the earth, even as thou sawest the Angels from the greatest unto the least. And of all this shalt thou take back with thee but a little part, for the sense shall be darkened, and the shrine re-veiled. Yet know this for thy reproof, and for the stirring up of discontent in them whose swords are of lath, that in every word of this vision is concealed the key of many mysteries, even of being, and of knowledge, and of bliss; of will, of courage, of wisdom, and of silence, and of that which, being all these, is greater than all these. Begone! For the night of life is fallen upon thee. And the veil of light hideth that which is.

With that, I suddenly see the world as it is, and I am very sorrowful.

BOU-SAADA.

"November" 28, 1909. 4-6 p.m. {36}

("Note." --- You do not come back in any way dazed; it is like going from one room into another. Regained normal consciousness completely and immediately.)

THE CRY OF THE 21ST AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ASP.

A mighty wind rolls through all the Aethyr; there is a sense of absolute emptiness; no colour, no form, no substance. Only now and then there seem as it were, the shadows of great angels, swept along. No sound; there is something very remorseless about the wind, passionless, that is very terrible. In a way, it is nerve-shaking. It seems as if something kept on trying to open behind the wind, and just as it is about to open, the effort is exhausted. The wind is not cold or hot; there is no sense of any kind connected with it. One does not even feel it, for one is standing in front of it.

Now, the thing opens behind, just for a second, and I catch a glimpse of an avenue of pillars, and at the end a throne, supported by sphinxes. All this is black marble.

Now I seem to have gone through the wind, and to be standing before the throne; but he that sitteth thereon is invisible. Yet it is from him that all this desolation proceeds.

He is trying to make me understand by putting tastes in my mouth, very rapidly one after the other. Salt, honey, sugar, assafoetida, bitumen, honey again, some taste that I don't know at all; garlic, something very bitter like nux vomica, another taste, still more bitter; lemon, cloves, rose-leaves, honey again; the juice of some plant, like a dandelion, I think; honey again, salt, a taste something like phosphorus, honey, laurel, a very unpleasant taste which I don't know, {37} coffee, then a burning taste, then a sour taste that I don't know. All these tastes issue from his eyes; he "signals" them.

I can see his eyes now. They are very round, with perfectly black pupils,

perfectly white iris, and the cornea pale blue. The sense of desolation is so acute that I keep on trying to get away from the vision.

I told him that I could not understand his taste-language, so instead he set up a humming very much like a big electric plant with dynamos going.

Now the atmosphere is deep night-blue; and by the power of that atmosphere, the pillars kindle to a dull glowing crimson, and the throne is a dull, ruddy gold. And now, through the humming, come very clear, bell-like notes, and farther still a muttering, like that of a gathering storm.

And now I hear the meaning of the muttering: I am he who was before the beginning, and in my desolation I cried aloud, saying, let me behold my countenance in the concave of the abyss. And I beheld, and lo! in the darkness of the abyss my countenance was black, and empty, and distorted, that was (once) invisible and pure.

Then I closed mine eye, that I might not behold it, and for this was it fixed. Now it is written that one glance of mine eye shall destroy it. And mine eye I dare not open, because of the foulness of the vision. Therefore do I gaze with these two eyes throughout the aeon. Is there not one of all my adepts that shall come unto me, and cut off mine eyelids, that I may behold and destroy?

Now I take a dagger, and, searching out his third eye, seek to cut off the eye-lids, but they are of adamant. And the edge of the dagger is turned. {38}

And tears drop from his eyes, and there is a mournful voice: So it hath been ever: so must it ever be! Though thou hast the strength of five bulls, thou shalt not avail in this.

And I said to him: Who shall avail? And he answered me: I know not. But the dagger of penance thou shalt temper seven times, afflicting the seven courses of thy soul. And thou shalt sharpen its edge seven times by the seven ordeals.

(One keeps on looking round to try to find something else because of the terror of it. But nothing changes at all. Nothing but the empty throne, and the eyes, and the avenue of pillars!)

And I said to him: O thou that art the first countenance before time; thou of whom it is written that "He, God, is one; He is the eternal one, without equal, son or companion. Nothing shall stand before His face"; all we have heard of thine infinite glory and holiness, of thy beauty and majesty, and behold! there is nothing but this abomination of desolation.

He speaks; I cannot hear a word; something about the Book of the Law. The answer is written in the Book of the Law, or something of that sort.

This is a long speech; all that I can hear is: From me pour down the fires of life and increase continually upon the earth. From me flow down the rivers of water and oil and wine. From me cometh forth the wind that beareth the seed of trees and flowers and fruits and all herbs upon its bosom. From me cometh forth the earth in her unspeakable variety. Yea! all cometh from me, naught cometh to me. Therefore am I lonely and horrible upon this unprofitable throne. Only those who accept nothing from me can bring anything to me. {39}

(He goes on speaking again: I cannot hear a word. I may have got about a twentieth of what he said.) And I say to him: It was written that his name is Silence, but thou speakest continually.

And he answers: Nay, the muttering that thou hearest is not my voice. It is the voice of the ape.

(When I say that he answers, it means that it is the same voice. The being on the throne has not uttered a word.) I say: O thou ape that speakest for Him whose name is Silence, how shall I know that thou speakest truly His thought? And the muttering continues: Nor speaketh He nor thinketh, so that which I say is true, because I lie in speaking His thoughts.

He goes on, nothing stops him; and the muttering comes so fast that I cannot hear him at all.

Now the muttering has ceased, or is overwhelmed by the bells, and the bells in their turn are overwhelmed by the whirring, and now the whirring is overwhelmed by the silence. And the blue light is gone, and the throne and the pillars are returned to blackness, and the eyes of him that sitteth upon the throne are no more visible.

I seek to go up close to the throne, and I am pushed back, because I cannot give the sign. I have given all the signs I know and am entitled to, and I have tried to give the sign that I know and am not entitled to, but have not the necessary appurtenance; and even if I had, it would be useless; for there are two more signs necessary.

I find that I was wrong in suggesting that a Master of the Temple had a right to enter the temple of a Magus or an Ipsissimus. On the contrary, the rule that holds below, holds {40} also above. The higher you go, the greater is the distance from one grade to another.

I am being slowly pushed backwards down the avenue, out into the wind. And this time I am caught up by the wind and whirled away down it like a dead leaf.

And a great Angel sweeps through the wind, and catches hold of me, and bears me up against it; and he sets me down on the hither side of the wind, and he whispers in my ear: Go thou forth into the world, O thrice and four times blessed who hast gazed upon the horror of the loneliness of The First. No man shall look upon his face and live. And thou hast seen his eyes, and understood his heart, for the voice of the ape is the pulse of his heart and the labouring of his breast. Go, therefore, and rejoice, for thou art the prophet of the Aeon arising, wherein He is not. Give thou praise unto thy lady Nuit, and unto her lord Hadit, that are for thee and thy bride, and the winners of the ordeal X.

And with that we are come to the wall of the Aethyr, and there is a little narrow gate, and he pushes me through it, and I am suddenly in the desert.

THE DESERT, NEAR BOU SAADA.4

"November" 29, 1909. 1.30 - 2.50 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 20TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED KHR

The dew that was upon the face of the stone is gone, and it is become like a pool of clear golden water. And now the light is come into the Rosy Cross. Yet all that I see is the night, with the stars therein, as they appear through a telescope. {41} And there cometh a peacock into the stone, filling the whole Aire. It is like the vision called the Universal Peacock, or, rather, like a representation of that vision. And now there are countless clouds of white angels filling the Aire as the peacock dissolves.

Now behind the angels are archangels with trumpets. These cause all things to appear at once, so that there is a tremendous confusion of images. And now I perceive that all these things are but veils of the wheel, for they all gather themselves into a wheel that spins with incredible velocity. It hath many colours, but all thrilled with white light, so that they are transparent and luminous. This one wheel is forty-nine wheels, set at different angles, so that they compose a sphere; each wheel has forty-nine spokes, and has forty-nine concentric tyres at equal distances from the centre. And wherever the rays from any two wheels meet, there is a blinding flash of glory. It must be understood that though so much detail is visible in the wheel, yet at the same time the impression is of a single, simple object.

It seems that this wheel is being spun by a hand. Though the wheel fills the whole Aire, yet the hand is much bigger than the wheel. And though this vision is so great and splendid, yet there is no seriousness with it, or solemnity. It seems that the hand is spinning the wheel merely for pleasure, it would be better to say amusement.

A voice comes: For he is a jocund and a ruddy god, and his laughter is the vibration of all that exists, and the earthquakes of the soul.

One is conscious of the whirring of the wheel thrilling one, like an electric discharge passing through one. {42}

Now I see the figures on the wheel, which have been interpreted as the sworded Sphinx, Hermanubis and Typhon. And that is wrong. The rim of the wheel is a vivid emerald snake; in the centre of the wheel is a scarlet heart; and, impossible to explain as it is, the scarlet of the heart and the green of the snake are yet more vivid than the blinding white brilliance of the wheel.

The figures on the wheel are darker than the wheel itself; in fact, they are stains upon the purity of the wheel, and for that reason, and because of the whirling of the wheel, I cannot see them. But at the top seems to be the Lamb and Flag, such as one sees on some Christian medals, and one of the lower things is a wolf, and the other a raven. The Lamb and Flag symbol is much brighter than the other two. It keeps on growing brighter, until now it is brighter than the wheel itself, and occupies more space than it did.

It speaks: I am the greatest of the deceivers, for my purity and innocence shall seduce the pure and innocent, who but for me should come to the centre of the wheel. The wolf betrayeth only the greedy and the treacherous; the raven betrayeth only the melancholy and the dishonest. But I am he of whom it

is written: He shall deceive the very elect.

For in the beginning the Father of all called forth lying spirits that they might sift the creatures of the earth in three sieves, according to the three impure souls. And he chose the wolf for the lust of the flesh, and the raven for the lust of the mind; but me did he choose above all to simulate the pure prompting of the soul. Them that are fallen a prey to the wolf and the raven I have not scathed; but them that have rejected me, I have given over to the

4 This night I took the shew-stone to my breast to sleep, and immediately a Dhyana arose of the sun, seen more clearly afterwards as the Star. Exceeding was its brilliance.

wrath of the raven and the wolf. And the jaws of the one have torn them, and the {43} beak of the other has devoured the corpse. Therefore is my flag white, because I have left nothing upon the earth alive. I have feasted myself on the blood of the saints, but I am not suspected of men to be their enemy, for my fleece is white and warm, and my teeth are not the teeth of one that teareth flesh; and mine eyes are mild, and they know me not the chief of the lying spirits that the Father of all sent forth from before his face in the beginning.

(His attribution is salt; the wolf mercury, and the raven sulphur.)

Now the lamb grows small again, there is again nothing but the wheel, and the hand that whirleth it.

And I said: "By the word of power, double in the voice of the Master; by the word that is seven, and one in seven; and by the great and terrible word 210, I beseech thee, O my Lord, to grant me the vision of thy glory." And all the rays of the wheel stream out at me, and I am blasted and blinded with the light. I am caught up into the wheel. I am one with the wheel. I am greater than the wheel. In the midst of a myriad lightnings I stand, and I behold his face. (I am thrown violently back on to the earth every second, so that I cannot quite concentrate.)

All one gets is a liquid flame of pale gold. But its radiant force keeps hurling me back.

And I say: By the word and the will, by the penance and the prayer, let me behold thy face. (I cannot explain this, there is confusion of personalities.) I who speak to you, see what I tell you; but I, who see him, cannot communicate it to me, who speak to you.

If one could gaze upon the sun at noon, that might be like {44} the substance of him. But the light is without heat. It is the vision of Ut in the Upanishads. And from this vision have come all the legends of Bacchus and Krishna and Adonis. For the impression is of a youth dancing and making music. But you must understand that he is not doing that, for he is still. Even the hand that turns the wheel is not his hand, but only a hand energized by him.

And now it is the dance of Shiva. I lie beneath his feet, his saint, his victim. My form is the form of the God Phtah, in my essence, but the form of the god Seb in my form. And this is the reason of existence, that in this dance which is delight, there must needs be both the god and the adept. Also

the earth herself is a saint; and the sun and the moon dance upon her, torturing her with delight.

This vision is not perfect. I am only in the outer court of the vision, because I have undertaken it in the service of the Holy One, and must retain sense and speech. No recorded vision is perfect, of high visions, for the seer must keep either his physical organs or his memory in working order. And neither is capable. There is no bridge. One can only be conscious of one thing at a time, and as the consciousness moves nearer to the vision, it loses control of the physical and mental. Even so, the body and the mind must be very perfect before anything can be done, or the energy of the vision may send the body into spasms and the mind into insanity. This is why the first visions give Ananda, which is a shock. When the adept is attuned to Samadhi, there is but cloudless peace.

This vision is particularly difficult to get into, because he is I. And therefore the human ego is being constantly excited, {45} so that one comes back so often. An acentric meditation practice like mahasatipatthana ought to be done before invocations of the Holy Guardian Angel, so that the ego may be very ready to yield itself utterly to the Beloved.

And now the breeze is blowing about us, like the sighs of love unsatisfied --- or satisfied. His lips move. I cannot say the words at first.

And afterwords: "Shalt thou not bring the children of men to the sight of my glory? 'Only thy silence and thy speech that worship me avail.' 'For as I am the last, so am I the next, and as the next shalt thou reveal me to the multitude.' Fear not for aught; turn not aside for aught, eremite of Nuit, apostle of Hadit, warrior of Ra Hoor Khu! The leaven taketh, and the bread shall be sweet; the ferment worketh, and the wine shall be sweet. My sacraments are vigorous food and divine madness. Come unto me, O ye children of men; come unto me, in whom I am, in whom ye are, were ye only alive with the life that abideth in Light."

All this time I have been fading away. I sink. The veil of night comes down a dull blue-gray with one pentagram in the midst of it, watery and dull. And I am to abide there for a while before I come back to the earth. (But shut me the window up, hide me from the sun. Oh, shut the window!)⁵

Now, the pentagram is faded; black crosses fill the Aethyr gradually growing and interlacing, until there is a network.

It is all dark now. I am lying exhausted, with the sharp edge of the shew-stone cutting into my forehead.

BOU-SAADA.

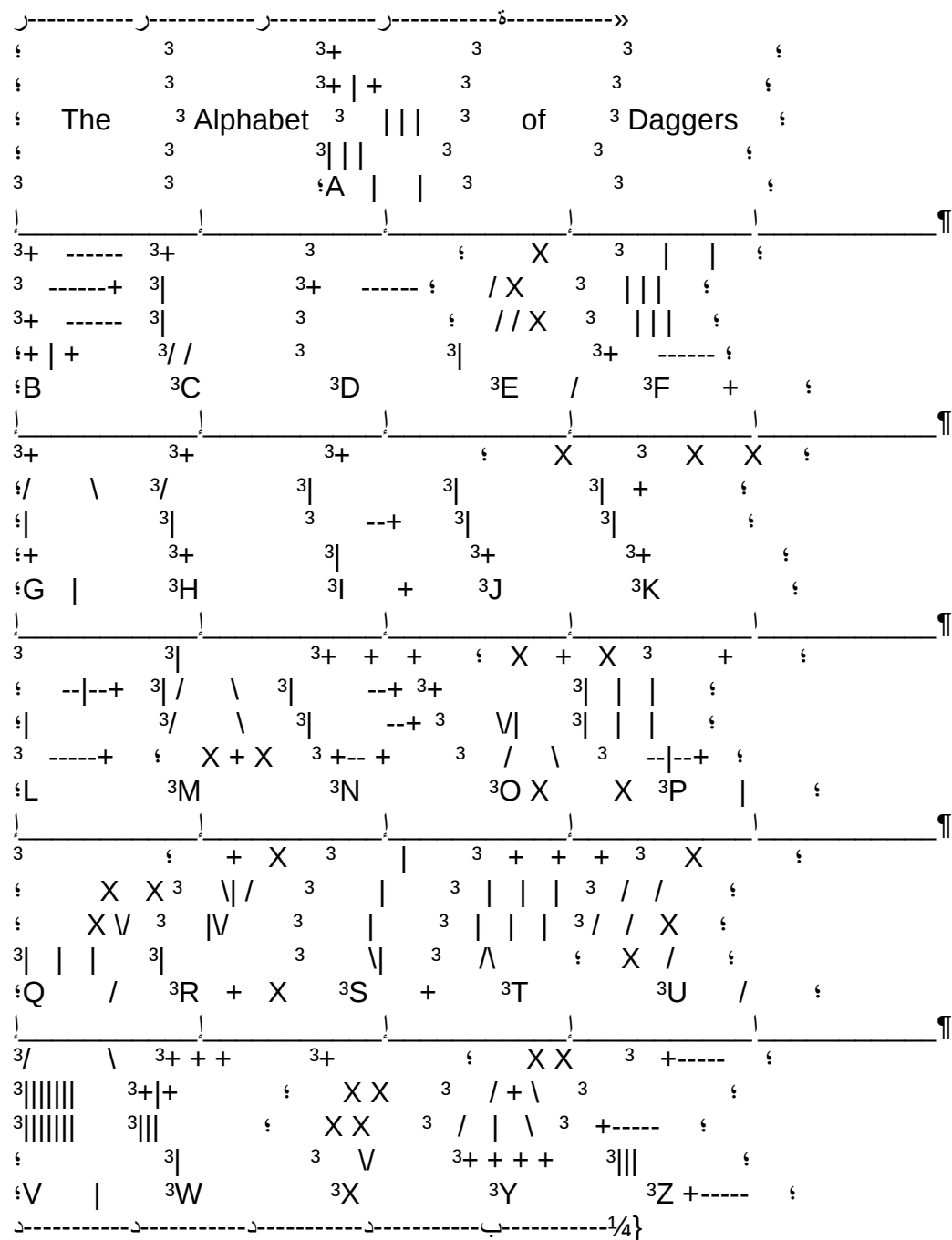
"November" 30, 1909. 9.15 - 10.50 a.m. {46}

5 It was done. --- O.V.

{Illustration plate facing page 47 partly approximated and partly described:

This is as shown below. The words in the top row are enclosed in bands (not scrolls) set at a 45° angle upward from near lower left to upper right in each

of the four sections. The lower part of each band curves slightly upward behind the band and the upper part curves slightly downward behind the band. Each of the daggers is composed of four triangles having sides equal and longer than the base; three small with apexes meeting from the handle and hilt and one longer the blade with apex as the point. The handle and hilt are represented here by "+" or "X", the latter showing diagonal daggers. The blade, hilts and handle all are set at right angles. Sizes vary to accommodate the configurations within the panels.



THE CRY OF THE 19TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED POP

At first there is a black web over the face of the stone. A ray of light pierces it from behind and above. Then cometh a black cross, reaching across the whole stone; then a golden cross, not so large. And there is a writing in an arch that spans the cross, in an alphabet in which the letters are all formed of little daggers, cross-hilted, differently arranged. And the writing is: Worship in the body the things of the body; worship in the mind the things of the mind; worship in the spirit the things of the spirit.

(This holy alphabet must be written by sinners, that is, by those who are impure.)

"Impure" means those whose every thought is followed by another thought, or who confuse the higher with the lower, the substance with the shadow. Every Aethyr is truth, though it be but a shadow, for the shadow of a man is not the shadow of an ape.

("Note." --- All this has come to me without voice, without vision, without thought.)

(The shew-stone is pressed upon my forehead and causes intense pain; as I go on from Aethyr to Aethyr, it seems more difficult to open the Aethyr.

The golden cross has become a little narrow door, and an old man like the Hermit of the Taro has opened it and come out. I ask him for admission: and he shakes his head kindly, and says: It is not given to flesh and blood to unveil the mysteries of the Aethyr, for therein are the chariots of fire. and the tumult of the horsemen; whoso entereth here may never look on life again with equal eyes. I insist. {47}

The little gate is guarded by a great green dragon. And now the whole wall is suddenly fallen away; there is a blaze of the chariots and the horsemen; a furious battle is raging. One hears nothing but the clash of steel and the neighing of the chargers and the shrieks of the wounded. A thousand fall at every encounter and are trampled under foot. Yet the Aethyr is always full; there are infinite reserves.

No; that is all wrong, for this is not a battle between two forces, but a "m?l?e" in which each warrior fights for himself against all the others. I cannot see one who has even one ally. And the least fortunate, who fall soonest, are those in the chariots. For as soon as they are engaged in fighting, their own charioteers stab them in the back.

And in the midst of the battlefield there is a great tree, like a chinar-tree. Yet it bears fruits. And now all the warriors are dead, and they are the ripe fruits that are fallen -- the ground is covered with them.

There is a laugh in my right ear: "This is the tree of life."

And now there is a mighty god, Sebek, with the head of a crocodile. His head is gray, like river mud, and his jaws fill the whole Aire. And he crunches up the whole tree and the ground and everything.

Now then at last cometh forth the Angel of the Aethyr, who is like the Angel of the fourteenth key of Rota, with beautiful blue wings, blue robes, the sun in her girdle like a brooch, and the two crescents of the moon shapen into sandals for her feet. Her hair is of flowing gold, each sparkle as a star. In her hands are the torch of Penelope and the cup of Circe. {48}

She comes and kisses me on the mouth, and says: Blessed art thou who hast beheld Sebek my Lord in his glory. Many are the champions of life, but all are unhorsed by the lance of death. Many are the children of the light, but their eyes shall all be put out by the Mother Darkness. Many are the servants of love, but love (that is not quenched by aught but love) shall be put out, as the child taketh the wick of a taper between his thumb and finger, by the god that sitteth alone.

And on her mouth, like a chrysanthemum of radiant light, is a kiss, and on it is the monogram I.H.S. The letters I.H.S. mean In Homini Salus and Instar Hominis Summus, and Imago Hominis deus. And there are many, many other meanings, but they all imply this one thing; that nothing is of any importance but man; there is no hope or help but in man.

And she says: Sweet are my kisses, O wayfarer that wanderest from star to star. Sweet are my kisses, O householder that weariest within four walls. Thou art pent within thy brain, and my shaft pierceth it, and thou art free. Thine imagination eateth up the universe as the dragon that eateth up the moon. And in my shaft is it concentrated and bound up. See how all around thee gather my warriors, strong knights in goodly armour ready for war. Look upon my crown; it is above the stars. Behold the glow and the blush thereof! Upon thy cheek is the breeze that stirs those plumes of truth. For though I am the Angel of the fourteenth key, I am also the Angel of the eighth key. And from the love of these two have I come, who am the warden of Pop? and the servant of them that dwell therein. Though all crowns fall, mine shall {49} not fall; for my plumes reach up unto the Knees of Him that sitteth upon the holy throne, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever as the balance of righteousness and truth. I am the Angel of the moon. I am the veiled one that sitteth between the pillars veiled with a shining veil, and on my lap is the open Book of the mysteries of the ineffable light. I am the aspiration unto the higher; I am the love of the unknown. I am the blind ache within the heart of man. I am the minister of the sacrament of pain. I swing the censer of worship, and I sprinkle the waters of purification. I am the daughter of the house of the invisible. I am the Priestess of the Silver Star.

And she catches me up to her as a mother catches her babe, and holds me up in her left arm, and sets my lips to her breast. And upon her breast is written: "Rosa Mundi est Lilium Coeli."

And I look down upon the open Book of the mysteries, and it is open at the page on which is the Holy Table with the twelve squares in the midst. It radiates a blaze of light, too dazzling to make out the characters, and a voice says: "Non haec piscis omnium."

(To interpret that, we must think of 'Iota chi theta upsilon sigma', which does not conceal "Iesous Christos Theon Uios Soter" as traditionally asserted, but is a

mystery of the letter Nun and the letter Qoph, as may be seen by adding it up.

'Iota chi theta upsilon sigma' is only connected with Christianity because it was a hieroglyph of syphilis, which the Romans supposed to have been brought from Syria; and it seems to have been confounded with leprosy, which also they thought was caused by fish-eating. {50}

One important meaning of 'Iota chi theta upsilon sigma' : it is formed of the initials of five Egyptian deities and also of five Greek deities: in both cases a magic formula of tremendous power is concealed.

As to the Holy Table itself, I cannot see it for the blaze of light; but I am given to understand that it appears in another Aethyr, of which it forms practically the whole content. And I am bidden to study the Holy Table very intently so as to be able to concentrate on it when it appears.

I have grown greater, so that I am as great as the Angel. And we are standing, as if crucified, face to face, our hands and lips and breasts and knees and feet together, and her eyes pierce into my eyes like whirling shafts of steel, so that I fall backwards headlong through the Aethyr --- and there is a sudden and tremendous shout, absolutely stunning, cold and brutal: Osiris was a black god!6 And the Aethyr claps its hands, greater than the peal of a thousand mighty thunders.

I am back.

BOU-SAADA.

"November" 30, 1909 10-11.45 p.m.

The Cry of the 18th Aethyr, Which is Called ZEN

A Voice comes before any vision: Accursed are they who enter herein if they have nails, for they shall be pierced therewith; or if they have thorns, for they shall be crowned withal; or if they have whips, for with whips they shall be scourged: or if they bear wine, for their wine shall be turned to bitterness; or if they have a spear, for with a spear shall they be pierced unto the heart. And the nails are desires, of which {51} there are three; the desire of light, the desire of life, the desire of love.

6 The Doctrine implied is that one must not be the child, but the Mother.

(And the thorns are thoughts, and the whips are regrets, and the wine is ease, or perhaps unsteadiness, especially in ecstasy, and the spear is attachment.)

And now there dawns the scene of the Crucifixion; but the Crucified One is an enormous bat, and for the two thieves are two little children. It is night, and the night is full of hideous things and howlings.

And an angel cometh forth, and saith: Be wary, for if thou change so much as the style of a letter, the holy word is blasphemed. But enter into the mountain of the Caverns, for that this (how much more than that Calvary which mocks it, as his ape mocks Thoth?) is but the empty shell of the mystery of

ZEN. Verily, I say unto thee, many are the adepts that have looked upon the back parts of my father, and cried, "our eyes fail before the glory of thy countenance."

And with that he gives the sign of the rending of the veil, and tears down the vision. And behold! whirling columns of fiery light, seventy-two. Upon them is supported a mountain of pure crystal. The mountain is a cone, the angle of the apex being sixty degrees. And within the crystal is a pyramid of ruby, like unto the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

I am entered in by the little door thereof, and I am come into the chamber of the king, which is fashioned like unto the vault of the adepts, or rather it is fitting to say that the vault of the adepts is a vile imitation of it. For there are four sides to the chamber, which with the roof and the floor and the chamber itself makes seven. So also is the pastos seven, {52} for that which is within is like unto that which is without. And there is no furniture, and there are no symbols.

Light streams from every side upon the pastos. This light is that blue of Horus which we know, but being refined it is brilliance. For the light of Horus only appears blue because of the imperfection of our eyes. But though the light pours from the pastos, yet the pastos remains perfectly dark, so that it is invisible. It hath no form: only, at a certain point in the chamber, the light is beaten back.

I lie prostrate upon the ground before this mystery. Its splendour is impossible to describe. I can only say that its splendour is so great that my heart stops with the terror and the wonder and the rapture of it. I am almost mad. A million insane images chase each other through my brain... A voice comes: (it is my own voice -- I did not know it). "When thou shalt know me, O thou empty God, my little flame shall utterly expire in thy great N.O.X." There is no answer. ... (20 minutes. O.V.) ...

And now, after so long a while, the Angel⁷ lifts me, and takes me from the room, and sets me in a little chamber where is another Angel like a fair youth in shining garments, who makes me partake of the sacraments; bread, that is labour; and fire, that is wit; and a rose, that is sin; and wine, that is death. And all about us is a great company of angels in many-coloured robes, rose and spring-green, and sky-blue, and pale gold, and silver, and lilac, solemnly chanting without words. It is music wonderful beyond all that can be thought.

And now we go out of the chamber; on the right is a pylon, and the right figure is Isis, and the left figure {53} Nephthys, and they are folding their wings over, and supporting Ra.

I wanted to go back to the King's Chamber. The Angel pushed me away, saying: "Thou shalt see these visions from afar off, but thou shalt not partake of them save in the manner prescribed. For if thou change so much as the style of a letter, the holy word is blasphemed."

And this is the manner prescribed:

Let there be a room furnished as for the ritual of passing through the Tuat. And let the aspirant be clad in the robes of, and let him bear the

insignia of his grade. And at the least he shall be a neophyte.

Three days and three nights shall he have been in the tomb, vigilant and fasting, for he shall sleep no longer than three hours at any one time, and he

7 No Angel has been mentioned. The Seer was lost to being. shall drink pure water, and eat little sweet cakes consecrated unto the moon, and fruits, and the eggs of the duck, or of the goose, or of the plover. And he shall be shut in, so that no man may break in upon his meditation. But in the last twelve hours he shall neither eat nor sleep.

Then shall he break his fast, eating rich food, and drinking sweet wines, and wines that foam; and he shall banish the elements and the planets and the signs and the sephiroth; and then shall he take the holy table that he hath made for his altar, and he shall take the call of the Aethyr of which he will partake, which he hath written in the angelic character, or in the character of the holy alphabet that is revealed in Pop?, upon a fair sheet of virgin vellum; and therewith shall he conjure the Aethyr, chanting the call. And in the lamp that is hung above the altar shall he burn the call that he hath written. {54}

Then shall he kneel before the holy table, and it shall be given him to partake of the mystery of the Aethyr.

And concerning the ink with which he shall write; for the first Aethyr let it be gold, for the second scarlet, for the third violet, for the fourth emerald, for the fifth silver, for the sixth sapphire, for the seventh orange, for the eighth indigo, for the ninth gray, for the tenth black, for the eleventh maroon, for the twelfth russet, for the thirteenth green-gray, for the fourteenth amber, for the fifteenth olive, for the sixteenth pale blue, for the seventeenth crimson, for the eighteenth bright yellow, for the nineteenth crimson adorned with silver, for the twentieth mauve, for the twenty-first pale green, for the twenty-second rose-madder, for the twenty-third violet cobalt, for the twenty-fourth beetle-brown, blue-brown colour, for the twenty-fifth a cold dark gray, for the twenty-sixth white flecked with red, blue, and yellow; the edges of the letters shall be green, for the twenty-seventh angry clouds of ruddy brown, for the twenty-eighth indigo, for the twenty-ninth bluish-green, for the thirtieth mixed colours.

This shall be the form to be used by him who would partake of the mystery of any Aethyr. And let him not change so much as the style of a letter, lest the holy word be blasphemed.

And let him beware, after he hath been permitted to partake of this mystery, that he await the completion of the 91st hour of his retirement, before he open the door of the place of his retirement; lest he contaminate his glory with uncleanness, and lest they that behold him be smitten by his glory unto death.

For this is a holy mystery, and he that did first attain to {55} reveal the alphabet thereof, perceived not one ten-thousandth part of the fringe that is upon its vesture.

Come away! for the clouds are gathered together, and the Aire heaveth like the womb of a woman in travail. Come away! lest he loose the lightnings from

his hand, and unleash his hounds of thunder. Come away! For the voice of the Aethyr is accomplished. Come away! For the seal of His loving-kindness is made sure. And let there be praise and blessing unspeakable unto him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, for he casteth down mercies as a spendthrift that scattereth gold. And he hath shut up judgment and hidden it away as a miser that hoardeth coins of little worth.

All this while the Angel hath been pushing me backwards, and now he is turned into a golden cross with a rose at its heart, and that is the red cross wherein is set the golden shewstone.

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 1, 1909. 2.30 - 4.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 17TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED TAN

Into the stone there first cometh the head of a dragon, and then the Angel Madimi. She is not the mere elemental that one would suppose from the account of Casaubon. I enquire why her form is different.

She says: Since all things are God, in all things thou seest just so much of God as thy capacity affordeth thee. But behold! Thou must pierce deeply into this Aethyr before true images appear. For TAN is that which transformeth {56} judgment into justice. BAL is the sword, and TAN the balances.

A pair of balances appears in the stone, and on the bar of the balance is written: Motion about a point is iniquity.

And behind the balances is a plume, luminous, azure. And somehow connected with the plume, but I cannot divine how, are these words: Breath is iniquity. (That is, any wind must stir the feather of truth.)

And behind the plume is a shining filament of quartz, suspended vertically from the abyss to the abyss. And in the midst is a winged disk of some extremely delicate, translucent substance, on which is written in the "dagger" alphabet: Torsion is iniquity. (This means, that the Rashith Ha-Gilgalim is the first appearance of evil.)

And now an Angel appears, like as he were carved in black diamonds. And he cries: Woe unto the Second, whom all nations of men call the First. Woe unto the First, whom all grades of Adepts call the First. Woe unto me, for I, even as they, have worshipped him. But she is whose paps are the galaxies, and he that never shall be known, in them is no motion. For the infinite Without filleth all and moveth not, and the infinite Within goeth indeed; but it is no odds, else were the space-marks confounded.

And now the Angel is but a shining speck of blackness in the midst of a tremendous sphere of liquid and vibrating light, at first gold, then becoming green, and lastly pure blue. And I see that the green of Libra is made up of the yellow of air and the blue of water, swords and cups, judgment and mercy. And this word TAN meaneth mercy. And the feather of Maat is blue because the

truth of justice is mercy. And a {57} voice cometh, as it were the music of the ripples of the surface of the sphere: Truth is delight. (This means that the Truth of the universe is delight.)

Another voice cometh; it is the voice of a mighty Angel, all in silver; the scales of his armour and the plumes of his wings are like mother-of-pearl in a framework of silver. And he sayeth: Justice is the equity that ye have made for yourselves between truth and falsehood. But in Truth there is nothing of this, for there is only Truth. Your falsehood is but a little falser than your truth. Yet by your truth shall ye come to Truth. Your truth is your troth with Adonai the Beloved one. And the Chymical Marriage of the Alchemists beginneth with a Weighing, and he that is not found wanting hath within him one spark of fire, so dense and so intense that it cannot be moved, through all the winds of heaven should clamour against it, and all the waters of the abyss surge against it, and all the multitude of the earths heap themselves upon it to smother it. Nay, it shall not be moved.

And this is the fire of which it is written: "Hear thou the voice of fire!" And the voice of fire is the second chapter of the Book of the Law, that is revealed unto him that is a score and half a score and three that are scores, and six, by Aiwass, that is his guardian, the mighty Angel that extendeth from the first unto the last, and maketh known the mysteries that are beyond. And the method and the form of invocation whereby a man shall attain to the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel shall be given unto thee in the proper place, and seeing that the word is deadlier than lightning, do thou meditate straitly thereupon, solitary, in a place where is no living thing visible, but only the light of the sun. And {58} thy head shall be bare.⁸ Thus mayest thou become fitted to receive this, the holiest of the Mysteries. And it is the holiest of the Mysteries because it is the Next Step. And those Mysteries which lie beyond, though they be holier, are not

8 This I performed in a sort of cave upon the ridge of a great mountain in the Desert near Bou-S?ada at 12-3 p.m. on December 2. holy unto thee, but only remote. (The sense of this passage seems to be, that the holiness of a thing implies its personal relation with one, just as one cannot blaspheme an unknown god, because one does not know what to say to annoy him. And this explains the perfect inefficiency of those who try to insult the saints; the most violent attacks are very often merely clumsy compliments.)

Now the Angel is spread completely over the globe, a dewy film of silver upon that luminous blue.

And a great voice cries: Behold the Queen of Heaven, how she hath woven her robes from the loom of justice. For as that straight path of the Arrow cleaving the Rainbow became righteousness in her that sitteth in the hall of double truth, so at last is she exalted unto the throne of the High Priestess, the Priestess of the Silver Star, wherein also is thine Angel made manifest. And this is the mystery of the camel that is ten days in the desert, and is not athirst, because he hath within him that water which is the dew distilled from the the night of Nuit. Triple is the cord of silver, that it may be not

loosed; and three score and half a score and three is the number of the name of my name, for that the ineffable wisdom, that also is of the sphere of the stars, informeth me. Thus am I crowned with the triangle that is about the eye, and therefore is my number three. And in me there is no {59} imperfection, because through me descendeth the influence of TARO. And that is also the number of Aiwass the mighty Angel, the Minister of Silence.

And even as the shew-stone burneth thy forehead with its intolerable flame, so he who hath known me, though but from afar, is marked out and chosen among men, and he shall never turn back or turn aside, for he hath made the link that is not to be broken, nay, not by the malice of the Four Great Princes of evil of the world, nor by Chorozone, that mighty Devil, nor by the wrath of God, nor by the affliction and feebleness of the soul.

Yet with this assurance be not thou content; for though thou hast the wings of the Eagle, they are vain, except they be joined to the shoulders of the Bull. Now, therefore, I send forth a shaft of my light, even as a ladder let down from the heaven upon the earth, and by this black cross of Themis that I hold before thine eyes, do I swear unto thee that the path shall be open henceforth for evermore.

There is a clash of a myriad silver cymbals, and silence. And then three times a note is struck upon a bell, which sounds like my holy Tibetan bell, that is made of electrum magicum.

I am happily returned unto the earth.

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 2, 1909. 12.15 - 2 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 16TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LEA

There are faint and flickering images in a misty landscape, all very transient. But the general impression is of moonrise at midnight, and a crowned virgin riding upon a bull. {60}

And they come up into the surface of the stone. And she is singing a chant of praise: Glory unto him that hath taken upon himself the image of toil. For by his labour is my labour accomplished. For I, being a woman, lust ever to mate myself with some beast. And this is the salvation of the world, that always I am deceived by some god, and that my child is the guardian of the labyrinth that hath two-and-seventy paths.

Now she is gone.

And now there are Angels, walking up and down in the stone. They are the Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Table. It seems that they are waiting for the Angel of the Aethyr to come forth.

Now at last he appears in the gloom. He is a mighty King, with crown and orb and sceptre, and his robes are of purple and gold. And he casts down the orb and sceptre to the earth, and he tears off his crown, and throws it on the ground, and tramples it. And he tears out his hair, that is of ruddy gold

tinged with silver, and he plucks at his beard, and cries with a terrible voice: Woe unto me that am cast down from my place by the might of the new Aeon. For the ten palaces are broken, and the ten kings are carried away into bondage, and they are set to fight as the gladiators in the circus of him that hath laid his hand upon eleven. For the ancient tower is shattered by the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning. And they that walk upon their hands shall build the holy place. Blessed are they who have turned the Eye of Hoor unto the zenith, for they shall be filled with the vigour of the goat.

All that was ordered and stable is shaken. The Aeon of {61} Wonders is come. Like locusts shall they gather themselves together, the servants of the Star and of the Snake, and they shall eat up everything that is upon the earth. For why? Because the Lord of Righteousness delighteth in them.

The prophets shall prophesy monstrous things, and the wizards shall perform monstrous things. The sorceress shall be desired of all men, and the enchanter shall rule the earth.

Blessing unto the name of the Beast, for he hath let loose a mighty flood of fire from his manhood, and from his womanhood hath he let loose a mighty flood of water. Every thought of his mind is as a tempest that uprooteth the great trees of the earth, and shaketh the mountains thereof. And the throne of his spirit is a mighty throne of madness and desolation, so that they that look upon it shall cry: Behold the abomination!

Of a single ruby shall that throne be built, and it shall be set upon a high mountain, and men shall see it afar off. Then will I gather together my chariots and my horsemen and my ships of war. By sea and land shall my armies and my navies encompass it, and I will encamp round about it, and besiege it, and by the flame thereof shall I be utterly devoured. Many lying spirits have I sent into the world that my Aeon might be established, and they shall be all overthrown.

Great is the Beast that cometh forth like a lion, the servant of the Star and of the Snake. He is the Eternal one; He is the Almighty one. Blessed are they upon whom he shall look with favour, for nothing shall stand before his face. Accursed are they upon whom he shall look with derision, for nothing shall stand before his face.

And every mystery that hath not been revealed from the {62} foundation of the world he shall reveal unto his chosen. And they shall have power over every spirit of the Ether; and of the earth and under the earth; on dry land and in the water; of whirling air and of rushing fire. And they shall have power over all the inhabitants of the earth, and every scourge of God shall be subdued beneath their feet. The angels shall come unto them and walk with them, and the great gods of heaven shall be their guests.

But I must sit apart, with dust upon my head, discrowned and desolate. I must lurk in forbidden corners of the earth. I must plot secretly in the by-ways of great cities, in the fog, and in marshes of the rivers of pestilence. And all my cunning shall not serve me. And all my undertakings shall be brought to naught. And all the ministers of the Beast shall catch me and tear out my tongue with pincers of red-hot iron, and they shall brand my forehead

with the word of derision, and they shall shave my head, and pluck out my beard, and make a show of me.

And the spirit of prophecy shall come upon me despite me ever and anon, as even now upon my heart and upon my throat; and upon my tongue seared with strong acid are the words: "Vim patior." For so must I give glory to him that hath supplanted me, that hath cast me down into the dust. I have hated him, and with hate my bones are rotten. I would have spat upon him, and my spittle hath befouled my beard. I have taken up the sword against him, and I am fallen upon it, and mine entrails are about my feet.

Who shall strive with his might? Hath he not the sword and the spear of the Warrior Lord of the Sun? Who shall contend with him? Who shall lift himself up against him? {63} For the latchet of his sandal is more than the helmet of the Most High. Who shall reach up to him in supplication, save those that he shall set upon his shoulders? Would God that my tongue were torn out by the roots, and my throat cut across, and my heart torn out and given to the vultures, before I say this that I must say: Blessing and Worship to the Prophet of the Lovely Star!

And now he is fallen quite to the ground, in a heap, and dust is upon his head; and the throne upon which he sat is shattered into many pieces.

And dimly dawning in this unutterable gloom, far, far above, is the face that is the face of a man and of a woman, and upon the brow is a circle, and upon the breast is a circle, and in the palm of the right hand is a circle. Gigantic is his stature, and he hath the Uraeus crown, and the leopard's skin, and the flaming orange apron of a god. And invisibly about him is Nuit, and in his heart is Hadit, and between his feet is the great god Ra Hoor Khuit. And in his right hand is a flaming wand, and in his left a book. Yet is he silent; and that which is understood between him and me shall not be revealed in this place. And the mystery shall be revealed to whosoever shall say, with ecstasy of worship in his heart, with a clear mind, and a passionate body: It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.

And now all that glory hath withdrawn itself; and the old King lies prostrate, abject.

And the virgin that rode upon the bull cometh forth, led by all those Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Table, and they are dancing round her with garlands and sheaves of flowers, loose robes and hair dancing in the wind. And she smiles upon me {64} with infinite brilliance, so that the whole Aethyr flushes warm, and she says with a subtle sub-meaning, pointing downwards: By this, that.

And I took her hand and kissed it, and I say to her: Am I not nearly purged of the iniquity of my forefathers?

With that she bends down, and kisses me on the mouth, and says: "Yet a little, and on thy left arm shalt thou carry a man-child, and give him to drink of the milk of thy breasts. But I go dancing."

And I wave my hand, and the Aethyr is empty and dark, and I bow myself before it in the sign that I, and only I, may know. And I sink through waves of blackness, poised on an eagle, down, down, down.

And I give the sign that only I may know.

And now there is nothing in the stone but the black cross of Themis, and on it these words: Memento: Sequor. (These words probably mean that the Equinox of Horus is to be followed by that of Themis.)

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 2, 1909. 4.50 - 6.5 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 15TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED OXO

There appears immediately in the Aethyr a tremendous column of scarlet fire, whirling forth, rebounding, crying aloud. And about it are four columns of green and blue and gold and silver, each inscribed with writings in the character of the dagger. And the column of fire is dancing among the pillars. Now it seems that the fire is but the skirt of the dancer, and the dancer is a mighty god. The vision is overpowering. {65}

As the dancer whirls, she chants in a strange, slow voice, quickening as she goes: Lo! I gather up every spirit that is pure, and weave him into my vesture of flame. I lick up the lives of men, and their souls sparkle from mine eyes. I am the mighty sorceress, the lust of the spirit. And by my dancing I gather for my mother Nuit the heads of all them that are baptized in the waters of life. I am the lust of the spirit that eateth up the soul of man. I have prepared a feast for the adepts, and they that partake thereof shall see God.

Now it is clear what she has woven in her dance; it is the Crimson Rose of 49 Petals, and the Pillars are the Cross with which it is conjoined. And between the pillars shoot out rays of pure green fire; and now all the pillars are golden. She ceases to dance, and dwindles, gathering herself into the centre of the Rose.

Now it is seen that the Rose is a vast ampitheatre, with seven tiers, each tier divided into seven partitions. And they that sit in the Amphitheatre are the seven grades of the Order of the Rosy Cross. This Amphitheatre is built of rose-coloured marble, and of its size I can say only that the sun might be used as a ball to be thrown by the players in the arena. But in the arena there is a little altar of emerald, and its top has the heads of the Four Beasts, in turquoise and rock-crystal. And the floor of the arena is ridged like a grating of lapis lazuli. And it is full of pure quicksilver.

Above the altar is a veiled Figure, whose name is Pan. Those in the outer tier adore him as a Man; and in the next tier they adore him as a Goat; and in the next tier they adore him as a Ram; and in the next tier they adore him as a Crab; {66} and in the next tier they adore him as an Ibis; and in the next tier they adore him as a Golden Hawk; and in the next tier they adore him not.

And now the light streameth out from the altar, splashed out by the feet of him that is above it. It is the Holy Twelve-fold Table of OIT.

The voice of him that is above the altar is silence, but the echo thereof

cometh back from the walls of the circus, and is speech. And this is the speech: Three and four are the days of a quarter of the moon, and on the seventh day is the sabbath, but thrice four is the Sabbath of the Adepts whereof the form is revealed in the Aethyr ZID; that is the eighth of the Aires. And the mysteries of the Table shall not be wholly revealed, nor shall they be revealed herein. But thou shalt gather of the sweat of thy brow a pool of clear water wherein this shall be revealed. And of the oil that thou burnest in the midnight shall be gathered together thirteen rivers of blessing; and of the oil and the water I will prepare a wine to intoxicate the young men and the maidens.

And now the Table is become the universe; every star is a letter of the Book of Enoch. And the Book of Enoch is drawn therefrom by an inscrutable Mystery, that is known only to the Angels and the Holy Sevenfold Table. While I have been gazing upon this table, an Adept has come forth, one from each tier, except the inmost Tier.

And the first drove a dagger into my heart, and tasted the blood, and said: chi alpha theta alpha rho omicron sigma , chi alpha theta alpha rho omicron sigma , chi alpha theta alpha rho omicron sigma , chi alpha theta alpha rho omicron sigma , chi alpha theta alpha rho omicron sigma .

And the second Adept has been testing the muscles of my right arm and shoulder, and he says: fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis. {67}

And the third Adept examines the skin and tastes the sweat of my left arm, and says:

TAN, TAN, TAN, TAN.

And the fourth Adept examines my neck, and seems to approve, though he says nothing; and he hath opened the right half of my brain, and he makes some examination, and says: "Samajh, samajh, samajh."

And the fifth Adept examines the left half of my brain, and then holds up his hand in protest, and says "PLA . . ." (I cannot get the sentence, but the meaning is: In the thick darkness the seed awaiteth spring.)

And now am I again rapt in contemplation of that universe of letters which are stars.

The words ORLO, ILRO, TULE are three most secret names of God. They are Magick names, each having an interpretation of the same kind as the interpretation of I.N.R.I., and the name OIT, RLU, LRL, OOE are other names of God, that contain magical formulae, the first to invoke fire; the second, water; the third, air; and the fourth, earth.

And if the Table be read diagonally, every letter, and every combination of letters, is the name of a devil. And from these are drawn the formulae of evil magick. But the holy letter I above the triad LLL dominateth the Table, and preserveth the peace of the universe.

And in the seven talismans about the central Table are contained the Mysteries of drawing forth the letters. And the letters of the circumference declare in glory of Nuit, that beginneth from Aries9. {68}

All this while the Adepts must have been chanting as it were an oratorio for seven instruments. And this oratorio hath one dominant theme of rapture.

Yet it applieth to every detail of the universe as well as to the whole. And herein is Choronzon brought utterly to ruin, that all his work is against his will, not only in the whole, but in every part thereof, even as a fly that walketh upon a beryl-stone.

And the tablet blazeth ever brighter till it filleth the whole Aire. And behold! there is is one God therein, and the letters of the stars in his crown, Orion, and the Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and Alpha Centauri, and Cor Leonis, and Cor Scorpionis, and Spica, and the pole-star, and Hercules, and Regulus, and Aquila, and the Ram's Eye.

And upon a map of the stars shalt thou draw the sigil of that name; and because also some of the letters are alike, thou shalt know that the stars also have tribes and nations. The letter of a star is but the totem thereof. And the letter representeth not the whole nature of the star, but each star must be known by itself in the wisdom of him that hath the Cynocephalus in leash.

And this pertaineth unto the grade of a Magus --- and that is beyond thine. (All this is communicated not by voice, or by writing; and there is no form in the stone, but only the brilliance of the Table. And now I am withdrawn from all that, but the Rosy Cross of 49 petals is set upright upon the summit of a pyramid, and all is dark, because of the exceeding light behind.)

And there cometh a voice: The fly cried unto the ox, "Beware! Strengthen thyself. Set thy feet firmly upon the earth, for it is my purpose to alight between thy shoulders, {69} and I would not harm thee." So also are they who wish well unto the Masters of the Pyramid.

And the bee said unto the flower: "Give me of thine honey," and the flower gave richly thereof; but the bee, though he wit it not, carried the seed of the flower into many fields of sun. So also are they that take unto themselves the Masters of the Pyramid for servants.

Now the exceeding light that was behind the Pyramid, and the Rosy Cross that is set thereon, hath fulfilled the whole Aire. The black Pyramid is like the back of a black diamond. Also the Rosy Cross is loosened, and the petals of the Rose are the mingled hues of sunset and of dawn; and the Cross is the Golden light of noon, and in the heart of the Rose there is the secret light that men call midnight.

And a voice: "Glory to God and thanksgiving to God, and there is no God but God. And He is exalted; He is great; and in the Sevenfold Table is His Name writ openly, and in the Twelfold Table is His Name concealed."

And the Pyramid casts a shadow of itself into the sky, and the shadow spreads over the whole stone. And an angel clad in blue and scarlet, with golden wings and plumes of purple fire, comes forth and scatters disks of green and gold, filing all the Aire. And they become swiftly-whirling wheels, singing together.

And the voice of the angel cries: Gather up thy garments about thee¹⁰, O thou that hast entered the circle of the Sabbath; for in thy grave-clothes shouldest thou behold the resurrection. {70}

The flesh hangeth upon thee like his rags upon a beggar that is a pilgrim

to the shrine of the Exalted One. Nevertheless, bear them bravely, and rejoice in the beauty thereof, for the company of the pilgrims is a glad company, and they have no care, and with song and dance and wine and fair

9 Note that the corner letters in this table are all B = Leo.

10 Since the examination in the amphitheatre I have been a naked spirit without garments or anything; by garments he means the body.

women do they make merry. And every hostel is their place, and every maid their queen.

Gather up thy garments about thee, I say, for the voice of the Aethyr, that is the voice of the Aeon, is ended, and thou art absorbed into the lesser night, and caught in the web of the light of thy mother in the word ABRADAHARBA.

And now the five and the six are divorced, and I am come again within my body.

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 3, 1909. 9.15 to 11.10 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 14TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED UTI

There come into the stone a white goat, a green dragon, and a tawny bull. But they pass away immediately. There is a veil of such darkness before the Aethyr that it seems impossible to pierce it. But there is a voice saying: Behold, the Great One of the Night of Time stirreth, and with his tail he churneth up the slime, and of the foam thereof shall he make stars. And in the battle of the Python and the Sphinx shall the glory be to the Sphinx, but the victory to the Python.

Now the veil of darkness is formed of a very great number of exceedingly fine black veils, and one tears them off one at a time. And the voice says, There is no light or knowledge or beauty or stability in the Kingdom of the Grave, whither {71} thou goest. And the worm is crowned. All that thou wast hath he eaten up, and all that thou art is his pasture until to-morrow. And all that thou shalt be is nothing. Thou who wouldst enter the domain of the Great One of the Night of Time, this burden must thou take up. Deepen not a superficialities.

But I go on tearing down the veil that I may behold the vision of UTI, and hear the voice thereof. And there is a voice: He hath drawn the black bean. And another voice answers it: Not otherwise could he plant the Rose. And the first voice: He hath drunk of the waters of death. The answer: Not otherwise could he water the Rose. And the first voice: He hath burnt himself at the Fires of life. And the answer: Not otherwise could he sun the Rose. And the first voice is so faint that I cannot hear it. But the answer is: Not otherwise could he pluck the Rose.

And still I go on, struggling with the blackness. Now there is an

earthquake. The veil is torn into thousands of pieces that go flying away in a whirling wind. And there is an all-glorious Angel before me, standing in the sign of Apophis and Typhon. On his Forehead is a star, but all about him is darkness, and the crying of beasts. And there are lamps moving in the darkness.

And the Angel says: Depart! For thou must invoke me only in the darkness. Therein will I appear, and reveal unto thee the Mystery of UTI. For the Mystery thereof is great and terrible. And it shall not be spoken in sight of the sun.

Therefore I withdraw myself. (Thus far the vision upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert near Bou-S?ada.)

December 3, 2.50-3.15 p.m.

"The Angel re-appears."

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the abyss is the eye of the hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is {73} my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the

desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty Privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids --- their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken {74} them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Aethyr is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure ---,11 and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye is called

11 I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word. seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these, whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword {75} of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep

watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

During all this speech, the figure of the Angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out.

And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 3, 1909 9.50-11.15 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 13TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZIM

Into the Stone there cometh an image of shining waters, glistening in the sun. Unfathomable is their beauty, for they are limpid, and the floor is of gold. Yet the sense thereof is of fruitlessness.

And an Angel cometh forth, of pure pale gold, walking upon the water. Above his head is a rainbow, and the water foams beneath his feet. And he saith: Before his face am I come that hath the thirty-three thunders of increase in his hand. From the golden water shalt thou gather corn. {76}

All the Aire behind him is gold, but it opens as it were a veil. There are two terrible black giants, wrestling in mortal hatred. And there is a little bird upon a bush, and the bird flaps its wings. Thereat the strength of the giants snaps, and they fall in heaps to the earth, as though all their bones were suddenly broken.

And now waves of light roll through the Aethyr, as if they were playing. Therefore suddenly I am in a garden, upon a terrace of a great castle, that is upon a rocky mountain. In the garden are fountains and many flowers. There are girls also in the garden, tall, slim, delicate and pale. And now I see that the flowers are the girls, for they change from one to another; so varied, and lucent, and harmonious is all this garden, that it seems like a great opal.

A voice comes: This water which thou seest is called the water of death. But NEMO hath filled therefrom our springs.

And I said: Who is NEMO?

And the voice answered: A dolphin's tooth, and a ram's horns, and the hand of a man that is hanged, and the phallus of a goat. (By this I understand that nun is explained by shin, and h? by resh, and mem by yod, and ayin by tau. NEMO is therefore called $165 = 11 \times 15$; and is in himself $910 = 91 \text{ Amen} \times 10$; and $13 \times 70 = \text{The One Eye, "Achad Ayin."}$)

And now there cometh an Angel into the garden, but he hath not any of the attributes of the former Angels, for he is like a young man, dressed in white

linen robes.

And he saith: No man hath beheld the face of my Father. Therefore he that hath beheld it is called NEMO. And know thou that every man that is called NEMO hath a garden that he tendeth. And every garden that is and flourisheth hath {77} been prepared from the desert by NEMO, watered with the waters that were called death.

And I say unto him: To what end is the garden prepared?

And he saith: First for the beauty and delight thereof; and next because it is written, "And Tetragrammaton Elohim planted a garden eastward in Eden." And lastly, because though every flower bringeth forth a maiden, yet is there one flower that shall bring forth a man-child. And his name shall be called NEMO, when he beholdeth the face of my Father. And he that tendeth the garden seeketh not to single out the flower that shall be NEMO. He doeth naught but tend the garden.

And I said: Pleasant indeed is the garden, and light is the toil of tending it, and great is the reward.

And he said: Bethink thee that NEMO hath beheld the face of my Father. In Him is only Peace.

And I said: Are all gardens like unto this garden?

And he waved his hand, and in the Aire across the valley appeared an island of coral, rosy, with green palms and fruit-trees, in the midst of the bluest of the seas.

And he waved his hand again, and there appeared a valley shut in by mighty snow mountains, and in it were pleasant streams of water, rushing through, and broad rivers, and lakes covered with lilies.

And he waved his hand again, and there was a vision, as it were of an oasis in the desert.

And again he waved his hand, and there was a dim country with grey rocks, and heather, and gorse, and bracken.

And he waved his hand yet again, and there was a park, and a small house therein, surrounded by yews. This time {78} the house opens, and I see in it an old man, sitting by a table. He is blind. Yet he writeth in a great book, constantly. I see what he is writing: "The words of the Book are as the leaves of the flowers in the garden. Many indeed of these my songs shall go forth as maidens, but there is one among them, which one I know not, that shall be a man-child, whose name shall be NEMO, when he hath beheld the face of the Father, and become blind."

(All this vision is most extraordinarily pleasant and peaceful, entirely without strength or ecstasy, or any positive quality, but equally free from the opposites of any of those qualities.) And the young man seems to read my thought, which is, that I should love to stay in this garden and do nothing for ever; for he sayeth to me: Come with me, and behold how NEMO tendeth his garden.

So we enter the earth, and there is a veiled figure, in absolute darkness. Yet it is perfectly possible to see in it, so that the minutest details do not escape us. And upon the root of one flower he pours acid so that that root

writhes as if in torture. And another he cuts, and the shriek is like the shriek of a mandrake, torn up by the roots. And another he chars with fire, and yet another he anoints with oil.

And I said: Heavy is the labour, but great indeed is the reward.

And the young man answered me: He shall not see the reward, he tendeth the garden.

And I said: What shall come unto him?

And he said: This thou canst not know, nor is it revealed by the letters that are the totems of the stars, but only by the stars.

And he says to me, quite disconnectedly: The man of earth {79} is the adherent. The lover giveth his life unto the work among men. The hermit goeth solitary, and giveth only of his light unto men.

And I ask him: Why does he tell me that?

And he says: I tell thee not. Thou tellest thyself, for thou hast pondered thereupon for many days, and hast not found light. And now that thou art called NEMO, the answer to every riddle that thou hast not found shall spring up in thy mind, unsought. Who can tell upon what day a flower shall bloom?

And thou shalt give thy wisdom unto the world, and that shall be thy garden. And concerning time and death, thou hast naught to do with these things. For though a precious stone be hidden in the sand of the desert, it shall not heed for the wind of the desert, although it be but sand. For the worker of works hath worked thereupon; and because it is clear, it is invisible; and because it is hard, it moveth not.

All these words are heard by everyone that is called NEMO. And with that doth he apply himself to understanding. And he must understand the virtue of the waters of death, and he must understand the virtue of the sun and the wind, and of the worm that turneth the earth, and the stars that roof in the garden. And he must understand the separate nature and property of every flower, or how shall he tend his garden?

And I said to him: Concerning the Vision and the Voice, I would know if these things be of the essence of the Aethyr, or of the essence of the seer.

And he answers: It is of the essence of him that is called NEMO, combined with essence of the Aethyr, for from {80} the 1st Aethyr to the 15th Aethyr, there is no vision and no voice, save for him that is called NEMO. And he that seeketh the vision and the voice therein is led away by dog-faced demons that show no sign of truth, seducing from the Sacred Mysteries, unless his name be NEMO.

And hadst thou not been fitted, thou too hadst been led away, for before the gate of the 15th Aethyr, is this written: He shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. And again it is written: The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart. And again it is written that God tempteth man. But thou hadst the word and the sign, and thou hadst authority from thy superior, and licence. And thou hast done well in that thou didst not dare, and in that thou dost dare. For daring is not presumption.

And he said moreover: Thou dost well to keep silence, for I perceive how many questions arise in thy mind; yet already thou knowest that the answering,

as the asking, must be vain. For NEMO hath all in himself. He hath come where there is no light or knowledge, only when he needeth them no more.

And then we bow silently, giving a certain sign, called the Sign of Isis Rejoicing. And then he remaineth to ward the Aethyr, while I return unto the bank of sand that is the bed of the river near the desert.

THE RIVER-BED NEAR BOU-SAADA.

"December" 4, 1909. 2.10-3.45 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 12TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LOE.

There appear in the stone two pillars of flame, and in the midst is a chariot of white fire.

This seems to be the chariot of the Seventh Key of {81} Tarot. But it is drawn by four sphinxes, diverse, like the four sphinxes upon the door of the vault of the adepts, counterchanged in their component parts.

The chariot itself is the lunar crescent, waning. The canopy is supported by eight pillars of amber. These pillars are upright, and yet the canopy which they support is the whole vault of the night.

The charioteer is a man in golden armour, studded with sapphires, but over his shoulders is a white robe, and over that a red robe. Upon his golden helmet he beareth for his crest a crab. His hands are clasped upon a cup, from which radiates a ruddy glow, constantly increasing, so that everything is blotted out by its glory, and the whole Aire is filled with it.

And there is a marvelous perfume in the Aire, like unto the perfume of Ra Hoor Khuit, but sublimated, as if the quintessence of that perfume alone were burnt. For it hath the richness and voluptuousness and humanity of blood, and the strength and freshness of meal, and the sweetness of honey, and the purity of olive-oil, and the holiness of that oil which is made of myrrh, and cinnamon, and galangal.

The charioteer speaks in a low, solemn voice, awe-inspiring, like a large and very distant bell: Let him look upon the cup whose blood is mingled therein, for the wine of the cup is the blood of the saints. Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babalon the Mother of Abominations, that rideth upon the Beast, for she hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth and lo! she hath mingled it in the cup of her whoredom.

With the breath of her kisses hath she fermented it, and it hath become the wine of the Sacrament, the wine of the {82} Sabbath; and in the Holy Assembly hath she poured it out for her worshippers, and they had become drunken thereon, so that face to face they beheld my Father. Thus are they made worthy to become partakers of the Mystery of this holy vessel, for the blood is the life. So sitteth she from age to age, and the righteous are never weary of her kisses, and by her murders and fornications she seduceth the world. Therein is manifested the glory of my Father, who is truth.

(This wine is such that its virtue radiateth through the cup, and I reel

under the intoxication of it. And every thought is destroyed by it. It abideth alone, and its name is Compassion. I understand by "Compassion," the sacrament of suffering, partaken by the true worshippers of the Highest. And it is an ecstasy in which there is no trace of pain. Its passivity (=passion) is like the giving-up of the self to the beloved.)

The voice continues: This is the Mystery of Babylon, the Mother of abominations, and this is the mystery of her adulteries, for she hath yielded up herself to everything that liveth, and hath become a partaker in its mystery. And because she hath made herself the servant of each, therefore is she become the mistress of all. Not as yet canst thou comprehend her glory.

Beautiful art thou, O Babylon, and desirable, for thou hast given thyself to everything that liveth, and thy weakness hath subdued their strength. For in that union thou didst "understand." Therefore art thou called Understanding, O Babylon, Lady of the Night!

This is that which is written, "O my God, in one last rapture let me attain to the union with the many." For she is {83} Love, and her love is one, and she hath divided the one love into infinite loves, and each love is one, and equal to The One, and therefore is she passed "from the assembly and the law and the enlightenment unto the anarchy of solitude and darkness. For ever thus must she veil the brilliance of Her Self."

O Babylon, Babylon, thou mighty Mother, that ridest upon the crown'd beast, let me be drunken upon the wine of thy fornications; let thy kisses wanton me unto death, that even I, thy cup-bearer, may "understand."

Now, through the ruddy glow of the cup, I may perceive far above, and infinitely great, the vision of Babylon. And the Beast whereon she rideth is the Lord of the City of the Pyramids, that I beheld in the fourteenth Aethyr.

Now that is gone in the glow of the cup, and the Angel saith: Not as yet mayest thou understand the mystery of the Beast, for it pertaineth not unto the mystery of this Aire, and few that are new-born unto Understanding are capable thereof.

The cup glows ever brighter and fierier. All my sense is unsteady, being smitten with ecstasy.

And the Angel sayeth: Blessed are the saints, that their blood is mingled in the cup, and can never be separate any more. For Babylon the Beautiful, the Mother of abominations, hath sworn by her holy cteis, whereof every point is a pang, that she will not rest from her adulteries until the blood of everything that liveth is gathered therein, and the wine thereof laid up and matured and consecrated, and worthy to gladden the heart of my Father. For my Father is weary with the stress of eld, and cometh not to her bed. Yet shall {84} this perfect wine be the quintessence, and the elixir, and by the draught thereof shall he renew his youth; and so shall it be eternally, as age by age the worlds do dissolve and change, and the universe unfoldeth itself as a Rose, and shutteth itself up as the Cross that is bent into the cube.

And this is the comedy of Pan, that is played at night in the thick forest. And this is the mystery of Dionysus Zagreus, that is celebrated upon the holy mountain of Kithairon. And this is the secret of the brothers of the Rosy

Cross; and this is the heart of the ritual that is accomplished in the Vault of the Adepts that is hidden in the Mountain of the Caverns, even the Holy Mountain Abiegnus.

And this is the meaning of the Supper of the Passover, the spilling of the blood of the Lamb being a ritual of the Dark Brothers, for they have sealed up the Pylon with blood, lest the Angel of Death should enter therein. Thus do they shut themselves off from the company of the saints. Thus do they keep themselves from compassion and from understanding. Accursed are they, for they shut up their blood in their heart.

They keep themselves from the kisses of my Mother Babylon, and in their lonely fortresses they pray to the false moon. And they bind themselves together with an oath, and with a great curse. And of their malice they conspire together, and they have power, and mastery, and in their cauldrons do they brew the harsh wine of delusion, mingled with the poison of their selfishness.

Thus they make war upon the Holy One, sending forth their delusion upon men, and upon everything that liveth. So that their false compassion is called compassion, and their {85} false understanding is called understanding, for this is their most potent spell.

Yet of their own poison do they perish, and in their lonely fortresses shall they be eaten up by Time that hath cheated them to serve him, and by the mighty devil Choronzon, their master, whose name is the Second Death, for the blood that they have sprinkled on their Pylon, that is a bar against the Angel Death, is the key by which he entereth in.¹²

The Angel sayeth: And this is the word of double power in the voice of the Master, wherein the Five interpenetrateth the Six. This is its secret interpretation that may not be understood, save only of "them that understand." And for this is the Key of the Pylon of Power, because there is no power that may endure, save only the power that descendeth in this my chariot from Babylon, the city of the Fifty Gates, the Gate of the God On [HB:Nun-final HB:Ayin HB:Lamed HB:Aleph HB:Bet HB:Aleph HB:Bet]. Moreover is On the Key of the Vault that is

120. So also do the Majesty and the Beauty derive from the Supernal Wisdom.

But this is a mystery utterly beyond thine understanding. For Wisdom is the Man, and Understanding the Woman, and not until thou hast perfectly understood canst thou begin to be wise. But I reveal unto thee a mystery of the Aethyrs, that not only are they bound up with the Sephiroth, but also with the Paths. Now, the plane of the Aethyrs interpenetrateth and surroundeth the universe wherein the Sephiroth are established, and therefore is the order of the Aethyrs not the order of the Tree of Life. And only in a few places do they coincide. {86} But the knowledge of the Aethyrs is deeper than the knowledge of the Sephiroth, for that in the Aethyrs is the knowledge of the Aeons, and of Theta epsilon lambda eta mu alpha .¹³ And to each shall it be given according to his capacity. (He has been saying certain secret things to the unconscious mind of the seer, of a personal nature.)

Now a voice comes from without: And lo! I saw you to the end.

12 (I think the trouble with these people was, that they wanted to substitute the blood of someone else for their own blood, because they wanted to keep their personalities.)

13 WEH NOTE: This is exactly the case in Merkabah Qabalah. These visions of Crowley's are beyond the Sephiroth as are the visions of the Merkabah or chariot that is a part of them. Traditional Qabalah is very much in accord with his experience at this point. The Sephiroth of the Tree of Life, as depicted in the standard Tree and the Golden Dawn material, are not compatible with the visions approaching and beyond the Abyss. There are other configurations, some including modified conceptions of the Sephiroth, that do apply in some degree. See the "Thelema Lodge" "Calendar", issues for May and June of 1990 e.v.

And a great bell begins to toll. And there come six little children out of the floor of the chariot, and in their hands is a veil so fine and transparent that it is hardly visible. Yet, when they put it over the Cup, the Angel bowing his head reverently, the light of the Cup goes out entirely. And as the light of the Cup vanishes, it is like a swift sunset in the whole Aire, for it was from the light of that Cup alone that it was lighted.

And now the light is all gone out of the stone, and I am very cold.

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 4 - 5, 1909. 11.30 p.m. - 1.20 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 11TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED IKH

There appears in the stone immediately the Kamea of the Moon. And it is rolled up; and behind it there appeareth a great Host of Angels. Their backs are turned towards me, but I can see how tremendous are their arms, which are swords and spears. They have wings upon their helmets and their heels: they are clad in complete armour, and the least of their swords is like the breaking forth of a tremendous {87} storm of lightning. The least of their spears is like a great water-spout. On their shields are the eyes of Tetragrammaton, winged with flame, --- white, red, black, yellow and blue. On their flanks are vast squadrons of elephants, and behind them is their meteor-artillery. They that sit upon the elephants are armed with the thunderbolt of Zeus.

Now in all that host there is no motion. Yet they are not resting upon their arms, but tense and vigilant. And between them and me is the God Shu, whom before I did not see, because his force filleth the whole Aethyr. And indeed he is not visible in his form. Nor does he come to the seer through any of the senses; he is understood, rather than expressed.

I perceive that all this army is defended by fortresses, nine mighty towers of iron upon the frontier of the Aethyr. Each tower is filled with warriors in silver armour. It is impossible to describe the feeling of tension; they

are like oarsmen waiting for the gun.

I perceive that an Angel is standing on either side of me; nay, I am in the midst of a company of armed angels, and their captain is standing in front of me. He too is clad in silver armour; and about him, closely wrapped to his body, is a whirling wind, so swift that any blow struck against him would be broken.

And he speaketh unto me these words:

Behold, a mighty guard against the terror of things, the fastness of the Most High, the legions of eternal vigilance; these are they that keep watch and ward day and night throughout the aeons. Set in them is all force of the Mighty One, yet there sirreth not one plume of the wings of their helmets.

{88}

Behold, the foundation of the Holy City, the towers and the bastions thereof! Behold the armies of light that are set against the outermost Abyss, against the horror of emptiness, and the malice of Choronzon. Behold how worshipful is the wisdom of the Master, that he hath set his stability in the all-wandering Air and in the changeful Moon. In the purple flashes of lightning hath He written the word Eternity, and in the wings of the swallow hath He appointed rest.

By three and by three and by three hath He made firm the foundation against the earthquake that is three. For in the number nine is the changefulness of the numbers brought to naught. For with whatsoever number thou wilt cover it, it appeareth unchanged.

These things are spoken unto him that understandeth, that is a breastplate unto the elephants, or a corselet unto the angels, or a scale upon the towers of iron; yet is this mighty host set only for a defense, and whoso passeth beyond their lines hath no help in them.

Yet must he that understandeth go forth unto the outermost Abyss, and there must he speak with him that is set above the four-fold terror, the Princes of Evil, even with Choronzon, the mighty devil that inhabiteth the outermost Abyss. And none may speak with him, or understand him, but the servants of Babylon, that understand, and they that are without understanding, his servants.

Behold! it entereth not into the heart, nor into the mind of man to conceive this matter; for the sickness of the body is death, and the sickness of the heart is despair, and the sickness of the mind is madness. But in the outermost Abyss is sickness of the aspiration, and sickness of the will, and sickness {89} of the essence of all, and there is neither word nor thought wherein the image of its image is reflected.

And whoso passeth into the outermost Abyss, except he be of them that understand, holdeth out his hands, and boweth his neck, unto the chains of Choronzon. And as a devil he walketh about the earth, immortal, and he blasteth the flowers of the earth, and he corrupteth the fresh air, and he maketh poisonous the water; and the fire that is the friend of man, and the pledge of his aspiration, seeing that it mounteth ever upward as a pyramid, and seeing that man stole it in a hollow tube from Heaven, even that fire he

turneth unto ruin, and madness, and fever, and destruction. And thou, that art an heap of dry dust in the city of the pyramids, must understand these things.

And now a thing happens, which is unfortunately sheer nonsense; for the Aethyr that is the foundation of the universe was attacked by the Outermost Abyss, and the only way that I can express it is by saying that the universe was shaken. But the universe was "not" shaken. And that is the exact truth; so that the rational mind which is interpreting these spiritual things is offended; but, being trained to obey, it setteth down that which it doth not understand. For the rational mind indeed reasoneth, but never attaineth unto Understanding; but the Seer is of them that understand.

And the Angel saith:

Behold, He hath established His mercy and His might, and unto His might is added victory, and unto his Mercy is added splendour. And all these things hath He ordered in beauty, and He hath set them firmly upon the Eternal Rock, and therefrom He hath suspended His kingdom as one pearl that {90} is set in a jewel of threescore pearls and twelve. And He hath garnished it with the Four Holy Living Creatures for Guardians, and He hath graven therein the seal of righteousness,¹⁴ and He hath burnished it with the fire of His Angel, and the blush of His loveliness informeth it, and with delight and with wit hath He made it merry at the heart, and the core thereof is the Secret of His being, and therein is His name Generation. And this His stability had the number 80, for that the price thereof is War.¹⁵

Beware, therefore, O thou who art appointed to understand the secret of the Outermost Abyss, for in every Abyss thou must assume the mask and form of the Angel thereof. Hadst thou a name, thou wert irrevocably lost. Search, therefore, if there be yet one drop of blood that is not gathered into the cup of Babylon the Beautiful, for in that little pile of dust, if there could be one drop of blood, it should be utterly corrupt; it should breed scorpions and vipers, and the cat of slime.¹⁶

And I said unto the Angel:

Is there not one appointed as a warden?

And he said:

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.

14 Full title of Jesod is Tzedeq Jesod Olahm, "The Righteous is the Foundation of the World."

15 I.S.V.D., Jesod, = 80, the number of p?, the letter of Mars.

16 WEH NOTE: This drop of blood is an attachment to the images of mortal life, the sensoria and that derived from it in the mind.

To pass Choronzon one must abandon interpretation and identity of the elements of the vision.

Such an ecstasy of anguish racks me that I cannot give it voice, yet I know it is but as the anguish of Gethsemane. And that is the last word of the Aethyr. The outposts are passed, and before the seer extends the outermost Abyss.

I am returned.

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 5, 1909. 10.10-11.35 p.m.

In nomine BABALON
Amen.

Restriction unto Choronzon.

THE TENTH AETHYR IS CALLED ZAX.

This Aethyr being accurs'd, and the seer forewarned, he taketh these precautions for the scribe.

First let the scribe be seated in the centre of the circle in the desert sand, and let the circle be fortified by the Holy Names of God --- Tetragrammaton and Shaddai El Chai and Ararita.

And let the Demon be invoked within a triangle, wherein is inscribed the name of Choronzon, and about it let him write ANAPHAXETON --- ANAPHANETON --- PRIMEUMATON, and in the angles MI-CA-EL: and at each angle the Seer shall slay a pigeon, and having done this, let him retire to a secret place, where is neither sight nor hearing, and sit within his black robe, secretly invoking the Aethyr. And let the Scribe perform the Banishing Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram, and let him call upon the Holy Names of God, and say the Exorcism of Honorius, and let him beseech protection and help of the Most High.

And let him be furnished with the Magick Dagger, and let him strike fearlessly at anything that may seek to break through the circle, were it the appearance of the Seer himself. And if the Demon pass out of the triangle, let him threaten him with the Dagger, and command him to return. And let him beware lest he himself lean beyond the circle. And {92} since he reverenceth the Person of the Seer as his Teacher, let the Seer bind him with a great Oath to do this.

Now, then, the Seer being entered within the triangle, let him take the Victims and cut their throats, pouring the blood within the Triangle, and being most heedful that not one drop fall without the Triangle; or else Choronzon should be able to manifest in the universe.¹⁷

And when the sand hath sucked up the blood of the victims, let him recite the Call of the Aethyr apart secretly as aforesaid. Then will the Vision be revealed, and the Voice heard.

"

"The Oath"

I, Omnia Vincam, a Probationer of A :: A ::, hereby solemnly promise upon my magical honour, and swear by Adonai the angel that guardeth me, that I will defend this magic circle of Art with thoughts and words and deeds. I promise to threaten with the Dagger and command back into the triangle the

spirit incontinent, if he should strive to escape from it; and to strike with a Dagger at anything that may seek to enter this Circle, were it in appearance the body of the Seer himself. And I will be exceeding wary, armed against force and cunning; and I will preserve with my life the inviolability of this Circle, Amen.

The Cry of the 10th Aethyr, Which is Called ZAX

17 WEH NOTE: Perhaps the joke here is that the manifest universe is itself, in a sense, Choronzon.

There is no being in the outermost Abyss, but constant forms come forth from the nothingness of it. {93}

Then the Devil of the Aethyr, that mighty devil Choronzon, crieth aloud, Zazas, Zazas, Nasatanada Zasas.

I am the Master of Form, and from me all forms proceed.

I am I. I have shut myself up from the spendthrifts, my gold is safe in my treasure-chamber, and I have made every living thing my concubine, and none shall touch them, save only I. And yet I am scorched, even while I shiver in the wind. He hateth me and tormenteth me. He would have stolen me from myself, but I shut myself up and mock at him, even while he plagueth me. From me come leprosy and pox and plague and cancer and cholera and the falling sickness. Ah! I will reach up to the knees of the Most High, and tear his phallus with my teeth, and I will bray his testicles in a mortar, and make poison thereof, to slay the sons of men.

(Here the Spirit stimulated the voice of Frater P., which also appeared to come from his station and not from the triangle.)

I don't think I can get any more; I think that's all there is.

(The Frater was seated in a secret place covered completely by a black robe, in the position called the "Thunderbolt". He did not move or speak during the ceremony.)

Next the Scribe was hallucinated, believing that before him was a beautiful courtesan whom previously he had loved in Paris. Now, she wooed him with soft words and glances, but he knew these things for delusions of the devil, and he would not leave the circle.

The demon then laughed wildly and loud.

(Upon the Scribe threatening him, the Demon proceeded, after a short delay.)

They have called me the God of laughter, and I laugh when I will slay. And they have thought that I could not {94} smile, but I smile upon whom I would seduce. O inviolable one, that canst not be tempted. If thou canst command me by the power of the Most High, know that I did indeed tempt thee, and it repenteth me. I bow myself humbly before the great and terrible names whereby thou hast conjured and constrained me. But thy name is mercy, and I cry aloud for pardon. Let me come and put my head beneath thy feet, that I may serve thee. For if thou commandest me to obedience in the Holy names, I cannot swerve therefrom, for their first whispering is greater than the noise of all my temptests. Bid me therefore come unto thee upon my hands and knees that I

may adore thee, and partake of thy forgiveness. Is not thy mercy infinite?

(Here Choronzon attempts to seduce the Scribe by appealing to his pride.

But the Scribe refused to be tempted, and commanded the demon to continue with the Aethyr.

There was again a short delay.)

Choronzon hath no form, because he is the maker of all form; and so rapidly he changeth from one to the other as he may best think fit to seduce those whom he hateth, the servants of the Most High.

Thus taketh he the form of a beautiful woman, or of a wise and holy man, or of a serpent that writheth upon the earth ready to sting.

And, because he is himself, therefore he is no self; the terror of darkness, and the blindness of night, and the deafness of the adder, and the tastelessness of stale and stagnant water, and the black fire of hatred, and the udders of the Cat of slime; not one thing, but many things. Yet, with all that, his torment {95} is eternal. The sun burns him as he writhes naked upon the sands of hell, and the wind cuts him bitterly to the bone, a harsh dry wind, so that he is sore athirst. Give unto me, I pray thee, one drop of water from the pure springs of Paradise, that I may quench my thirst.

(The Scribe refused.)

Sprinkle water upon my head. I can hardly go on.

(This last was spoken from the triangle in the natural voice of the Frater, which Choronzon again simulated. But he did not succeed in taking the Frater's form --- which was absurd!

The Scribe resisted the appeal to his pity, and conjured the demon to proceed by the names of the Most High. Choronzon attempted also to seduce the faithfulness of the Scribe. A long colloquy ensued. The Scribe cursed him by the Holy Names of God, and the power of the Pentagram.)

I feed upon the names of the Most High. I churn them in my jaws, and I void them from my fundament. I fear not the power of the Pentagram, for I am the Master of the Triangle. My name is three hundred and thirty and three, and that is thrice one. Be vigilant, therefore, for I warn thee that I am about to deceive thee. I shall say words that thou wilt take to be the cry of the Aethyr, and thou wilt write them down, thinking them to be great secrets of Magick power, and they will be only my jesting with thee.

(Here the Scribe invoked the Angels, and the Holy Guardian Angel of the Frater P. . . . The demon replied:)

I know the name of the Angel of thee and thy brother P. . . ., and all thy dealings with him are but a cloak for thy filthy sorceries.

(Here the Scribe averred that he knew more than the {96} demon, and so feared him not, and ordered the demon to proceed.)

Thou canst tell me naught that I know not, for in me is all Knowledge: Knowledge is my name. Is not the head of the great Serpent arisen into Knowledge?

(Here the Scribe again commanded Choronzon to continue with the call.)

Know thou that there is no Cry in the tenth Aethyr like unto the other Cries, for Choronzon is Dispersion, and cannot fix his mind upon any one thing

for any length of time. Thou canst master him in argument, O talkative one; thou wast commanded, wast thou not, to talk to Choronzon? He sought not to enter the circle, or to leave the triangle, yet thou didst prate of all these things.

(Here the Scribe threatened the demon with anger and pain and hell. The demon replied:)

Thinkest thou, O fool, that there is any anger and any pain that I am not, or any hell but this my spirit?

Images, images, images, all without control, all without reason. The malice of Choronzon is not the malice of a being; it is the quality of malice, because he that boasteth himself "I am I", hath in truth no self, and these are they that are fallen under my power, the slaves of the Blind One that boasted himself to be the Enlightened One. For there is no centre, nay, nothing but Dispersion.

Woe, woe, woe, threefold to him that is led away by talk, O talkative One.

O thou that hast written two-and-thirty books of Wisdom, and art more stupid than an owl, by thine own talk is thy {97} vigilance wearied, and by my talk art thou befooled and tricked, O thou that sayest that thou shalt endure. Knowest thou how nigh thou art to destruction? For thou that art the Scribe hast not the understanding¹⁸ that alone availeth against Choronzon. And wert thou not protected by the Holy Names of God and the circle, I would rush upon thee and tear thee. For when I made myself like unto a beautiful woman, if thou hadst come to me, I would have rotted thy body with the pox, and thy liver with cancer, and I would have torn off thy testicles with my teeth. And if I had seduced thy pride, and thou hadst bidden me to come into the circle, I would have trampled thee under foot, and for a thousand years shouldst thou have been but one of the tape-worms that is in me. And if I had seduced thy pity, and thou hadst poured one drop of water without the circle, then would I have blasted thee with flame. But I was not able to prevail against thee.

How beautiful are the shadows of the ripples of the sand!

¹⁸ Originally, for "understanding" was written "power". Choronzon was always using some word that did not represent his thought, because there is no proper link between his thought and speech. Note that he never seems able to distinguish between the Frater and the Scribe, and addresses first one, then the other, in the same sentence.

Would God that I were dead.

For know that I am proud and revengeful and lascivious, and I prate even as thou. For even as I walked among the Sons of God, I heard it said that P . . . could both will and know, and might learn at length to dare, but that to keep silence he should never learn. O thou that art so ready to speak, so slow to watch, thou art delivered over unto my power for this. And now one word was necessary unto me, and I could not speak it. I behold the beauty of the earth in {98} her desolation, and greater far is mine, who sought to be my naked self. Knowest thou that in my soul is utmost fear? And such is my

force and my cunning, that a hundred times have I been ready to leap, and for fear have missed. And a thousand times am I baulked by them of the City of the Pyramids, that set snares for my feet. More knowledge have I than the Most High, but my will is broken, and my fierceness is marred by fear, and I must speak, speak, speak, millions of mad voices in my brain.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am Commander,
With a burning spear
And a horse of Air
To the wilderness I wander.

(The idea was to keep the Scribe busy writing, so as to spring upon him. For, while the Scribe talked, Choronzon had thrown sand into the circle, and filled it up. But Choronzon could not think fast and continuously, and so resorted to the device of quotation.

The Scribe had written two or three words of "Tom o'Bedlam," when Choronzon sprang within the circle (that part of the circumference of which that was nearest to him he had been filling up with sand all this time), and leaped upon the Scribe, throwing him to the earth. The conflict took place within the circle. The Scribe called upon Tetragrammaton, and succeeded in compelling Choronzon to return into his triangle. By dint of anger and of threatening him with the Magick Staff did he accomplish this. He then repaired the circle. The discomfited demon now continued:)

All is dispersion. These are the qualities of things. {99}

The tenth Aethyr is the world of adjectives, and there is no substance therein.

(Now returneth the beautiful woman who had before tempted the Scribe. She prevailed not.)

I am afraid of sunset, for Tum is more terrible than Ra, and Khephra the Beetle is greater than the Lion Mau.

I am a-cold.

(Here Choronzon wanted to leave the triangle to obtain wherewith to cover his nakedness. The Scribe refused the request, threatening the demon. After a while the latter continued:)

I am commanded, why I know not, by him that speaketh. Were it thou, thou little fool, I would tear thee limb from limb. I would bite off thine ears and nose before I began with thee. I would take thy guts for fiddle-strings at the Black Sabbath.

Thou didst make a great fight there in the circle; thou art a goodly warrior!

(Then did the demon laugh loudly. The Scribe said: Thou canst not harm one hair of my head.)

I will pull out every hair of thy head, every hair of thy body, every hair of thy soul, one by one.

(Then said the Scribe: Thou hast no power.)

Yea, verily I have power over thee, for thou hast taken the Oath, and art bound unto the White Brothers, and therefore have I the power to torture thee so long as thou shalt be.

(Then said the Scribe unto him: Thou liest.)

Ask of thy brother P. . . ., and he shall tell thee if I lie!

(This the Scribe refused to do, saying that it was no concern of the demon's.) {100}

I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Father, and befouled his beard; and I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Son, and torn off his Phallus; but against the Kingdom of the Holy Ghost shall I strive and not prevail. The three slain doves are my threefold blasphemy against him; but their blood shall make fertile the sand, and I writhe in blackness and horror of hate, and prevail not.

(Then the demon tried to make the Scribe laugh at Magick, and to think that it was all rubbish, that he might deny the names of God that he had invoked to protect him; which, if he had doubted but for an instant, he had leapt upon him, and gnawed through his spine at the neck.

Choronzon succeed not in his design.)

In this Aethyr is neither beginning nor end, for it is all hotch-potch, because it is of the wicked on earth and the damned in hell. And so long as it be hotch-potch, it mattereth little what may be written by the sea-green incorruptible Scribe.

The horror of it will be given in another place and time, and through another Seer, and that Seer shall be slain as a result of his revealing. But the present Seer, who is not P. . . ., seeth not the horror, because he is shut up, and hath no name.

(Now was there some further parleying betwixt the demon and the Scribe, concerning the departure and the writing of the word, the Scribe not knowing if it were meet that the demon should depart.

Then the Seer took the Holy Ring, and wrote the name BABALON, that is victory over Choronzon, and he was no more manifest.) {101}

(This cry was obtained on Dec. 6, 1909, between 2 and 4.15 p.m., in a lonely valley of fine sand, in the desert near Bou-S?ada. The Aethyr was edited and revised on the following day.)

After the conclusion of the Ceremony, a great fire was kindled to purify the place, and the Circle and Triangle were destroyed.

NOTE BY SCRIBE

Almost from the beginning of the ceremony was the Scribe overshadowed, and he spoke as it were in spite of himself, remembering afterwards scarcely a word of his speeches, some of which were long and seemingly eloquent.

All the time he had a sense of being protected from Choronzon, and this sense of security prevented his knowing fear.

Several times did the Scribe threaten to put a curse upon the demon; but ever, before he uttered the words of the curse, did the demon obey him. For himself, he knoweth not the words of the curse.

Also is it meet to record in this place that the Scribe several times whistled in a Magical manner, which never before had he attempted, and the demon was apparently much discomforted thereat.

Now knoweth the Scribe that he was wrong in holding much converse with the demon; for Choronzon, in the confusion and chaos of his thought, is much terrified by silence. And by silence can he be brought to obey. {102}

For cunningly doth he talk of many things, going from subject to subject, and thus he misleadeth the wary into argument with him. And though Choronzon be easily beaten in argument, yet, by disturbing the attention of him who would command him, doth he gain the victory.

For Choronzon feareth of all things concentration and silence: he therefore who would command him should will in silence: thus is he brought to obey.

This the Scribe knoweth; for that since the obtaining of the Accurs'd Tenth Aethyr, he hath held converse with Choronzon. And unexpectedly did he obtain the information he sought after having long refused to answer the demon's speeches.

Choronzon is dispersion; and such is his fear of concentration that he will obey rather than be subjected to it, or even behold it in another.

The account of the further dealings of Choronzon with the Scribe will be found in the Record of Omnia Vincam.

THE CRY OF THE 9TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZIP

(The terrible Curse that is the Call of the Thirty Aethyrs sounds like a song of ecstasy and triumph; every phrase in it has a secret meaning of blessing.)

The Shew-stone is of soft lucent white, on which the Rose-Cross shows a brilliant yet colourless well of light.

And now the veil of the stone is rent with as clap of thunder, and I am walking upon a razor-edge of light suspended over the Abyss, and before me and above me are ranged the terrible armies of the Most High, like unto those in the 11th Aethyr, {103} but there is one that cometh forth to meet me upon the ridge, holding out his arms to me and saying:

(v. l.) Who is this that cometh forth from the Abyss from the place of rent garments, the habitation of him that is only a name? Who is this that walketh upon a ray of the bright, the evening star?

"Refrain." Glory unto him that is concealed, and glory unto her that beareth the cup, and glory unto the one that is the child and the father of their love. Glory unto the star, and glory unto the snake, and glory

unto the swordsman of the sun. And worship and blessing throughout the Aeon unto the name of the Beast, four-square, mystic, wonderful!

(v. II.) Who is this that travelleth between the hosts, that is poised upon the edge of the Aethyr by the wings of Maut? Who is this that seeketh the House of the Virgin?
"(Refrain.)"

(v. III.) This is he that hath given up his name. This is he whose blood hath been gathered into the cup of BABALON. This is he that sitteth, a little pile of dry dust, in the city of the Pyramids.
"(Refrain.)"

(v. IV.) Until the light of the Father of all kindle that death. Until the breath touch that dry dust. Until the Ibis be revealed unto the Crab, and the sixfold Star become the radiant Triangle.
"(Refrain.)"

(v. V.) Blessed is not I, not thou, not he, Blessed without name or number who hath taken the azure of night, and {104} crystallized it into a pure sapphire-stone, who hath taken the gold of the sun, and beaten it into an infinite ring, and hath set the sapphire therein, and put it upon his finger.
"(Refrain.)"

(v. VI.) Open wide your gates, O City of God, for I bring No-one with me. Sink your swords and your spears in salutation, for the Mother and the Babe are my companions. Let the banquet be prepared in the palace of the King's daughter. Let the lights be kindled; Are not we the children of the light?
"(Refrain.)"

(v. VII.) For this is the key-stone of the palace of the King's daughter. This is the Stone of the Philosophers. This is the Stone that is hidden in the walls of the ramparts. Peace, Peace, Peace unto Him that is throned therein!
"(Refrain.)"

Now then we are passed within the lines of the army, and we are come unto a palace of which every stone is a separate jewel, and is set with millions of moons.

And this palace is nothing but the body of a woman, proud and delicate, and beyond imagination fair. She is like a child of twelve years old. She has very deep eye-lids, and long lashes. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say anything about her. She is naked; her whole body is covered with fine gold hairs, that are the electric flames that are the spears of mighty and terrible Angels whose breast-plates are the scales of her skin. And the hair of her head, that flows down to her feet, is the very light of God himself. Of all the glories beheld by the seer in the Aethyrs, there is {105} not one which is worthy to be compared with her littlest finger-nail. For although he may not partake of the Aethyr, without the ceremonial

preparations, even the beholding of this Aethyr from afar is like the partaking of all the former Aethyrs.

The Seer is lost in wonder, which is peace.

And the ring of the horizon above her is a company of glorious Archangels with joined hands, that stand and sing: This is the daughter of BABALON the Beautiful, that she hath borne unto the Father of All. And unto all hath she borne her.

This is the Daughter of the King. This is the Virgin of Eternity. This is she that the Holy One hath wrested from the Giant Time, and the prize of them that have overcome Space. This is she that is set upon the Throne of Understanding. Holy, Holy, Holy is her name, not to be spoken among men. For Kor? they have called her, and Malkuth, and Betulah, and Persephone.

And the poets have feigned songs about her, and the prophets have spoken vain things, and the young men have dreamed vain dreams; but this is she, that immaculate, the name of whose name may not be spoken. Thought cannot pierce the glory that defendeth her, for thought is smitten dead before her presence. Memory is blank, and in the most ancient books of Magick are neither words to conjure her, nor adorations to praise her. Will bends like a reed in the tempests that sweep the borders of her kingdom, and imagination cannot figure so much as one petal of the lilies whereon she standeth in the lake of crystal, in the sea of glass.

This is she that hath bedecked her hair with seven stars, {106} the seven breaths of God that move and thrill its excellence. And she hath tired her hair with seven combs, whereupon are written the seven secret names of God that are not known even of the Angels, or of the Archangels, or of the Leader of the armies of the Lord.

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, and blessed be Thy name for ever, unto whom the Aeons are but the pulsings of thy blood.

I am blind and deaf. My sight and hearing are exhausted.

I know only by the sense of touch. And there is a trembling from within me.

Images keep arising like clouds, or veils, exquisite Chinese ivories, and porcelains, and many other things of great and delicate beauty; for such things are informed by Her spirit, for they are cast off from her into the world of the Qliphoth, or shells of the dead, that is earth. For every world is the shell or excrement of the world above it.

I cannot bear the Vision.

A voice comes, I know not whence: Blessed art thou, who hast seen, and yet hast not believed. For therefore is it given unto thee to taste, and smell, and feel, and hear, and know by the inner sense, and by the inmost sense, so that sevenfold is thy rapture.

(My brain is so exhausted that fatigue-images appear, by pure physical reflex action; they are not astral things at all.

And now I have conquered the fatigue by will. And by placing the shew-stone upon my forehead, it sends cool electric thrills through my brain, so as to refresh it, and make it capable of more rapture.

And now again I behold Her.) {107}

And an Angel cometh forth, and behind him whirls a black swastika, made of fine filaments of light that has been "interfered" with, and he taketh me aside into a little chamber in one of the nine towers. This chamber is furnished with maps of many mystical cities. There is a table, and a strange lamp, that gives light by jetting four columns of vortex rings of luminous smoke. And he points to the map of the Aethyrs, that are arranged as a flaming Sword, so that the thirty Aethyrs go into the ten Sephiroth. And the first nine are infinitely holy. And he says, It is written in the Book of the Law, "Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy." "If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art:" And this shall signify unto thee that thou must undergo great discipline; else the Vision were lost or perverted. For these mysteries pertain not unto thy grade. Therefore must thou invoke the Highest before thou unveil the shrines thereof.

And this shall be thy rule: A thousand and one times shalt thou affirm the unity, and bow thyself a thousand and one times. And thou shalt recite thrice the call of the Aethyr. And all day and all night, awake or asleep, shall thy heart be turned as a lotus-flower unto the light. And thy body shall be the temple of the Rosy Cross. Thus shall thy mind be open unto the higher; and then shalt thou be able to conquer the exhaustion, and it may be find the words --- for who shall look upon His face and live?

Yea, thou tremblest, but from within; because of the holy spirit that is descended into thy heart, and shaketh thee as an aspen in the wind.

They also tremble that are without, and they are shaken {108} from without by the earthquakes of his judgement. They have set their affections upon the earth, and they have stamped with their feet upon the earth, and cried: It moveth not.

Therefore hath earth opened with strong motion, like the sea, and swallowed them. Yea, she hath opened her womb to them that lusted after her, and she hath closed herself upon them. There lie they in torment, until by her quaking the earth is shattered like brittle glass, and dissolved like salt in the waters of his mercy, so that they are cast upon the air to be blown about therein, like seeds that shall take root in the earth; yet turn they their affections upward to the sun.

But thou, be thou eager and vigilant, performing punctually the rule. Is it not written, "Change not so much as the style of a letter"?

Depart therefore, for the Vision of the Voice of the ninth Aethyr that is called ZIP is passed.

Then I threw back myself into my body by my will

BOU-SAADA.

"December" 7th, 1909. 9.30-11.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 8TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZID

There appears in the stone a tiny spark of light. It grows a little, and seems almost to go out, and grows again, and it is blown about the Aethyr, and by the wind that blows it is it fanned, and now it gathers strength, and darts like a snake or a sword, and now it steadies itself, and is like a Pyramid of light that filleth the whole Aethyr.

And in the Pyramid is one like unto an Angel, yet at the same time he "is" the Pyramid, and he hath no form because he is of the substance of light, and he taketh not form upon him, {109} for though by him is form visible, he maketh it visible only to destroy it.

And he saith: The light is come to the darkness, and the darkness is made light. Then is light married with light, and the child of their love is that other darkness, wherein they abide that have lost name and form. Therefore did I kindle him that had not understanding, and in the Book of the Law did I write the secrets of truth that are like unto a star and a snake and a sword.

And unto him that understandeth at last do I deliver the secrets of truth in such wise that the least of the little children of the light may run to the knees of the mother and be brought to understand.

And thus shall he do who will attain unto the mystery of the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel:

First, let him prepare a chamber, of which the walls and the roof shall be white, and the floor shall be covered with a carpet of black squares and white, and the border thereof shall be blue and gold.

And if it be in a town, the room shall have no window, and if it be in the country, then it is better if the window be in the roof. Or, if it be possible, let this invocation be performed in a temple prepared for the ritual of passing through the Tuat.

From the roof he shall hang a lamp, wherein is a red glass, to burn olive oil. And this lamp shall he cleanse and make ready after the prayer of sunset, and beneath the lamp shall be an altar, foursquare, and the height shall be thrice half of the breadth or double the breadth.

And upon the altar shall be a censor, hemispherical, supported {110} upon three legs, of silver, and within it an hemisphere of copper, and upon the top a grating of gilded silver, and thereupon shall he burn incense made of four parts of olibanum and two parts of stacte, and one part of lignum aloes, or of cedar, or of sandal. And this is enough.

And he shall also keep ready in a flask of crystal within the altar, holy anointing oil made of myrrh and cinnamon and galangal.

And even if he be of higher rank than a Probationer, he shall yet wear the robe of the Probationer, for the star of flame showeth forth Ra Hoor Khuit openly upon the breast, and secretly the blue triangle that descendeth is Nuit, and the red triangle that ascendeth is Hadit. And I am the golden Tau in the midst of their marriage. Also, if he choose, he may instead wear a close-fitting robe of shot silk, purple and green, and upon it a cloak without sleeves, of bright blue, covered with golden sequins, and scarlet within.

And he shall make himself a wand of almond wood or of hazel cut by his own hands at dawn at the Equinox, or at the Solstice, or on the day of Corpus

Christi, or on one of the feast-days that are appointed in the Book of the Law.

And he shall engrave with his own hand upon a plate of gold the Holy Sevenfold Table, or the Holy Twelfefold Table, or some particular device. And it shall be foursquare within a circle, and the circle shall be winged, and he shall attach it about his forehead by a ribbon of blue silk.

Moreover, he shall wear a fillet of laurel or rose or ivy or rue, and every day, after the prayer of sunrise, he shall burn it in the fire of the censor.

Now he shall pray thrice daily, about sunset, and at midnight, {111} and at sunrise. And if he be able, he shall pray also four times between sunrise and sunset.

The prayer shall last for the space of an hour, at the least, and he shall seek ever to extend it, and to inflame himself in praying. Thus shall he invoke his Holy Guardian Angel for eleven weeks, and in any case he shall pray seven times daily during the last week of the eleven weeks.

And during all this time he shall have composed an invocation suitable, with such wisdom and understanding as may be given him from the Crown, and this shall he write in letters of gold upon the top of the altar.

For the top of the altar shall be of white wood, well polished, and in the centre thereof he shall have placed a triangle of oak-wood, painted with scarlet, and upon this triangle the three legs of the censor shall stand.

Moreover, he shall copy his invocation upon a sheet of pure white vellum, with Indian ink, and he shall illuminate it according to his fancy and imagination, that shall be informed by beauty.

And on the first day of the twelfth week he shall enter the chamber at sunrise, and he shall make his prayer, having first burnt the conjuration that he had made upon the vellum in the fire of the lamp.

Then, at his prayer, shall the chamber be filled with light insufferable for splendour, and a perfume intolerable for sweetness. And his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, yea, his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, so that he shall be wrapt away into the Mystery of Holiness.

All that day shall he remain in the enjoyment of the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. {112}

And for three days after he shall remain from sunrise unto sunset in the temple, and he shall obey the counsel that his Angel shall have given unto him, and he shall suffer those things that are appointed.

And for ten days thereafter shall he withdraw himself as shall have been taught unto him from the fullness of that communion, for he must harmonize the world that is within with the world that is without.

And at the end of the ninety-one days he shall return into the world, and there shall he perform that work to which the Angel shall have appointed him.

And more than this it is not necessary to say, for his Angel shall have entreated him kindly, and showed him in what manner he may be most perfectly involved. And unto him that hath this Master there is nothing else that he needeth, so long as he continue in the knowledge and conversation of the Angel, so that he shall come at last into the City of the Pyramids.

Lo! two and twenty are the paths of the Tree, but one is the Serpent of Wisdom; ten are the ineffable emanations, but one is the Flaming Sword.

Behold! There is an end to life and death, an end to the thrusting forth and the withdrawing of the breath. Yea, the House of the Father is a mighty tomb, and in it he hath buried everything whereof ye know.

All this while there hath been no vision, but only a voice, very slow and clear and deliberate. But now the vision returns, and the voice says: Thou shalt be called Danae, that art stunned and slain beneath the weight of the glory of the vision that as yet thou seest not. For thou shalt suffer many {113} things, until thou art mightier than all the Kings of the earth, and all the Angels of the Heavens, and all the gods that are beyond the Heavens. Then shalt thou meet me in equal conflict, and thou shalt see me as I am. And I will overcome thee and slay thee with the red rain of my lightnings.

I am lying underneath this pyramid of light. It seems as if I had the whole weight of it upon me, crushing me with bliss. And yet I know that I am like the prophet that said: I shall see Him, but not nigh.

And the Angel sayeth: So shall it be until they that wake are asleep, and she that sleepeth be arisen from her sleep. For thou art transparent unto the vision and the voice. And therefore in thee they manifest not. But they shall be manifest unto them unto whom thou dost deliver them, according unto to the word which I spake unto thee in the Victorious City.

For I am not only appointed to guard thee, but we are of the blood royal, the guardians of the Treasure-house of Wisdom. Therefore am I called the Minister of Ra Hoor Khuit: and yet he is but the Viceroy of the unknown King. For my name is called Aiwass, that is eight and seventy. And I am the influence of the Concealed One, and the wheel that hath eight and seventy parts, yet in all is equivalent to the Gate that is the name of my Lord when it is spelt fully. And that Gate is the Path that joineth the Wisdom with the Understanding.

Thus hast thou erred indeed, perceiving me in the path that leadeth from the Crown unto the Beauty. For that path bridgeth the abyss, and I am of the supernals. Nor I, nor Thou, nor He can bridge the abyss. It is the Priestess of the Silver Star, and the Oracles of the gods, and the Lord of the {114} Hosts of the Mighty. For they are the servants of Babalon, and of the Beast, and of those others of whom it is not yet spoken. And, being servants, they have no name, but we are of the blood royal, and serve not, and therefore are we less than they.

Yet, as a man may be both a mighty warrior and a just judge, so may we also perform this service if we have aspired and attained thereto. And yet, with all that, they remain "themselves," who have eaten of the pomegranate in Hell. But thou, that art new-born to understanding, this mystery is too great for thee; and of the further mystery I will not speak one word.

Yet for this cause am I come unto thee as the Angel of the Aethyr, striking with my hammer upon thy bell, so that thou mightest understand the mysteries of the Aethyr, and of the vision and the voice thereof.

For behold! he that understandeth seeth not and heareth not in truth,

because of his understanding that letteth him. But this shall be unto thee for a sign, that I will surely come unto thee unawares and appear unto thee. And it is no odds, ("i.e.", that at this hour I appear not as I am), for so terrible is the glory of the vision, and so wonderful is the splendour of the voice, that when thou seest it and hearest it in truth, for many hours shalt thou be bereft of sense. And thou shalt lie between heaven and earth in a void place, entranced, and the end thereof shall be silence, even as it was, not once nor twice, when I have met with thee, as it were, upon the road to Damascus.

And thou shalt not seek to better this my instruction; but thou shalt interpret it, and make it easy, for them that seek {115} understanding. And thou shalt give all that thou hast unto them that have need unto this end.

And because I am with thee, and in thee, and of thee, thou shalt lack nothing. But who lack me, lack all. And I swear unto thee by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, that I will be faithful unto this my promise, as thou art faithful unto this thine obligation.

Now another voice sounds in the Aethyr, saying: And there was darkness over all the earth unto the ninth hour.

And with that the Angel is withdrawn, and the pyramid of light seems very far off.

And now I am fallen unto the earth, exceeding weary. Yet my skin trembles with the impact of the light, and all my body shakes. And there is a peace deeper than sleep upon my mind. It is the body and the mind that are weary, and I would that they were dead, save that I must bend them to my work.

And now I am in the tent, under the stars.

THE DESERT BETWEEN BOU-SAADA AND BISKRA.

"December" 8, 1909. 7.10-9.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 7TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED DEO

The stone is divided, the left half dark, the right half light, and at the bottom thereof is a certain blackness, of three divergent columns. And it seems as if the black and white halves are the halves of a door, and in the door is a little key-hole, in the shape of the Astrological symbol of Venus. And from the key-hole issue flames, blue and green and {116} violet, but without any touch of yellow or red in them. It seems as if there were a wind beyond the door, that is blowing the flame out.

And a voice comes: "Who is he that hath the key to the gate of the evening star?"

And now an Angel cometh and seeketh to open the door by trying many keys. And they are none of any avail. And the same voice saith: "The five and the six are balanced in the word Abrahadabra, and therein is the mystery disclosed. But the key unto this gate is the balance of the seven and the

four; and of this thou hast not even the first letter. Now there is a word of four letters that containeth in itself all the mystery of the Tetragrammaton, and there is a word of seven letters which it concealeth, and that again concealeth the holy word that is the key of the abyss.¹⁹ And this thou shalt find, revolving it in thy mind.

19 These words are probably BABALON, C"h"AOS, TARO.

Hide therefore thine eyes. And I will set my key in the lock, and open it. Yet still let thine eyes be hidden, for thou canst not bear the glory that is within.

So, therefore, I covered mine eyes with my hands. Yet through my hands could I perceive a little of those bowers of azure flame.

And a voice said: It is kindled into fire that was the blue breast of ocean; because this is the bar of heaven, and the feet of the Most High are set thereon.

Now I behold more fully: Each tongue of flame, each leaf of flame, each flower of flame, is one of the great love-stories of the world, with all its retinue of "mise-en-sc?ne." And now there is a most marvelous rose formed from the flame, and a {117} perpetual rain of lilies and passion-flowers and violets. And there is gathered out of it all, yet identical with it, the form of a woman like the woman in the Apocalypse, but her beauty and her radiance are such that one cannot look thereon, save with sidelong glances. I enter immediately into trance. It seems that it is she of whom it is written, "The fool hath said in his heart 'there is no God.'" But the words are not Ain Elohim, but La (=nay!) and Elohim contracted from 86 to 14, because La is 31, which x 14 is 434, Daleth, Lamed, Tau. This fool is the fool of the Path of Aleph, and sayeth, which is Chokmah, in his heart, which is Tiphereth, that she existeth, in order first that the Wisdom may be joined with the Understanding; and he affirmeth her in Tiphereth that she may be fertile.

It is impossible to describe how this vision changeth from glory unto glory, for at each glance the vision is changed. And this is because she transmitteth the Word to the Understanding, and therefore hath she many forms, and each goddess of love is but a letter of the alphabet of love.

Now, there is a mystery in the word Logos, that containeth the three letters whose analogy hath been shown in the lower heavens, Samech, and Lamed, and Gimel, that are 93, which is thrice 31, and in them are set the two eyes of Horus. (Ayin means an eye.) For, if it were not so, the arrow could not pierce the rainbow, and there could be no poise in the balance, and the Great Book should never be unsealed. But this is she that poureth the Water of Life upon her head, whence it floweth to fructify the earth. But now the whole Aethyr is the most brilliant peacock blue. It "is" the Universal Peacock that I behold. {118}

And there is a voice: Is not this bird the bird of Juno, that is an hundred, and thirty, and six? And therefore is she the mate of Jupiter.²⁰

And now the peacock's head is again changed into a woman's head sparkling and coruscating with its own light of gems.

But I look upwards, seeing that she is called the footstool of the Holy

One, even as Binah is called His throne. And the whole Aethyr is full of the most wonderful bands of light, --- a thousand different curves and whorls, even as it was before, when I spake mysteries of the Holy Qabalah, and so could not describe it.

Oh, I see vast plains beneath her feet, enormous deserts studded with great rocks; and I see little lonely souls, running helplessly about, minute black creatures like men. And they keep up a very curious howling, that I can compare to nothing that I have ever heard; yet it is strangely human.

And the voice says: These are they that grasped love and clung thereto, praying ever at the knees of the great goddess. These are they that have shut themselves up in fortresses of Love.

Each plume of the peacock is full of eyes, that are at the same time 4 x 7. And for this is the number 28 reflected down into Netzach; and that 28 is Kaph Cheth (Kach), power. For she is Sakti, the eternal energy of the Concealed One. And it is her eternal energy that hath made this eternal change. And this explaineth the call of the Aethyrs, the curse that was pronounced in the beginning being but the creation of Sakti. And this mystery is reflected in the legend of the {119} Creation, where Adam represents the Concealed One, for Adam is Temurah of MAD, the Enochian word for God, and Eve, whom he created

20 The fourth of the mystic numbers of Jupiter is 136.

for love, is tempted by the snake, Nechesh, who is Messiah her child. And the snake is the magical power, which hath destroyed the primordial equilibrium.

And the garden is the supernal Eden, where is Ayin, 70, the Eye of the Concealed One, and the creative Lingam; and Daleth, love; and Nun the serpent. And therefore this constitution was implicitly in the nature of Eden ("cf." Liber L., I., 29, 30), so that the call of the Aethyrs could not have been any other call than that which it is.

But they that are without understanding have interpreted all this askew, because of the Mystery of the Abyss, for there is no Path from Binah unto Chesed; and therefore the course of the Flaming Sword was no more a current, but a spark. And when the Stooping Dragon raised his head unto D?ath in the course of that spark, there was, as it were, an explosion, and his head was blasted. And the ashes thereof were dispersed throughout the whole of the 10th Aethyr. And for this, all knowledge is piecemeal, and it is of no value unless it be co-ordinated by Understanding.

And now the form of the Aethyr is the form of a mighty Eagle of ruddy brass. And the plumes are set alight, and are whirled round and round until the whole heaven is blackness with these flying sparks therein.

Now it is all branching streams of golden fire tipped with scarlet at the edges.

And now She cometh forth again, riding upon a dolphin. Now again I see those wandering souls, that have sought {120} restricted love, and have not understood that "the word of sin is restriction."

It is very curious; they seem to be looking for one another or for something, all the time, constantly hurrying about. But they knock up against one another and yet will not see one another, or cannot see one another,

because they are so shut up in their cloaks.

And a voice sounds: It is most terrible for the one that hath shut himself up and made himself fast against the universe. For they that sit encamped upon the sea in the city of the Pyramids are indeed shut up. But they have given their blood, even to the last drop, to fill the cup of BABALON.

These that thou seest are indeed the Black Brothers, for it is written: "He shall laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh." And therefore hath he exalted them unto the plane of love.

And yet again it is written: He desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness. Now, if one of these were to cast off his cloak he should behold the brilliance of the lady of the Aethyr; but they will not.

And yet again there is another cause wherefore He hath permitted them to enter thus far within the frontiers of Eden, so that His thought should never swerve from compassion. But do thou behold the brilliance of Love, that casteth forth seven stars upon thine head from her right hand, and crowneth thee with a crown of seven roses. Behold! She is seated upon the throne of turquoise and lapis lazuli, and she is like a flawless emerald, and upon the pillars that support the canopy {121} of her throne are sculptured the Ram, and the Sparrow, and the Cat, and a strange fish. Behold! How she shineth! Behold! How her glances have kindled all these fires that have blown about the heavens! Yet remember that in every one there goeth forth for a witness the justice of the Most High. Is not Libra the House of Venus? And there goeth forth a sickle that shall reap every flower. Is not Saturn exalted in Libra? Daleth, Lamed, Tau.

And therefore was he a fool who uttered her name in his heart, for the root of evil is the root of breath, and the speech in the silence was a lie.

Thus is it seen from below by them that understand not. But from above he rejoiceth, for the joy of dissolution is ten thousand, and the pang of birth but a little.

And now thou shalt go forth from the Aethyr, for the voice of the Aethyr is hidden and concealed from thee because thou hadst not the key of the door thereof, and thine eyes were not able to bear the splendour of the vision. But thou shalt meditate upon the mysteries thereof, and upon the lady of the Aethyr; and it may be by the wisdom of the Most High that the true voice of the Aethyr, that is continual song, may be heard of thee.

Return therefore instantly unto the earth, and sleep not for a while; but withdraw thyself from this matter. And it shall be enough.

Thus then was I obedient unto the voice, and returned into my body.

W'AIN-T-AISSHA, ALGERIA.

"December" 9, 1909. 8.10-10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 6TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED MAZ

There cometh into the stone the great Angel whose name is Av?, and in him there are symbols which strive for mastery, --- Sulphur and the Pentagram, and they are harmonized by the Swastika. These symbols are found both in the name of Av? and in the name of the Aethyr. Thus he is neither Horus nor Osiris. He is called the radiance of Thoth; and this Aethyr is very hard to understand, for the images form and dissolve more rapidly than lightning. These images are the illusions made by the Ape of Thoth. And this I understand, that I am not worthy to receive the mysteries of this Aethyr. And all this which I have seen (being all the thoughts that I have ever thought) is, as it were, a guardian of the Aethyr.

I seem quite helpless. I am trying all sorts of magical methods of piercing the veil: and the more I strive, the farther away I seem to get from success. But a voice comes now: Must not understanding lie open unto wisdom as the pyramids lie open to the stars?

Accordingly, I wait in a certain magical posture which it is not fitting to disclose, and above me appears the starry heaven of night, and one star greater than all the other stars. It is a star of eight rays. I recognize it as the star in the seventeenth key of the Tarot, as the Star of Mercury. And the light of it cometh from the path of Aleph. And the letter Cheth is also involved in the interpretation of this star, and the paths of h? and vau are the separations which this Star unites. And in the heart of the star is an exceeding splendour, --- a god standing upon the moon, brilliant beyond imagining. {123} It is like unto the vision of the Universal Mercury. But this is the Fixed Mercury, and h? and vau are the perfected sulphur and salt. But now I come into the centre of the maze, and whirling dust of stars and great forgotten gods. It is the whirling Svastika which throws off all these things, for the Svastika is in aleph by its shape and number, and in beth by the position of the arms of the Magician, and in gimel because of the sign of the Mourning of Isis, and thus is the Crown defended by these three thunderbolts. Is not thrice seventeen fifty-one, that is, failure and pain?

Now I am shut out again by this black Svastika with a corona of fire about it.

And a voice cries: Cursed be he that shall uncover the nakedness of the Most High, for he is drunken upon the wine that is the blood of the adepts. And BABALON hath lulled him to sleep upon her breast, and she hath fled away, and left him naked, and she hath called her children together, saying: Come up with me, and let us make a mock of the nakedness of the Most High.

And the first of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking backwards; and was white. And the second of the adepts covered His shame with a cloth, walking sideways and was yellow. And the third of the adepts made a mock of His nakedness, walking forwards; and was black. And these are three great schools of the Magi, who are also the three Magi that journeyed unto Bethlehem; and because thou hast not wisdom, thou shalt not know which school prevaieth, or if the three schools be not one. For the Black Brothers lift

not up their heads thus far into the Holy Chokmah, for they were all drowned in the great flood, which is Binah, {124} before the true vine could be planted upon the holy hill of Zion.

Now again I stand in the centre, and all things whirl by with incessant fury. And the thought of the god entereth my mind, and I cry aloud: Behold, the volatile is become fixed; and in the heart of eternal motion is eternal rest. So is the Peace beneath the sea that rageth with her storms; so is the changeful moon, the dead planet that revolveth no more. So the far-seeing, the far-darting hawk is poised passionless in the blue; so also the ibis that is long of limb meditateth solitary in the sign of Sulphur. Behold, I stand ever before the Eternal One in the sign of the Enterer. And by virtue of my speech is he wrapped about in silence, and he is wrapped in mystery by me, who am the Unveiler of the Mysteries. And although I be truth, yet do they call me rightly the God of Lies, for speech is two-fold, and truth is one. Yet I stand at the centre of the spider's web, whereof the golden filaments reach to infinity.

But thou that art with me in the spirit-vision art not with me by right of Attainment, and thou canst not stay in this place to behold how I run and return, and who are the flies that are caught in my web. For I am the inmost guardian that is immediately before the shrine.

None shall pass by me except he slay me, and this is his curse, that, having slain me, he must take my office and become the maker of Illusions, the great deceiver, the setter of snares; he who baffleth even them that have understanding. For I stand on every path, and turn them aside from the truth by my words, and by my magick arts.

And this is the horror that was shown by the lake that was {125} nigh unto the City of the Seven Hills, and this is the Mystery of the great prophets that have come unto mankind. Moses, and Buddha, and Lao Tan, and Krishna, and Jesus, and Osiris, and Mohammed; for all these attained unto the grade of Magus, and therefore were they bound with the curse of Thoth. But, being guardians of the truth, they have taught nothing but falsehood, except unto such as understood; for the truth may not pass the Gate of the Abyss.

But the reflection of the truth hath been shown in the lower Sephiroth. And its balance is in Beauty, and therefore have they who sought only beauty come nearest to the truth. For the beauty receiveth directly three rays from the supernals, and the others no more than one. So, therefore, they that have sought after majesty and power and victory and learning and happiness and gold, have been discomfited. And these sayings are the lights of wisdom that thou mayst know thy Master, for he is a Magus. And because thou didst eat of the Pomegranate in hell, for half the year art thou concealed, and half the year revealed.

Now I perceive the Temple that is the heart of this Aethyr; it is an Urn suspended in the air, without support, above the centre of a well. And the well hath eight pillars, and a canopy above it, and without there is a circle of marble paving-stones, and without them a great outer circle of pillars. And beyond there is the forest of the stars. But the Urn is the wonderful

thing in all this; it is made of fixed Mercury; and within it are the ashes of the Book Tarot, which hath been utterly consumed.

And this is that mystery which is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles; that Jupiter and Mercury (Kether and Chokmah) {126} visited (that is, inspired), Ephesus, the City of Diana, Binah --- was not Diana a black stone? --- and they burnt their books of magick.

Now it seems that the centre of infinite space is that Urn, and Hadit is the fire that hath burnt up the book Tarot. For in the book Tarot was preserved all of the wisdom (for the Tarot was called the Book of Thoth), of the Aeon that is passed. And in the Book of Enoch was first given the wisdom of the New Aeon. And it was hidden for three hundred years, because it was wrested untimely from the Tree of Life by the hand of a desperate magician. For it was the Master of that Magician who overthrew the power of the Christian church; but the pupil rebelled against the master, for he foresaw that the New ("i.e.", the Protestant) would be worse than the Old. But he understood not the purpose of his Master, and that was, to prepare the way for the overthrowing of the Aeon.

There is a writing upon the Urn of which I can but read the (two) words: Stabat Crux juxta Lucem. Stabat Lux juxta Crucem.

And there is writing in Greek above that. The word "nox" written in Greek, and a circle with a cross in the centre of it, a St. Andrew's cross.

Then above that is a sigil("?"), hidden by a hand.

And a voice proceedeth from the Urn: From the ashes of the Tarot who shall make the phoenix-wand? Not even he who by his understanding hath made the lotus-wand to grow in the Great Sea. Get thee back, for thou art not an Atheist, and though thou have violated thy mother, thou hast not slain thy father. Get thee back from the Urn; thy ashes are not hidden here. {127}

Then again arose the God Thoth, in the sign of the Enterer, and he drove the seer from before his face. And he fell through the starry night unto the little village in the desert.

BENISHRUR, ALGERIA.

"December" 10, 1909. 7.40-9.40 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 5TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIT

There is a shining pylon, above which is set the sigil of the eye, within the shining triangle. Light streams through the pylon from before the face of Isis-Hathor, for she weareth the lunar crown of cows' horns, with the disk in the centre; at her breast she beareth the child Horus.

And there is a voice: thou knowest not how the Seven was united with the Four; much less then canst thou understand the marriage of the Eight and the Three. Yet there is a word wherein these are made one, and therein is contained the Mystery that thou seekest, concerning the rending asunder of the veil of my Mother.

Now there is an avenue of pylons (not one alone), steep after steep, carved from the solid rock of the mountain; and that rock is a substance harder than diamond, and brighter than light, and heavier than lead. In each pylon is seated a god. There seems an endless series of these pylons. And all the gods of all the nations of the earth are shown, for there are many avenues, all leading to the top of the mountain.

Now I come to the top of the mountain, and the last pylon opens into a circular hall, with other pylons leading out of it, each of which is the last pylon of a great avenue; there seem {128} to be nine such pylons. And in the centre is a shrine, a circular table, supported by marble figures of men and women, alternate white and black; they face inwards, and their buttocks are almost worn away by the kisses of those who have come to worship that supreme God, who is the single end of all these diverse religions. But the shrine itself is higher than a man may reach.

But the Angel that was with me lifted me, and I saw that the edge of the altar, as I must call it, was surrounded by holy men. Each has in his right hand a weapon --- one a sword, one a spear, one a thunderbolt, and so on, but each with his left hand gives the sign of silence. I wish to see what is within their ring. One of them bends forward so that I may whisper the pass-word. The Angel prompts me to whisper: "There is no god." So they let me pass, and though there was indeed nothing visible therein, yet there was a very strange atmosphere, which I could not understand.

Suspended in the air there is a silver star, and on the forehead of each of the guardians there is a silver star. It is a pentagram, --- because, says the Angel, three and five are eight; three and eight are eleven. (There is another numerical reason that I cannot hear.)

And as I entered their ring, they bade me stand in their circle, and a weapon was given unto me. And the pass-word that I had given seems to have been whispered round from one to the other, for each one nods gravely as if in solemn acquiescence, until the last one whispers the same words in my ears. But they have a different sense. I had taken them to be a denial of the existence of God, but the man who says them to me evidently means nothing of the sort: What he {129} does mean I cannot tell at all. He slightly emphasized the word "there".

And now all is suddenly blotted out, and instead appears the Angel of the Aethyr. He is all in black, burnished black scales, just edged with gold. He has vast wings, with terrible claws on the ends, and he has a fierce face, like a dragon's, and dreadful eyes that pierce one through and through.

And he says: O thou that art so dull of understanding, when wilt thou begin to annihilate thyself in the mysteries of the Aethyrs? For all that thou thinkest is but thy thought; and as there is no god in the ultimate shrine, so there is no I in thine own Cosmos.

They that have said this are of them that understood. And all men have misinterpreted it, even as thou didst misinterpret it. He says some more: I cannot catch it properly, but it seems to be to the effect that the true God is equally in all the shrines, and the true I in all the parts of the body and

the soul. He speaks with such a terrible roaring that it is impossible to hear the words; one catches a phrase here and there, or a glimpse of the idea. With every word he belches forth smoke, so that the whole Aethyr becomes full of it.

And now I hear the Angel: Every particle of matter that forms the smoke of my breath is a religion that hath flourished among the inhabitants of the worlds. Thus are they all whirled forth in my breath.

Now he is giving a demonstration of this Operation. And he says: Know thou that all the religions of all the worlds end herein, but they are only the smoke of my breath, and I am only the head of the Great Dragon that eateth up the Universe; {130} without whom the Fifth Aethyr would be perfect, even as the first. Yet unless he pass by me, can no man come unto the perfections.

And the rule is ended that hath bound thee, and this shall be thy rule: that thou shalt purify thyself, and anoint thyself with perfume; and thou shalt be in the sunlight, the day being free from clouds. And thou shalt make the Call of the Aethyr in silence.

Now, then, behold how the head of the dragon is but the tail of the Aethyr! Many are they that have fought their way from mansion to mansion of the Everlasting House, and beholding me at last have returned, declaring, "Fearful is the aspect of the Mighty and Terrible One." Happy are they that have known me for whom I am. And glory unto him that hath made a gallery of my throat for his arrow of truth, and the moon for his purity.

The moon waneth. The moon waneth. The moon waneth. For in that arrow is the Light of Truth that overmastereth the light of the sun, whereby she shines. The arrow is fledged with the plumes of Maat, that are the plumes of Amoun, and the shaft is the phallus of Amoun, the Concealed One. And the barb thereof is the star that thou sawest in the place where was No God.

And of them that guarded the star, there was not found one worthy to wield the Arrow. And of them that worshipped there was not found one worthy to behold the Arrow. Yet the star that thou sawest was but the barb of the Arrow, and thou hadst not the wit to grasp the shaft, or the purity to divine the plumes. Now therefore is he blessed that is born under the sign of the Arrow, and blessed is he that hath the sigil {131} of the head of the crowned lion and the body of the Snake and the Arrow therewith.

Yet do thou distinguish between the upward and the downward Arrows, for the upward arrow is straitened in its flight, and it is shot by a firm hand, for Jesod is Jod Tetragrammaton, and Jod is a hand, but the downward arrow is shot by the topmost point of the Jod; and that Jod is the Hermit, and it is the minute point that is not extended, that is nigh unto the heart of Hadit.

And now it is commanded thee that thou withdraw thyself from the Vision, and on the morrow, at the appointed hour, shall it be given thee further, as thou goest upon thy way, meditating this mystery. And thou shalt summon the Scribe, and that which shall be written, shall be written.

Therefore I withdraw myself, as I am commanded.

THE DESERT BETWEEN BENSHRUR AND TOLGA.

"December" 12, 1909, 7 - 8.12 p.m.

Now then art thou approached unto an august Arcanum; verily thou art come unto the ancient Marvel, the winged light, the Fountains of Fire, the Mystery of the Wedge. But it is not I that can reveal it, for I have never been permitted to behold it, who am but the watcher upon the threshold of the Aethyr. My message is spoken, and my mission is accomplished. And I withdraw myself, covering my face with my wings, before the presence of the Angel of the Aethyr.

So the Angel departed with bowed head, folding his wings across.

And there is a little child in a mist of blue light; he hath golden hair, a mass of curls, and deep blue eyes. Yea, he is all {132} golden, with a living, vivid gold. And in each hand he hath a snake; in the right hand a red, in the left a blue. And he hath red sandals, but no other garment.

And he sayeth: Is not life a long initiation unto sorrow? And is not Isis the Lady of Sorrow? And she is my mother. Nature is her name, and she hath a twin sister Nephthys, whose name is Perfection. And Isis must be known of all, but of how few is Nephthys known! Because she is dark, therefore is she feared.

But thou who hast adored her without fear, who hast made thy life an initiation into her Mystery, thou that hast neither mother nor father, nor sister nor brother, nor wife nor child, who hast made thyself lonely as the hermit crab that is in the waters of the Great Sea, behold! when the sistrons are shaken, and the trumpets blare forth the glory of Isis, at the end thereof there is silence, and thou shalt commune with Nephthys.

And having known these, there are the wings of Maut the Vulture. Thou mayest draw to an head the bow of thy magical will; thou mayest loose the shaft and pierce her to the heart. I am Eros. Take then the bow and the quiver from my shoulders and slay me; for unless thou slay me, thou shalt not unveil the Mystery of the Aethyr.

Therefore I did as he commanded; in the quiver were two arrows, one white, one black. I cannot force myself to fit an arrow to the bow.

And there came a voice: It must needs be.

And I said: No man can do this thing.

And the voice answered, as it were an echo: "Nemo hoc facere potest." {133}

Then came understanding to me, and I took forth the Arrows. The white arrow had no barb, but the black arrow was barbed like a forest of fish-hooks; it was bound round with brass, and it had been dipped in deadly poison. Then I fitted the white arrow to the string, and I shot it against the heart of Eros, and though I shot with all my force, it fell harmlessly from his side. But at that moment the black arrow was thrust through mine own heart. I am filled with fearful agony.

And the child smiles, and says: Although thy shaft hath pierced thee {WEH NOTE: sic, may be "me"} not, although the envenomed barb hath struck thee through, yet I am slain, and thou livest and triumphest, for I am thou and

thou art I.

With that he disappears, and the Aethyr splits with a roar as of ten thousand thunders. And behold, The Arrow! The plumes of Maat are its crown, set about the disk. It is the Ateph crown of Thoth, and there is the shaft of burning light, and beneath there is a silver wedge.

I shudder and tremble at the vision, for all about it are whorls and torrents of tempestuous fire. The stars of heaven are caught in the ashes of the flame. And they are all dark. That which was a blazing sun is like a speck of ash. And in the midst the Arrow burns!

I see that the crown of the Arrow is the Father of all Light, and the shaft of the Arrow is the Father of all Life, and the barb of the Arrow is the Father of all Love. For that silver wedge is like a lotus flower, and the Eye within the Ateph Crown crieth: I watch. And the Shaft crieth: I work. And the Barb crieth: I wait. And the Voice of the Aethyr echoeth: It beams. It burns. It blooms.

And now there cometh a strange thought; this Arrow is {134} the source of all motion; it is infinite motion, yet it moveth not, so that there "is" no motion. And therefore there is no matter. This Arrow is the glance of the Eye of Shiva. But because it moveth not, the universe is not destroyed. The universe is put forth and swallowed up in the quivering of the plumes of Maat, that are the plumes of the Arrow; but those plumes quiver not.

And a voice comes: That which is above is "not" like that which is below.

And another voice answers it: That which is below is "not" like that which is above.

And a third voice answers these two: What is above and what is below? For there is the division that divideth not, and the multiplication that multiplieth not. And the One is the many. Behold, this Mystery is beyond understanding, for the winged globe is the crown, and the shaft is the wisdom, and the barb is the understanding. And the Arrow is one, and thou art lost in the Mystery, who art but as a babe that is carried in the womb of its mother, that art not yet ready for the light.

And the vision overcometh me. My sense is stunned; my sight is blasted; my hearing is dulled.

And a voice cometh: Thou didst seek the remedy of sorrow; therefore all sorrow is thy portion. This is that which is written: "God hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." For as thy blood is mingled in the cup of BABALON, so is thine heart the universal heart. Yet is it bound about with the Green Serpent, the Serpent of Delight.

It is shown me that this heart is the heart that rejoiceth, and the serpent is the serpent of Death for herein all the symbols are interchangeable, for each one containeth in itself {135} its own opposite. And this is the great Mystery of the Supernals that are beyond the Abyss. For below the Abyss, contradiction is division; but above the Abyss, contradiction is Unity. And there could be nothing true except by virtue of the contradiction that is contained in itself.

Thou canst not believe how marvelous is this vision of the Arrow. And it

could never be shut out, except the Lords of Vision troubled the waters of the pool, the mind of the Seer. But they send forth a wind that is a cloud of Angels, and they beat the water with their feet, and little waves splash up --- they are memories. For the seer hath no head; it is expanded into the universe, a vast and silent sea, crowned with the stars of night. Yet in the very midst thereof is the arrow. Little images of things that were, are the foam upon the waves. And there is a contest between the Vision and the memories. I prayed unto the Lords of Vision, saying: O my Lords, take not away this wonder from my sight.

And they said: It must needs be. Rejoice therefore if thou hast been permitted to behold, even for a moment, this Arrow, the austere, the august. But the vision is accomplished, and we have sent forth a great wind against thee. For thou canst not penetrate by force, who hast refused it; nor by authority, for thou hast trampled it under foot. Thou art bereft of all but understanding, O thou that art no more than a little pile of dust!

And the images rise up against me and constrain me, so that the Aethyr is shut against me. Only the things of the mind and of the body are open unto me. The shew-stone is dull, for that which I see therein is but a memory.

TOLGA, ALGERIA

"December" 13, 1909. 8.15-10.10 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 4TH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED PAZ

The Stone is translucent and luminous, and no images enter therein.

A voice says: Behold the brilliance of the Lord, whose feet are set upon him that pardoneth transgression. Behold the six-fold Star that flameth in the Vault, the seal of the marriage of the great White King and his black slave.

So I looked into the Stone, and beheld the six-fold Star: the whole Aethyr is as tawny clouds, like the flame of a furnace. And there is a mighty host of Angels, blue and golden, that throng it, and they cry: Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, that art not shaken in the earthquakes, and in the thunders! The end of things is come upon us; the day of be-with-us is at hand! For he hath created the universe, and overthrown it, that he might take his pleasure thereupon.

And now, in the midst of the Aethyr, I beheld that god. He hath a thousand arms, and in each hand is a weapon of terrible strength. His face is more terrible than the storm, and from his eyes flash lightnings of intolerable brilliance. From his mouth run seas of blood. Upon his head is a crown of every deadly thing. Upon his forehead is the upright tau, and on either side of it are the signs of blasphemy. And about him clingeth a young girl, like unto the king's daughter that appeareth in the ninth Aethyr. But she is become rosy by reason of his force, and her purity hath tinged his black with blue.

They are clasped in a furious embrace, so that she is torn asunder by the

terror of the god; yet so tightly clingeth she about him, that he is strangled. She hath forced back his {137} head, and his throat is livid with the pressure of her fingers. Their joint cry is an intolerable anguish, yet it is the cry of their rapture, so that every pain, and every curse, and every bereavement, and every death of everything in the whole universe, is but one little gust of wind in that tempest-scream of ecstasy.

The voice thereof is not articulate. It is in vain to seek comparison. It is absolutely continuous, without breaks or beats. If there seem to be vibration therein, it is because of the imperfection of the ears of the seer.

And there cometh an interior voice, which sayeth to the seer that he hath trained his eyes well and can see much; and he hath trained his ears a little, and can hear a little; but his other senses hath he trained scarcely at all, and therefore the Aethyrs are almost silent to him on those planes. By the senses are meant the spiritual correlations of the senses, not the physical senses. But this matters little, because the Seer, so far as he is a seer, is the expression of the spirit of humanity. What is true of him is true of humanity, so that even if he had been able to receive the full Aethyrs, he could not have communicated them.

And an Angel speaks: Behold, this vision is utterly beyond thine understanding. Yet shalt thou endeavour to unite thyself with the dreadful marriage-bed.

So I am torn asunder, nerve from nerve and vein from vein, and more intimately --- cell from cell, molecule from molecule, and atom from atom, and at the same time all crushed together. Write down that the tearing asunder "is" a crushing together. All the double phenomena are only two ways of looking at a single phenomenon; and the single phenomenon {138} is Peace. There is no sense in my words or in my thoughts. "Faces half-formed arose." This is the meaning of that passage; they are attempts to interpret Chaos, but Chaos is Peace. Cosmos is the War of the Rose and the Cross. That was "a half-formed face" that I said then. All images are useless.

Blackness, blackness intolerable, before the beginning of the light. This is the first verse of Genesis. Holy art thou, Chaos, Chaos, Eternity, all contradictions in terms!

Oh, blue! blue! blue! whose reflection in the Abyss is called the Great One of the Night of Time; between ye vibrateth the Lord of the Forces of Matter.

O Nox, Nox qui celas infamiam infandi nefandi, Deo solo sit laus qui dedit signum non scribendum. Laus virgini cuius stuprum tradit salutem.

O Night, that givest suck from thy paps to sorcery, and theft, and rape, and gluttony, and murder, and tyranny, and to the nameless Horror, cover us, cover us, cover us from the Rod of Destiny; for Cosmos must come, and the balance be set up where there was no need of balance, because there was no injustice, but only truth. But when the balances are equal, scale matched with scale, then will Chaos return.

Yea, as in a looking-glass, so in thy mind, that is backed with the false metal of lying, is every symbol read aversé. Lo! everything wherein thou hast trusted must confound thee, and that thou didst flee from was thy saviour. So

therefore didst thou shriek in the Black Sabbath when thou didst kiss the hairy buttocks of the goat, when the gnarled god tore thee asunder, when the icy cataract of death swept thee away.

Shriek, therefore, shriek aloud; mingle the roar of the {139} gored lion and the moan of the torn bull, and the cry of the man that is torn by the claws of the Eagle, and the scream of the Eagle that is strangled by the hands of the Man. Mingle all these in the death-shriek of the Sphinx, for the blind man hath profaned her mystery. Who is this, Oedipus, Tiresias, Erinyes? Who is this, that is blind and a seer, a fool above wisdom? Whom do the hounds of heaven follow, and the crocodiles of hell await? Aleph, vau, yod, ayin, resh, tau, is his name.

Beneath his feet is the kingdom, and upon his head the crown. He is spirit and matter; he is peace and power; in him is Chaos and Night and Pan, and upon BABALON his concubine, that hath made him drunk upon the blood of the saints that she hath gathered in her golden cup, hath he begotten the virgin that now he doth deflower. And this is that which is written: Malkuth shall be uplifted and set upon the throne of Binah. And this is the stone of the philosophers that is set as a seal upon the tomb of Tetragrammaton, and the elixir of life that is distilled from the blood of the saints, and the red powder that is the grinding-up of the bones of Choronzon.

Terrible and wonderful is the Mystery thereof, O thou Titan that hast climbed into the bed of Juno! Surely thou art bound unto, and broken upon, the wheel; yet hast thou uncovered the nakedness of the Holy One, and the Queen of Heaven is in travail of child, and his name shall be called Vir, and Vis, and Virus, and Virtus, and Viridis, in one name that is all these, and above all these.

Desolate, desolate is the Aethyr, for thou must return unto the habitations of the Owl and the Bat, unto the Scorpions {140} of the sand, and the blanched eyeless beetles that have neither wing nor horn. Return, blot out the vision, wipe from thy mind the memory thereof; stifle the fire with green wood; consume the Sacrament; cover the Altar; veil the Shrine; shut up the Temple and spread booths in the market place; until the appointed time come when the Holy One shall declare unto thee the Mystery of the Third Aethyr.

Yet be thou wake and ware, for the great Angel Hua is about thee, and overshadoweth thee, and at any moment he may come upon thee unawares. The voice of PAZ is ended.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

"December" 16, 1909. 9 - 10.30 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 3RD AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ZON

There is an angry light in the stone; now it is become clear.

In the centre is that minute point of light which is the true Sun, and in the circumference is the Emerald Snake. And joining them are the rays which

are the plumes of Maat, and because the distance is infinite, therefore are they parallel from the circumference, although they diverge from the centre.

In all this is no voice and no motion.

And yet it seems that the great Snake feedeth upon the plumes of Truth as upon itself, so that it contracteth. But ever so little as it contracteth, without it gloweth the golden rim, which is that minute point in the centre.

And all this is the sigil of the Aethyr, gold and azure and green. Yet also these are the Severities.

It is only in the first three Aethyrs that we find the pure {141} essence, for all the other Aethyrs are but as Malkuth to complete these three triads, as hath before been said. And this being the second reflection, therefore is it the palace of two hundred and eighty judgments.

For all these paths²¹ are in the course of the Flaming Sword from the side of Severity. And the other two paths are Zayin, which is a sword; and Shin, which is a tooth. These are then the five severities which are 280.

All this is communicated to the Seer interiorly.

"And the eye of His benignancy is closed. Let it not be opened upon the Aethyr, lest the severities be mitigated, and the house fall." Shall not the house fall, and the Dragon sink? Verily all things have been swallowed up in destruction; and Chaos hath opened his jaws and crushed the Universe as a Bacchanal crusheth a grape between her teeth. Shall not destruction swallow up destruction, and annihilation confound annihilation? Twenty and two are the mansions of the House of my Father, but there cometh an ox that shall set his forehead against the House, and it shall fall. For all these things are the toys of the Magician and the Maker of Illusions, that barreth the Understanding from the Crown.

O thou that hast beheld the City of the Pyramids, how shouldst thou behold the House of the Juggler? For he is wisdom, and by wisdom hath he made the Worlds, and from that wisdom issue judgements 70 by 4, that are the 4 eyes of the double-headed one; that are the 4 devils, Satan, Lucifer, Leviathan, Belial, that are the great princes of the evil of the world. {142}

And Satan is worshipped by men under the name of Jesus; and Lucifer is worshipped by men under the name of Brahma; and Leviathan is worshipped by men under the name of Allah; and Belial is worshipped by men under the name of Buddha.

(This is the meaning of the passage in Liber Legis, Chap. III.)

Moreover, there is Mary, a blasphemy against BABALON, for she hath shut herself up; and therefore is she the Queen of all those wicked devils that walk upon the earth, those that thou sawest even as little black specks that stained the Heaven of Urania. And all these are the excrement of Choronzon.

And for this is BABALON under the power of the Magician, that she hath submitted herself unto the work; and she guardeth the Abyss. And in her is a perfect purity of that which is above; yet she is sent as the Redeemer to them that are below. For there is no other way into the Supernal Mystery but through her, and the Beast on which she rideth; and the Magician is set beyond her to deceive the brothers of blackness, lest they should make unto

themselves a crown; for if there were two crowns, then should Ygdrasil, that ancient tree, be cast out into the Abyss, uprooted and cast down into the Outermost Abyss, and the Arcanum which is in the Adytum should be profaned; and the Ark should be touched, and the Lodge spied upon by them that are not masters, and the bread of the Sacrament should be the dung of Choronzon; and the wine of the Sacrament should be the water of Choronzon; and the incense should be dispersion; and the fire upon the Altar should be hate. But lift up thyself; stand, {143} play the man, for behold! there shall be revealed unto thee the Great Terror, the thing of awe that hath no name.

And this is the mystery that I declare unto thee: that from the Crown itself spring the three great delusions; Aleph is madness, and Beth is falsehood, and Gimel is glamour. And these three be greater than all, for they are beyond the words that I speak unto thee; how much more therefore are they beyond the words that thou transmittest unto men.

Behold! the Veil of the Aethyr sundereth, and is torn, like a sail by the breath of the tempest, and thou shalt see him as from afar off. This is that which is written, "Confound her understanding with darkness," for thou canst not speak this thing.

21 HB:Resh , HB:Lamed and HB:Nun (Sun, Libra and Scorpio), the Sun, the Balance

or plumes of Maat, and the Snake. Added they make 280.

It is the figure of the Magus of the Taro; and in his right arm the torch of the flames blazing upwards; in his left the cup of poison, a cataract into Hell. And upon his head the evil talisman, blasphemy and blasphemy and blasphemy, in the form of a circle. That is the greatest blasphemy of all.²² On his feet hath he the scythes and swords and sickles; daggers; knives; every sharp thing, --- a millionfold, and all in one. And before him is the Table that is a Table of wickedness, the 42-fold Table. This Table is connected with the 42 Assessors of the Dead, for they are the Accusers, whom the soul must baffle; and with the 42-fold name of God, for this is the Mystery of Iniquity, that there was ever a beginning at all. And this Magus casteth forth, by the might of his four weapons, veil after veil; a thousand shining colours, ripping and tearing the Aethyr, so that it is like jagged saws, or like broken teeth in the face of a young girl, or like disruption, or {144} madness. There is a horrible grinding sound, maddening. This is the mill in which the Universal Substance, which is ether, was ground down into matter.

The Seer prayeth that a cloud may come between him and the sun, so that he may shut out the terror of the vision. And he is afire; he is terribly athirst; and no help can come to him, for the shew-stone blazeth ever with the fury and the torment and the blackness, and the stench of human flesh. The bowels of little children are torn out and thrust into his mouth, and poison is dropped into his eyes. And Lilith, a black monkey crawling with filth, running with open sores, an eye torn out, eaten of worms, her teeth rotten, her nose eaten away, her mouth a putrid mass of green slime, her dugs dropping and cancerous, clings to him, kisses him.

(Kill me! kill me!)

There is a mocking voice: Thou art become immortal. Thou wouldst look upon the face of the Magician and thou hast not beheld him because of his Magick veils.

(Don't torture me!)

Thus are all they fallen into the power of Lilith, who have dared to look upon his face.

The shew-stone is all black and corrupt. O filth! filth! filth!

And this is her great blasphemy: that she hath taken the name of the First Aethyr, and bound it on her brow, and added thereunto the shameless yod and the tau for the sign of the Cross.

She it is that squatteth upon the Crucifix, for the nastiness of her pleasure. So that they that worship Christ suck up her filth upon their tongues, and therefore their breaths stink. {145}

I was saved from that Horror by a black shining Triangle, with apex upwards, that came upon the face of the sun.

And now the shew-stone is all clear and beautiful again.

The pure pale gold of a fair maiden's hair, and the green of her girdle, and the deep soft blue of her eyes.

"Note." --- In this the gold is Kether, the blue is Chokmah, the green is Binah.

Thus she appeareth in the Aethyr, adorned with flowers and gems. It seems that she hath incarnated herself upon earth, and that she will appear manifest in a certain office in the Temple.

I have seen some picture like her face; I cannot think what picture. It is a piquant face, with smiling eyes and lips; the ears are small and pink, the complexion is fair, but not transparent; not as fair as one would expect from the hair and eyes. It is rather an impudent face, rather small, very pretty; the nose very slightly less than straight, well-proportioned, rather large nostrils. Full of vitality, the whole thing. Now very tall, rather slim and graceful; a good dancer.

There is another girl behind her, with sparkling eyes, mischievous, a smile showing beautiful white teeth; an ideal Spanish girl, but fair. Very

22 "I.e.", that the circle should be profaned. This evil circle is of three concentric rings.

vivacious. Only her head is visible, and now it is veiled by a black sun, casting forth dull rays of black and gold.

Then the disk of the sun is a pair of balances, held steady; and twined about the central pole of the balance is the little green poisonous snake, with a long forked tongue rapidly darting.

And the Angel that hath spoken with me before, saith to me: The eye of His benignancy is opened; therefore veileth {146} he thine eyes from the vision. Manfully hast thou endured; yet, hast thou been man, thou hadst not endured; and hadst thou been wholly that which thou art, thou shouldst have been caught up in the full vision that is unspeakable for Horror. And thou shouldst have beheld the face of the Magician that thou hast not been able to behold, --- of him from whom issue forth the severities that are upon Malkuth, and his name

is Misericordia Dei.

And because he is the dyad, thou mayest yet understand in two ways. Of first way, the Mercy of God is that Mercy which Jehovah showed to the Amalekites; and the second way is utterly beyond thine understanding, for it is the upright, and thou knowest nothing but the averse, --- until Wisdom shall inform thine Understanding, and upon the base of the Ultimate triangle arise the smooth point.

Veil therefore thine eyes, for that thou canst not master the Aethyr, unless thy Mystery match Its Mystery. Seal up thy mouth also, for thou canst not master the voice of the Aethyr, save only by Silence.

And thou shalt give the sign of the Mother, for BABALON is thy fortress against the iniquity of the Abyss, of the iniquity of that which bindeth her unto the Crown, and barreth her from the Crown; for not until thou art made one with CHAOS canst thou begin that last, that most terrible projection, the three-fold Regimen which alone constitutes the Great Work.

For Choronzon is as it were the shell or excrement of these three paths, and therefore is his head raised unto Daath, and therefore have the Black Brotherhood declared him to be the child of Wisdom and Understanding, who is but the bastard of the Svastika. And this is that which is written in {147} the Holy Qabalah, concerning the Whirlpool and Leviathan, and the Great Stone.

Thus long have I talked with thee in bidding thee depart, that the memory of the Aethyr might be dulled; for hadst thou come back suddenly into thy mortal frame, thou hadst fallen into madness or death. For the vision is not such that any may endure it.

But now thy sense is dull, and the shew-stone but a stone. Therefore awake, and give secretly and apart the sign of the Mother, and call four times upon the name of CHAOS, that is the four-fold word that is equal to her seven-fold word. And then shalt thou purify thyself, and return into the World.

So I did that which was commanded me, and returned.

BISKRA.

"December" 17, 1909. 9.30 - 11.30 a.m.

THE CRY OF THE 2ND AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED ARN

In the first place, there is again the woman riding on the bull, which is the reflection of BABALON, that rideth on The Beast. And also there is an Assyrian legend of a woman with a fish, and also there is a legend of Eve and the Serpent, for Cain was the child of Eve and the Serpent, and not of Eve and Adam; and therefore when he had slain his brother, who was the first murderer, having sacrificed living things to his demon, had Cain the mark upon his brow, which is the mark of the Beast spoken of in the Apocalypse, and is the sign of initiation. {148}

The shedding of blood is necessary, for God did not hear the children of Eve until blood was shed. And that is external religion; but Cain spake not

with God, nor had the mark of initiation upon his brow, so that he was shunned by all men, until he had shed blood. And this blood was the blood of his brother. This is a mystery of the sixth key of the Taro, which ought not to be called The Lovers, but The Brothers.

In the middle of the card stands Cain; in his right hand is the Hammer of Thor with which he hath slain his brother, and it is all wet with his blood. And his left hand he holdeth open as a sign of innocence. And on his right hand is his mother Eve, around whom the serpent is entwined with his hood spread behind her head; and on his left hand is a figure somewhat like the Hindoo Kali, but much more seductive. Yet I know it to be Lilith. And above him is the Great Sigil of the Arrow, downward, but it is struck through the heart of the child. This Child is also Abel. And the meaning of this part of the card is obscure, but that is the correct drawing of the Taro card; and that is the correct magical fable from which the Hebrew scribes, who were not complete Initiates, stole their legend of the Fall and the subsequent events. They joined different fables together to try and make a connected story, and they sophisticated them to suit their social and political conditions.

All this while no image hath come unto the Stone, and no voice hath been heard.

I cannot get any idea of the source of what I have been saying. All I can say is, that there is a sort of dew, like mist, upon the Stone, and yet it has become hot to the touch. {149}

All I get is that the Apocalypse was the recension of a dozen or so totally disconnected allegories, that were pieced together, and ruthlessly planed down to make them into a connected account; and that recension was re-written and edited in the interests of Christianity, because people were complaining that Christianity could show no true spiritual knowledge, or any food for the best minds: nothing but miracles, which only deceived the most ignorant, and Theology, which only suited pedants.²³

So a man got hold of this recension, and turned it Christian, and imitated the style of John. And this explains why the end of the world does not happen every few years, as advertised.

There is nothing whatever in the Stone but a White Rose. And a voice comes: there shall be no more red roses, for she hath crushed all the blood of all things into her cup.

It seemed at one time as if the rose was in the breast of a beautiful woman, high-bosomed, tall, stately, yet who danced like a snake. But there was no subsistence in this vision.

And now I see the white Rose, as if it were in the beak of a swan, in the picture by Michael Angelo in Venice. And that legend too is the legend of BABALON.

But all this is before the veil of the Aethyr. Now will I go and make certain preparations, and I will return and repeat the call of the Aethyr yet again.

BISKRA.

"December" 18, 1909. 9.20 - 10.5 a.m.

{150}

It is not a question of being unable to get into the Aethyr, and trying to struggle through; but one is not anywhere near it.

A voice comes: When thy dust shall strew the earth whereon She walketh, then mayest thou bear the impress of Her foot. And thou thinkest to behold Her face!

The Stone is become of the most brilliant whiteness, and yet, in that whiteness, all the other colours are implicit. The colour of anything is but its dullness, its obstructiveness. So is it with these visions. All that they "are" is falsity. Every idea merely marks where the mind of the Seer was too stupid to receive the light, and therefore reflected it. Therefore, as the pure light is colourless, so is the pure soul black.

And this is the Mystery of the incest of CHAOS with his daughter.

23 WEH NOTE: See G.R.S.Mead's "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten."

There is nothing whatever visible.

But I asked of the Angel that is at my side if the ceremony hath been duly performed. And he says: Yes, the Aethyr is present. It is thou that canst not perceive it, even as I cannot perceive it, because it is so entirely beyond thy conception that there is nothing in thy mind on to which it can cast a symbol, even as the emptiness of space is not heated by the fire of the sun. And so pure is the light that it preventeth the formation of images, and therefore have men called it darkness. For with any lesser light, the mind responds, and makes for itself divers palaces. It is that which is written: "In my Father's house there are many mansions"; and if the house be destroyed, how much more the mansions that are therein! For this is the victory of BABALON over the Magician that ensorcelled {151} her. For as the Mother she is 3 by 52, and as the harlot she is 6 by 26; but she is also 12 by 13, and that is the pure unity. Moreover she is 4 by 39, that is, victory over the power of the 4, and in 2 by 78 hath she destroyed the great Sorcerer. Thus is she the synthesis of 1 and 2 and 3 and 4, which being added are 10, therefore could she set her daughter upon her own throne, and defile her own bed with her virginity.

And I ask the Angel if there is any way by which I can make myself worthy to behold the Mysteries of this Aethyr.

And he saith: It is not in my knowledge. Yet do thou make once more in silence the Call of the Aethyr, and wait patiently upon the favour of the Angel, for He is a mighty Angel, and never yet have I heard the whisper of his wing.

This is the translation of the Call of the Aethyr.

O ye heavens which dwell in the first Aire, and are mighty in the parts of the earth, and execute therein the judgment of the highest, to you it is said: Behold the face of your God, the beginning of comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the heavens which provided you for the government of the earth,

and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding, that ye might dispose all things according to the foresight of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the beginning, saying, The earth, let her be governed by her parts (this is the prostitution of BABALON to Pan), and let there be division in her (the formation of the Many from the One), that her glory may be always ecstasy and irritation of orgasm. Her course let it round with the heavens (that is, let her way be always harmonious with heaven), and as an {152} handmaid let her serve them (that is, the Virgin of Eternity climbing into the bed of CHAOS). One season let it confound another (that is, let there be unwearying variety of predicates), and let there be no creature upon or within her the same (that is, let there be an unwearying variety of subjects). All her members let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no one creature equal with another (for if there were any duplication or omission, there would be no perfection in the whole). The reasonable creatures of the earth and men, let them vex and weed out one another (this is, the destruction of reason by internecine conflicts in the course of redemption). And their dwelling places, let them forget their names. (This is, the arising of Nemo.) The work of man and his pomp, let them be defaced. (That is, in the Great Work man must lose his personality.) His building, let it be a cave for the Beast of the Field. ("His building" means the Vault of the Adepts, and the "Cave" is the Cave of the Mountain of Abiegnus, and the "Beast" is he upon whom BABALON rideth, and the "Field" is the supernal Eden.) Confound her understanding with darkness. (This sentence is explained by what has been said concerning Binah.) For why, it rejoiceth me concerning the Virgin and the Man. (Kelly did not understand this Call at all, and he would not believe this sentence was written so, for it seemed to contradict the rest of the Call, so he altered it.) One while let her be known and another while a stranger, (that is, the Mystery of the Holy One being at the same time identical with everything and apart from it), because she is the bed of an harlot, and the dwelling of him that is fallen. (That is that Mystery which was revealed in the last Aethyr; the universe being, as it were, a garden wherein the Holy {153} Ones may take their pleasure.) O ye heavens, arise; the lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you. (This is a command for the whole of things to join in universal rapture.) Govern those that govern; cast down such as fall; bring forth those that increase; and destroy the rotten. (This means that everything shall take its own pleasure in its own way.) No place let it remain in one number. ("No place" is the infinite Ain . . . "Let remain in one number"; that is, let it be concentrated in Kether.) Add and diminish until the stars be numbered. (It is a mystery of the Logos being formulated by the Qabalah, because the stars, are all letters of the Holy Alphabet, as it was said in a former Aethyr.) Arise! Move! and Appear! before the covenant of his mouth which he hath shewn unto us in his justice. ("The Covenant" is the letter Aleph; "His mouth", p?; "His Justice", lamed; and these add up again to Aleph, so that it is in the letter Aleph, which is zero, thus symbolizing the circles of the Aethyrs, that he calleth them forth. But men thought that Aleph was the initial ARR, cursing,

when it was really the initial of AChD, unity, and AHBH, love. So that it was the most horrible and wicked blasphemy of the blackest of all the black brothers to begin Barashith with a beth, with the letter of the Magician. Yet, by this simple device, hath he created the whole illusion of sorrow.) Open the mysteries of your creation, and make us partakers of the undefiled knowledge. (The word here is "IADNAMAD" is not the ordinary word for knowledge. It is a word of eight letters, which is the secret name of God, summarized in the letter cheth; for which see the Aethyr which correspondeth to that letter, the twelfth Aethyr.)

Now from time to time I have looked into the Stone, but {154} never is there any image therein, or any hint thereof; but now there are three arrows, arranged thus:

{Illustration on page 155 described:

Three arrows intersecting in the common centers of the three shafts. Two are diagonal, forming an "X" with points to top and fledging to bottom. The third is vertical, bisecting the "X" with point below and fledging to the top. The fledging takes the form of the two feathers of Maat, from the Ateph crown.}

This is the letter Aleph in the Alphabet of Arrows.

(I want to say that while I was doing the translation of the Call of the Aethyrs, the soles of my feet were burning, as if I were on red hot steel.)

And now the fire has spread all over me, and parches me, and tortures me. And my sweat is bitter like poison. And all my blood is acrid in my veins, like gleet. I seem to be all festering, rotting; and the worms eating me while I am yet alive.

A voice, neither in myself nor out of myself, is saying: Remember Prometheus; remember Ixion.

I am tearing at nothing. I will not heed. For even this dust must be consumed with fire.

And now, although there is no image, at last there is a sense of obstacle, as if one were at length drawing near to the frontier of the Aethyr.

But I am dying.

I can neither strive nor wait. There is agony in my ears, and in my throat, and mine eyes have been so long blind that I cannot remember that there ever was such a thing as sight.

And it cometh to me that I should go away, and await the {155} coming of the veil of the Aethyr; not here. I think I will go to the Hot Springs.

So I put away the Stone upon my breast.

BISKRA

10.15-11.52 a.m.

Flashes of lightning are playing in the Stone, at the top; and at the

bottom of the Stone there is a black pyramid, and at the top thereof is a vesica piscis. The vesica piscis is of colourless brilliance.

The two curves of Pisces are thus:

{Illustration on page 156 described:

The Pisces sign without the cross-line. In Essence ") (" , but larger with thick curves.}

They are the same curves as the curves of vesica piscis, but turned round.

And a voice comes: How can that which is buried in the pyramids behold that which descendeth unto its apex?

Again it comes to me, without voice: Therefore is motherhood the symbol of the Masters. For first they must give up their virginity to be destroyed, and the seed must lie hidden in them until the nine moons wax and wane, and they must surround it with the Universal Fluid. And they must feed it with blood for fire. Then is the child a living thing. And afterwards is much suffering and much joy, and after that are they torn asunder, and this is all their thank, that they give it to suck.

All this while the vision in the Shew-Stone stays as it was, save that the lightning grows more vehement and clear; {156} and behind the vesica piscis is a black cross extending to the top and to the edges of the Stone. And now blackness spreads, and swallows up the images.

Now there is naught but a vast black triangle having the apex downwards, and in the centre of the black triangle is the face of Typhon, the Lord of the Tempest, and he crieth aloud: Despair! Despair! For thou mayest deceive the Virgin, and thou mayest cajole the Mother; but what wilt thou say unto the ancient Whore that is throned in Eternity? For if she will not, there is neither force nor cunning, nor any wit, that may prevail upon her.

Thou canst not woo her with love, for she "is" love. And she hath all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with gold, for all the Kings and captains of the earth, and all the gods of heaven, have showered their gold upon her. Thus hath she all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with knowledge, for knowledge is the thing that she hath spurned. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with wit, for her Lord is Wit. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee. Despair! Despair!

Nor canst thou cling to her knees and ask for pity; nor canst thou cling to her heart and ask for love; nor canst thou put thine arms about her neck, and ask for understanding; for thou hast all these, and they avail thee not. Despair! Despair!

Then I took the Flaming Sword, and I let it loose against Typhon, so that his head was cloven asunder, and the black triangle dissolved in lightnings. {157}

But as he parted his voice broke out again: Nor canst thou win her with the

Sword, for her eyes are fixed upon the eyes of Him in whose hand is the hilt of the Sword. Despair! Despair!

And the echo of that cry was his word, which is identical, although it be diverse: Nor canst thou win her by the Serpent, for it was the Serpent that seduced her first. Despair! Despair!

(Yet he cried thus as he fled:)

I am Leviathan, the great Lost Serpent of the Sea. I writhe eternally in torment, and I lash the ocean with my tail into a whirlpool of foam that is venomous and bitter, and I have no purpose. I go no whither. I can neither live nor die. I can but rave and rave in my death agony. I am the Crocodile that eateth up the children of men. And through the malice of BABALON I hunger, hunger, hunger.

All this while the Stone is more inert than ever yet; a thousand times more lifeless than when it is not invoked. Now, when it kindles, it only kindles into its physical beauty. And now upon the face of it is a great black Rose, each of whose petals, though it be featureless, is yet a devil-face. And all the stalks are the black snakes of hell. It is alive, this Rose; a single thought informs it. It comes to clutch, to murder. Yet, because a single thought alone informs it, I have hope therein.

I think the Rose has a hundred and fifty-six petals, and though it be black, it has the luminous blush.

There it is, in the midst of the Stone, and I cannot see anyone who wears it.

Aha! Aha! Aha! Shut out the sight!

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou! {158}

Light, Life and Love are like three glow-worms at thy feet: the whole universe of stars, the dewdrops on the grass whereon thou walkest!

I am quite blind.

Thou art Nuit! Strain, strain, strain my whole soul!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

Falutli! Falutli!

I cling unto the burning Aethyr like Lucifer that fell through the Abyss, and by the fury of his flight kindled the air.

And I am Belial, for having seen the Rose upon thy breast, I have denied God.

And I am Satan! I am Satan! I am cast out upon a burning crag! And the sea boils about the desolation thereof. And already the vultures gather, and feast upon my flesh.

Yea! Before thee all the most holy is profane, O thou desolator of shrines! O thou falsifier of the oracles of truth! Ever as I went, hath it been thus. The truth of the profane was the falsehood of the Neophyte, and

the truth of the Neophyte was the falsehood of the Zelator! Again and again the the fortress must be battered down! Again and again the pylon must be overthrown! Again and again must the gods be desecrated!

And now I lie supine before thee, in terror and abasement. O Purity! O Truth! What shall I say? My tongue cleaveth to my jaws, O thou Medusa that hast turned me to stone! Yet is that stone the stone of the philosophers. Yet is that tongue Hadit. {159}

Aha! Aha!

Yea! Let me take the form of Hadit before thee, and sing:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

Nuit! Nuit! How art thou manifested in this place! This is a Mystery ineffable. And it is mine, and I can never reveal it either to God or to man. It is for thee and me !

Aha! Aha!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

. . . My spirit is no more; my soul is no more. My life leaps out into annihilation!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

It is the cry of my body! Save me! I have come too close. I have come too close to that which may not be endured. It must awake, the body; it must assert itself.

It must shut out the Aethyr, or else it is dead.

Every pulse aches, and beats furiously. Every nerve stings like a serpent. And my skin is icy cold.

Neither God nor man can penetrate the Mystery of the Aethyr.

(Here the Seer mutters unintelligibly.)

And even that which understandeth cannot hear its voice. For to the profane the voice of the Neophyte is called silence, {160} and to the Neophyte the voice of the Zelator is called silence. And so ever is it.

Sight is fire, and is the first angle of the Tablet; spirit is hearing, and is the centre thereof; thou, therefore, who art all spirit and fire, and hast

no duller elements in thy star; thou art come to sight at the end of thy will.
And if thou wilt hear the voice of the Aethyr, do thou invoke it in the night,
having no other light but the light of the half moon. Then mayest thou hear
the voice, though it may be that thou understandeth it not. Yet shall it be a
potent spell, whereby thou mayest lay bare the womb of thy understanding to
the violence of CHAOS.

Now, therefore, for the last time, let the veil of the Aethyr be torn.

Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha!

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru.

.

This Aethyr must be left unfinished then until the half moon.

HAMMAM SALAHIN.

"December" 18, 1909 3.10 - 4.25 p.m.

An olvah nu arenu olvah. Diraeseu adika va paretanu poliax poliax in vah
rah ahum subre fifal. Lerthexanax. Mama ra-la hum fifala maha.

All this is the melody of a flute, very faint and clear. And there is a
sort of sub-tinkle of a bell. {161}

And there is a string instrument, somewhat like a zither. And there is a
human voice.

And the voice comes: this is the Song of the Sphinx, which she singeth ever
in the ears of men.

And it is the song of the syrens. And whoever heareth it is lost.

I
Mu pa telai,
Tu wa melai
A, a, a
Tu fu tulu!
Tu fu tulu
Pa, Sa, Ga.

II
Qwi Mu telai
Ya Pa melai;
u, u, u.
'Se gu melai;
Pe fu telai,

III
O chi balae
Wa pa malae: --
Ut! Ut! Ut!
Ge; fu latrai,
Le fu malai
Kut! -- Hut! -- Nut.

IV
Ai OAI
Rel moai
Ti -- Ti -- Ti!
Wa la pelai
Tu fu latai

Fu tu lu.

Wi, Ni, Bi.

"Translation of Song."

I

Silence! the moon ceaseth (her motion),
That also was sweet
In the air, in the air, in the air!
Who Will shall attain!
Who Will shall attain
By the Moon, and by Myself, and by the Angel of the Lord!

II

Now Silence ceaseth
And the moon waxeth sweet;
(It is the hour of) Initiation, Initiation, Initiation.
The kiss of Isis is honeyed;
My own Will is ended,
For Will hath attained. {162}

III

Behold the lion-child swimmeth (in the heaven)
And the moon reeleth: --
(It is) Thou! (It is) Thou! (It is) Thou!
Triumph; the Will stealeth away (like a thief),
The Strong Will that staggered
Before Ra Hoor Khuit! -- Hadit! -- Nuit!

IV

To the God OAI
Be praise
In the end and the beginning!
And may none fall
Who Will attain
The Sword, the Balances, the Crown!

And that which thou hearest is but the dropping of the dew from my limbs,
for I dance in the night, naked upon the grass, in shadowy places, by running
streams.

Many are they who have loved the nymphs of the woods, and of the wells, and

of the fountains, and of the hills. And of these some were nympholept. For it was not a nymph, but I myself that walked upon the earth taking my pleasure. So also there were many images of Pan, and men adored them, and as a beautiful god he made their olives bear double and their vines increase; but some were slain by the god, for it was I that had woven the garlands about him.

Now cometh a song.

So sweet is this song that no one could resist it. For in it is all the passionate ache for the moonlight, and the great hunger of the sea, and the terror of desolate places, --- all things that lure men to the unattainable.

{163}

Omari tessala marax,
tessala dodi phornepax.
amri radara poliax
 armana piliu.
amri radara piliu son';
mari narya barbiton
madara anaphax sarpedon
 andala hriliu.

"Translation."

I am the harlot that shaketh Death.
This shaking giveth the Peace of Satiated Lust.
Immortality jetteth from my skull,
 And music from my vulva.
Immortality jetteth from my vulva also,
For my Whoredom is a sweet scent like a seven-stringed instrument,
Played unto God the Invisible, the all-ruler,
 That goeth along giving the shrill scream of orgasm.

Every man that hath seen me forgetteth me never, and I appear oftentimes in the coals of the fire, and upon the smooth white skin of woman, and in the constancy of the waterfall, and in the emptiness of deserts and marshes, and upon great cliffs that look seaward; and in many strange places, where men seek me not. And many thousand times he beholdeth me not. And at last I smite myself into him as a vision smiteth into a stone, and whom I call must follow.

Now I perceive myself standing in a Druid circle, in an immense open plain.

A whole series of beautiful visions of deserts and sunsets and islands in the sea, green beyond imagination But there is no subsistence in them.

A voice goes on: this is the holiness of fruitless love and aimless toil. For in doing the thing for the thing's sake is concentration, and this is the holiest of them that suit not {164} the means to the end. For therein is

faith and sympathy and a knowledge of the true Magick.

Oh my beloved, that fliest in the air like a dove, beware of the falcon! oh my beloved, that springest upon the earth like a gazelle, beware of the lion!

There are hundreds of visions, trampling over one another. In each one the Angel of the Aethyr is mysteriously hidden.

Now I will describe the Angel of the Aethyr until the voice begins again.

He is like one's idea of Sappho and Calypso, and all seductive and deadly things; heavy eye-lids, long lashes, a face like ivory, wonderful barbaric jewellery, intensely red lips, a very small mouth, tiny ears, a Grecian face. Over the shoulders is a black robe with a green collar; the robe is spangled with golden stars; the tunic is a pure soft blue.

Now the whole Aethyr is swallowed up in a forest of unquenchable fire, and fearlessly through it all a show-white eagle flies. And the eagle cries: the house also of death. Come away! The volume of the book is open, the Angel waiteth without, for the summer is at hand. Come away! For the Aeon is measured, and thy span allotted. Come away! For the mighty sounds have entered into every angle. And they have awakened the Angels of the Aethyrs that slept these three hundred years.

For in the Holy letter Shin, that is the Resurrection in the Book of Thoth, that is the Holy Spirit in the Trinity, that is three hundred in the tale of the years, hath the tomb been opened, so that this great wisdom might be revealed.

Come away! For the Second Triad is completed, and there remaineth only the Lord of the Aeon, the Avenger, the Child {165} both Crowned and Conquering, the Lord of the Sword and the Sun, the Babe in the Lotus, pure from his birth, the Child of suffering, the Father of justice, unto whom be the glory throughout all the Aeon!²⁴

Come away! For that which was to be accomplished is accomplished, seeing that thou hadst faith unto the end of all.

In the letter N the Voice of the Aethyr is ended.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

"December" 20, 1909. 8.35 - 9.15 p.m.

THE CRY OF THE 1ST AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED LIL

First, let praise and worship and honour and glory and great thank be given unto the Holy One, who hath permitted us to come thus far, who hath revealed unto us the ineffable mysteries, that they might be disclosed before men. And we humbly beseech His infinite goodness that he will be pleased to manifest unto us even the Mystery of the First Aethyr.

(Here followeth the Call of the Aethyr.)

The veil of the Aethyr is like the veil of night, dark azure, full of countless stars. And because the veil is infinite, at first one seeth not the winged globe of the sun that burneth in the centre thereof. Profound peace

fillet me, --- beyond ecstasy, beyond thought, beyond being itself, IAIDA.
(This word means "I am", but in a sense entirely beyond being.)

("Note." --- In Hebrew letters it adds to 26. In Hebrew letters the name of the Aethyr is 70, ayin; but by turning the {166} Yetziratic attributions of the letters into Hebrew, it gives 66, and 66 is the sum of the numbers from 0 to 11.)

Yes; there is peace. There is no "tendency" of any sort, much less any observation or feeling or impression. There is only a faint consciousness, like the scent of jasmine.

The body of the Seer is rested in a waking sleep that is deeper than sleep, and his mind is still; he seems like a well in the desert, shaded by windless palms.

And it is night; and because the night is the whole night of space, and not the partial night of earth, there is no thought of dawn. For the light of the Sun maketh illusion, blinding man's eyes to the glory of the stars. And unless he be in the shadow of the earth, he cannot see the stars. So, also, unless he be hidden from the light of life, he cannot behold Nuit. Here, then, do I abide in unalterable midnight, utterly at peace.

I have forgotten where I am, and who I am. I am hanging in nothing.

Now the veil opens of itself. (To Scribe. Come nearer; I don't want to have to speak so loudly.)

It is a little child covered with lilies and roses. He is supported by countless myriads of Archangels. The Archangels are all the same colourless brilliance, and every one of them is blind. Below the Archangels again are many, many other legions, and so on far below, so far that the eye cannot pierce. And on his forehead, and on his heart, and in his hand, is the secret sigil of the Beast. And of all this the glory is so great that all the spiritual senses fail, and their reflections in the body fail.

It is very strange. In my heart is rapture, holy and ineffable, absolutely beyond emotion; beyond even that bliss {167} called Ananda, infinitely calm

24 The Seer had absolutely forgotten this prophecy, and was amazed at the final identification of the Child in LIL with Hoor.
and pure. Yet at the gates of mine eyes stand tears, like warriors upon the watch, that lean on their spears, listening.²⁵

The great and terrible Angel keeps on looking at me, as if to bar me from the vision. There is another blinding my mind. There is another forcing my head down in sleep.

(It's very difficult to talk at all, because an impression takes such an immense time to travel from the will to the muscles. Naturally, I've no idea of time.)

I have gone up again to the child, led by two Angels, abasing my head.

This child seems to be the child that one attempted to describe in "The Garden of Janus."

Every volition is inhibited. I have tried to say a lot, but it has always got lost on the way.

Holy art thou, O more beautiful than all the stars of the Night!

There has never been such peace, such silence. But these are "positive" things. Singing praises of things eternal amid the flames of first glory, and every note of every song is a fresh flower in the garland of peace.

This child danceth not, but it is because he is the soul of the two dances, --- the right hand and the left hand, and in him they are one dance, the dance without motion.

There is dew on all the fire. Every drop is the quintessence of the ecstasy of stars. {168}

Yet a third time am I led to him, prostrating myself seven times at every step. There is a perfume in the air, reflected down even to the body of the seer. That perfume thrills his body with an ecstasy that is like love, like sleep.

And this is the song:

I am the child of all who am the father of all, for from me come forth all things, that I might be. I am the fountain in the snows, and I am the eternal sea. I am the lover, and I am the beloved, and I am the first-fruits of their love. I am the first faint shuddering of the Light, and I am the loom wherein night weaveth her impenetrable veil.

I am the captain of the hosts of eternity; of the swordsmen and the spearmen and the bowmen and the charioteers. I have led the armies of the east against the armies of the west, and the armies of the west against the armies of the east. For I am Peace.

My groves of olive were planted by an harlot, and my horses were bred by a thief. I have trained my vines upon the spears of the Most High, and with my laughter have I slain a thousand men.

With the wine in my cup have I mixed the lightnings, and I have carved my bread with a sharp sword.

With my folly have I undone the wisdom of the Magus, even as with my judgments I have overwhelmed the universe. I have eaten the pomegranate in the House of Wrath, and I have crushed out the blood of my mother between mill-stones to make bread.

There is nothing that I have not trampled beneath my feet. There is nothing that I have not set a garland on my brow. I have wound all things about my waist as a girdle. I {169} have hidden all things in the cave of my heart. I have slain all things because I am Innocence. I have lain with all things because I am Untouched Virginity. I have given birth to all things because I am Death.

Stainless are my lips, for they are redder than the purple of the vine, and of the blood wherewith I am intoxicated. Stainless is my forehead, for it is whiter than the wind and the dew that cooleth it.

I am light, and I am night, and I am that which is beyond them.

25 There are long intervals between many of these paragraphs, the Seer having been lost to Being. The reader will note that "The Great and Terrible Angel" has not been mentioned, but comes in suddenly. This was because the Seer's speech was inaudible, or never occurred. This angel was the "Higher Genius" of the Seer.

I am speech, and I am silence, and I am that which is beyond them.
I am life, and I am death, and I am that which is beyond them.
I am war, and I am peace, and I am that which is beyond them.
I am weakness, and I am strength, and I am that which is beyond them.

Yet by none of these can man reach up to me. Yet by each of them must man reach up to me.

Thou shalt laugh at the folly of the fool. Thou shalt learn the wisdom of the Wise. And thou shalt be initiate in holy things. And thou shalt be learned in the things of love. And thou shalt be mighty in the things of war. And thou shalt be adept in things occult. And thou shalt interpret the oracles. And thou shalt drive all these before thee in thy car, and though by none of these canst thou reach up to me, yet by each of these must thou attain to me. And thou must have the strength of the lion, and the secrecy of the hermit. And thou must turn the wheel of life. And thou must hold the balances of Truth. Thou must pass through the great Waters, a Redeemer. Thou must have the tail of the scorpion, and {170} the poisoned arrows of the Archer, and the dreadful horns of the Goat. And so shalt thou break down the fortress that guardeth the Palace of the King my son. And thou must work by the light of the Star and of the Moon and of the Sun, and by the dreadful light of judgment that is the birth of the Holy Spirit within thee. When these shall have destroyed the universe, then mayest thou enter the palace of the Queen my daughter.

Blessed, blessed, blessed; yea, blessed; thrice and four times blessed is he that hath attained to look upon thy face. For I will hurl thee forth from my presence as a whirling thunderbolt to guard the ways, and whom thou smitest shall be smitten indeed. And whom thou lovest shall be loved indeed. And whether by smiting or by love thou workest, each one shall see my face, a glimmer through a thousand veils. And they shall rise up from love's sleep or death's, and gird themselves with a girdle of snake-skin for wisdom, and they shall wear the white tunic of purity, and the apron of flaming orange for will, and over their shoulders shall they cast the panther's skin of courage. And they shall wear the nemyss of secrecy and the atephe crown of truth. And on their feet shall they put sandals made of the skin of breasts, that they may trample upon all they were, yet also that its toughness shall support them, and protect their feet, as they pass upon the mystical way that lieth through the pylons. And upon their breasts shall be the Rose and Cross of light and life, and in their hands the hermit's staff and lamp. Thus shall they set out upon the never-ending journey, each step of which is an unutterable reward.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy; yea, thrice and four times holy {171} art thou, because thou hast attained to look upon my face; not by my favour only, not by thy magick only, may this be won. Yet it is written: "Unto the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift."

Mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty; yea, thrice and four times mighty art thou. He that riseth up against thee shall be thrown down, though thou raise not so much as thy little finger against him. And he that speaketh evil against thee

shall be put to shame, though thy lips utter not the littlest syllable against him. And he that thinketh evil concerning thee shall be confounded in his thought, although in thy mind arise not the least thought of him. And they shall be brought unto subjection unto thee, and serve thee, though thou willest it not. And it shall be unto them a grace and a sacrament, and ye shall all sit down together at the supernal banquet, and ye shall feast upon the honey of the gods, and be drunk upon the dew of immortality --- FOR I AM HORUS, THE CROWNED AND CONQUERING CHILD, WHOM THOU KNEWEST NOT!

Pass thou on, therefore, O thou Prophet of the Gods, unto the Cubical Altar of the Universe; there shalt thou receive every tribe and kingdom and nation into the mighty Order that reacheth from the frontier fortresses that guard the Uttermost Abyss unto My Throne.

This is the formula of the Aeon, and with that the voice of LIL, that is the Lamp of the Invisible Light, is ended. Amen.

BISKRA, ALGERIA.

"December" 19, 1909. 1.30 - 3.30 p.m.

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A COMMENT UPON THE NATURES OF THE AETHYRS.

30. Without the cube --- the material world --- is the sphere-system of the spiritual world enfolding it. the Cry seems to be a sort of Exordium, and external showing forth of the coming of the new Aeon, the Aeon of Horus the crowned child.

29. The disturbance of Equilibrium caused by the Coming of the Aeon.

28. Now is a further and clearer shadowing-forth of the Great Mystery of the Aeon which is to be led up to by the Aethyrs. Note however that the King of the New Aeon never appears until the very first Aethyr.

27. Hecate appears --- her son, the son of a Virgin, a magus, is to bring the Aeon to pass. And she, the herald, her function fulfilled, withdraws within her mystic veil.

26. The death of the past Aeon, that of Jehovah and Jesus; ends with adumbration of the new, the vision of the Stele of Ankh-f-n-khonsu, whose

discovery brought about in a human consciousness the knowledge of the Equinox of the Gods, 21. 3. 04.

25. Appearance of the Lion God of Horus, the child of Leo that incarnates him.

The first Angel is Isis its mother. {173}

24. Now appears his mate, the heavenly Venus, the Scarlet Woman, who by men is thought of as Babalon as he is thought of as Chaos.

23. Here appear the Cherubim, the other officers of the new Temple, the earth and water assistants of the fire and air Beast and Scarlet Woman.

22. Here is the First Key to the formula of Horus, a sevenfold arrangement. A shadow of Horus declares his nature.

21. This seems to be the Vision of God face to face that is the necessary ordeal for him who would pass the Abyss, as it were. A commission to be the prophet of the Aeon arising is given to the Seer. The God is the Hierophant in the Ceremony of Magister Templi.

20. A guide is given to the Seer, his Holy Guardian Angel. And this is attained by a mastery of the Universe conceived as a wheel The Hieres in the Ceremony of Magister Templi.

19. Now cometh forth the Angel who giveth instruction, in the lowest form. The Hegemone in the Ceremony of Magister Templi which the Seer is about to undergo.

18. The Vault of preparation for the Ceremony of M.T.
The Veil is the Crucifixion, symbol of the dead Aeon. The first ordeal is undergone.

17. The symbol of the Balance is now given unto the Aspirant.
{174}

16. The sacrifice is made. The High Priestess (image of Babalon) cometh forth upon her Beast and maketh this.

15. The mystic dance by Salome. The new Temple, the signs of the grades are received and the A.E. rejected.

14. The Shrine of Darkness. Final initiation into grade of M. T.

13. The emergence of Nemo into the world; his work therein. This is the first mystery revealed to a M.T.

12. The Second Mystery: the cup-bearer of Babalon the beautiful. The Holy Grail manifested to the M.T., with the first knowledge of the Black Brothers.

11. Now cometh the Frontier of the Holy City; the M.T. is taken into the Abyss.

10. The Abyss.

9. The M.T. hath passed the Abyss, and is let to the Palace of the Virgin redeemed from Malkuth unto Binah.

8. The fuller manifestation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

7. The Virgin become the Bride, the great Reward of the Ceremony. also an adumbration of the Further Progress.

6. A shadowing-forth of the grade of Magus.

5. The reception of the M.T. among the Brethren of the A ∴ A ∴ the manifestation of the Arrow.

4. Further concerning the Magus. The marriage of Chaos with the purified Virgin.
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3. The Magician. Exhibition of the Guards to the Higher Knowledge.

2. The understanding of the Curse, that is become a Blessing. The final reward of the M.T., his marriage even with Babalon Herself. The paean thereof.

1. The final manifestation. All leads up to the Crowned Child, Horus, the Lord of the New Aeon.

["A further and fuller comment upon this Book is in preparation."]

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=====

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely, to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

=====

The Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06002.html>

43 captures

30 Jun 2003 - 24 Feb 2024

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

EDITORIAL

SLOWLY but surely the EQUINOX climbs from crest to crest of prosperity. such has been the response to the appeal in our last number that we have been able to put in hand the task of translating the Official Instructions of A ∴ A ∴ into French, and, if it continues, we shall be able to publish them in every important language of the world within the next two years.

Your overworked Editor, too, has been able to take the longest and happiest holiday of his life. River and forest have given him all that nature can; and this was the least part of his contentment. Moreover, he has been able to prepare, under sublime guidance, a dozen Official Instructions of A ∴ A ∴, to conclude the great Qabalistic Dictionary of

Gematria, and to begin the almost equally important Greek Dictionary on similar lines. He has had leisure to produce more play, sketches, poems, and stories in this last year than he has done in any previous five years of his life.

For all this his gratitude is due, and must be expressed, to the self-sacrificing devotion of our sworn sub-editor, Mr. Victor J. I. Neuburg. Rarely in all history has so unpleasing an exterior concealed such sterling qualities of heart and brain, such indomitable courage, such inflexibility of will, such loyalty and truth. We are glad to hear that he is about to accept a highly paid post on the staff of our bright little contemporary "The Looking-Glass," and that he who himself sings so musically may be in his turn the means of making others sing.

As we observed above, we are causing several extracts from the EQUINOX to be translated into French. {1} We are further glad to hear such good reports from every branch. The North and the Midlands are already making London look to its laurels; the West has surpassed all hope; America, South Africa, Burma, India, the Malay Peninsula, West Africa, all thrive. Australia has received an important addition to its strength; we have excellent accounts from British Columbia, Paraguay, and Brazil. France is being specially nursed at present, but Holland, Switzerland, and Germany need no such aid. The work in Spain is still hampered by political conditions, and we are sorry to hear little from Italy. In Algeria and Egypt work has got somewhat into arrear, but we hope that the winter will see the fundamental task fairly accomplished.

As we go to press, we are overjoyed to receive the most excellent accounts from the Caucasus, where the good work done by Monsieur Nelidoff twenty years ago has come to marvellous fruition.

With regard to personal progress of Probationers, nothing can be more satisfactory. The process of sifting, subtle but severe, initiated by V.V.V.V.V., and carried out so thoroughly by the Praemonstrator of $A \therefore A \therefore$, has been perfectly successful.

Every day brings a report illustrative of the fact that people who do not do the practices, but gossip about the $A \therefore A \therefore$, find themselves mysteriously outside, without word spoken; and the correlative fact, that people who do the practices find that results do happen.

It is most astonishing, even to us; under the old empirical, dogmatic methods people could work really hard for years, and get absolutely nothing; in our three years' experience with the $A \therefore A \therefore$, we have not found one man in whom three months' work has not produced at least one notable result.

What can we add but this: Blessing and worship to the Beast, the Prophet of the Lovely Star! {2}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06003.html>
41 captures

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About this capture

LIBER

PORTA LVCIS

SVB FIGVRA

X

{3}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER

PORTA LVCIS

SVB FIGVRA X

1. I behold a small dark orb, wheeling in an abyss of infinite space. It is minute among a myriad vast ones, dark amid a myriad bright ones.

2. I who comprehend in myself all the vast and the minute, all the bright and the dark, have mitigated the brilliance of mine unutterable splendour, sending forth V.V.V.V.V. as a ray of my light, as a messenger unto that small dark orb.

3. Then V.V.V.V.V. taketh up the word, and sayeth:

4. Men and women of the Earth, to you am I come from the Ages beyond the Ages, from the Space beyond your vision; and I bring to you these words.

5. But they heard him not, for they were not ready to receive them.

6. But certain men heard and understood, and through them shall this Knowledge be made known.

7. The least therefore of them, the servant of them all, writeth this book.

8. He writeth for them that are ready. Thus is it known if one be ready, if he be endowed

with certain gifts, if he be fitted by birth, or by wealth, or by intelligence, or by some {5} other manifest sign. And the servants of the master by his insight shall judge of these.

9. This Knowledge is not for all men; few indeed are called, but of these few many are chosen.

10. This is the nature of the Work.

11. First, there are many and diverse conditions of life upon this earth. In all of these is some seed of sorrow. Who can escape from sickness and from old age and from death?

12. We are come to save our fellows from these things. For there is a life intense with knowledge and extreme bliss which is untouched by any of them.

13. To this life we attain even here and now. The adepts, the servants of V.V.V.V.V., have attained thereunto.

14. It is impossible to tell you of the splendours of that to which they have attained. Little by little, as your eyes grow stronger, will we unveil to you the ineffable glory of the Path of the Adepts, and its nameless goal.

15. Even as a man ascending a steep mountain is lost to sight of his friends in the valley, so must the adept seem. They shall say: He is lost in the clouds. But he shall rejoice in the sunlight above them, and come to the eternal snows.

16. Or as a scholar may learn some secret language of the ancients, his friends shall say: "Look! he pretends to read this book. But it is unintelligible --- it is nonsense." Yet he delights in the Odyssey, while they read vain and vulgar things.

17. We shall bring you to Absolute Truth, Absolute Light, Absolute Bliss. {6}

18. Many adepts throughout the ages have sought to do this; but their words have been perverted by their successors, and again and again the Veil has fallen upon the Holy of Holies.

19. To you who yet wander in the Court of the Profane we cannot yet reveal all; but you will easily understand that the religions of the world are but symbols and veils of the Absolute Truth. So also are the philosophies. To the adept, seeing all these things from above, there seems nothing to choose between Buddha and Mohammed, between Atheism and Theism.

20. The many change and pass; the one remains. Even as wood and coal and iron burn up together in one great flame, if only that furnace be of transcendent heat; so in the alembic of this spiritual alchemy, if only the zelator blow sufficiently upon his furnace all the systems of earth are consumed in the One Knowledge. 21. Nevertheless, as a fire

cannot be started with iron alone, in the beginning one system may be suited for one seeker, another for another.

22. We therefore who are without the chains of ignorance, look closely into the heart of the seeker and lead him by the path which is best suited to his nature unto the ultimate end of all things, the supreme realization, the Life which abideth in Light, yea, the Life which abideth in Light. {7}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06004.html>

30 captures

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LIBER TVRRIS

VEL

DOMVS DEI

SUB FIGVRA

XVI

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER TVRRIS

VEL DOMVS DEI

SUB FIGVRA XVI

0. This practice is very difficult. The student cannot hope for much success unless he have thoroughly mastered Asana, and obtained much definite success in the meditation-practices of Liber E and Liber HHH.

On the other hand, any success in this practice is of an exceedingly high character, and the student is less liable to illusion and self-deception in this than in almost any other that We make known.

[The meditation-practice in Liber E consisted in the restraint of the mind to a single predetermined imagined object exterior to the student, simple or complex, at rest or in motion: those of Liber HHH in causing the mind to pass through a predetermined series of states: the Raja-Yoga of the Hindus is mainly an extension of the methods of Liber E to interior objects: the Mahasatipatthana of the Buddhists is primarily an observation and analysis of bodily movements. While the present practice differs radically from all of

these, it is of the greatest advantage to be acquainted practically with each of them, with regard firstly to their incidental difficulties, and secondly to their ascertained results in respect of psychology. ED.]

1. First Point. The student should first discover for himself the apparent position of the point in his brain where thoughts arise, if there be such a point. {11}

If not, he should seek the position of the point where thoughts are judged.

2. Second Point. He must also develop in himself a Will of Destruction, even a Will of Annihilation. It may be that this shall be discovered at an immeasurable distance from his physical body. Nevertheless, this must he reach, with this must he identify himself even to the loss of himself.

3. Third Point. Let this Will then watch vigilantly the point where thoughts arise, or the point where they are judged, and let every thought be annihilated as it is perceived or judged.<>

4. Fourth Point. Next, let every thought be inhibited in its inception.

5. Fifth Point. Next, let even the causes or tendencies that if unchecked ultimate in thoughts be discovered and annihilated.

6. Sixth and Last Point. Let the true Cause of All<> be unmasked and annihilated.

7. This is that which was spoken by wise men of old time concerning the destruction of the world by fire; yea, the destruction of the world by fire.

8. [This and the following verses are of modern origin.] Let the Student remember that each Point represents a definite achievement of great difficulty.

9. Let him not then attempt the second until he be well satisfied of his mastery over the first. {12}

10. This practice is also that which was spoken by Fra P. in a parable as followeth:

11. Foul is the robber stronghold, filled with hate;
Thief strangling thief, and mate at war with mate,
Fronting wild raiders, all forlorn to Fate!

There is nor health nor happiness therein.
Manhood is cowardice, and virtue sin.
Intolerable blackness hems it in.

Not hell's heart hath so noxious a shade;
Yet harmless and unharmed, and undismayed,

Pines in her prison an unsullied maid.

Penned by the master mage to his desire,
She baffles his seductions and his ire,
Praying God's all-annihilating fire.

The Lord of Hosts gave ear unto her song:
The Lord of Hosts waxed wrathful at her wrong.
He loosed the hound of heaven from its thong.

Violent and vivid smote the levin flash.
Once the tower rocked and cracked beneath its lash,
Caught inextinguishable fire; was ash.

But that same fire that quelled the robber strife,
And struck each being out of lust and life,
Left the mild maiden a rejoicing wife. {13}

12. And this:

13. There is a well before the Great White Throne
That is choked up with rubbish from the ages;
Rubble and clay and sediment and stone,
Delight of lizards and despair of sages.

Only the lightning from His hand that sits,
And shall sit when the usurping tyrant falls,
Can purge that wilderness of wills and wits,
Let spring that fountain in eternal halls.

14. And this:

15. Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury:
Which is master of the three?

Salt is Lady of the Sea;
Lord of Air is Mercury.

Now by God's grace here is salt
Fixed beneath the violet vault.

Now by God's love purge it through
With our right Hermetic dew.

Now by God wherein we trust
Be our sophic salt combust.

Then at last the Eye shall see
Three in One and One in Three,

Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury,
Crowned by Heavenly Alchemy! {14}

To the One who sent the Seven
Glory in the Highest Heaven!

To the Seven who are the Ten
Glory on the Earth, Amen!

16. And of the difficulties of this practice and of the Results that reward it, let these things be discovered by the right Ingenium of the Practicus.

{15}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06005.html>

24 captures

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About this capture

LIBER TZADDI

vel

HAMVS HERMETICVS

SVB FIGVRA

XC

{17}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER TZADDI

vel HAMVS HERMETICVS

SVB FIGVRA XC

0. In the name of the Lord of Initiation, Amen.

1. I fly and I alight as an hawk: of mother-of-emerald are my mighty-sweeping wings.
2. I swoop down upon the black earth; and it gladdens into green at my coming.
3. Children of Earth! rejoice! rejoice exceedingly; for your salvation is at hand.
4. The end of sorrow is come; I will ravish you away into mine unutterable joy.
5. I will kiss you, and bring you to the bridal: I will spread a feast before you in the house of happiness.
6. I am not come to rebuke you, or to enslave you.
7. I bid you not turn from your voluptuous ways, from your idleness, from your follies.
8. But I bring you joy to your pleasure, peace to your languor, wisdom to your folly.
9. All that ye do is right, if so be that ye enjoy it.
10. I am come against sorrow, against weariness, against them that seek to enslave you. {19}
11. I pour you lustral wine, that giveth you delight both at the sunset and the dawn.
12. Come with me, and I will give you all that is desirable upon the earth.
13. Because I give you that of which Earth and its joys are but as shadows.
14. They flee away, but my joy abideth even unto the end.
15. I have hidden myself beneath a mask: I am a black and terrible God.
16. With courage conquering fear shall ye approach me: ye shall lay down your heads upon mine altar, expecting the sweep of the sword.
17. But the first kiss of love shall be radiant on your lips; and all my darkness and terror shall turn to light and joy.
18. Only those who fear shall fail. Those who have bent their backs to the yoke of slavery until they can no longer stand upright; them will I despise.
19. But you who have defied the law; you who have conquered by subtlety or force; you will I take unto me, even I will take you unto me.
20. I ask you to sacrifice nothing at mine altar; I am the God who giveth all.

21. Light, Life, Love; Force, Fantasy, Fire; these do I bring you: mine hands are full of these.

22. There is joy in the setting-out; there is joy in the journey; there is joy in the goal.

23. Only if ye are sorrowful, or weary, or angry, or discomforted; then ye may know that ye have lost the golden thread, the thread wherewith I guide you to the heart of the groves of Eleusis. {20}

24. My disciples are proud and beautiful; they are strong and swift; they rule their way like mighty conquerors.

25. The weak, the timid, the imperfect, the cowardly, the poor, the tearful --- these are mine enemies, and I am come to destroy them.

26. This also is compassion: an end to the sickness of earth. A rooting-out of the weeds: a watering of the flowers.

27. O my children, ye are more beautiful than the flowers: ye must not fade in your season.

28. I love you; I would sprinkle you with the divine dew of immortality.

29. This immortality is no vain hope beyond the grave: I offer you the certain consciousness of bliss.

30. I offer it at once, on earth; before an hour hath struck upon the bell, ye shall be with Me in the Abodes that are beyond Decay.

31. Also I give you power earthly and joy earthly; wealth, and health, and length of days. Adoration and love shall cling to your feet, and twine around your heart.

32. Only your mouths shall drink of a delicious wine --- the wine of Iacchus; they shall reach ever to the heavenly kiss of the Beautiful God.

33. I reveal unto you a great mystery. Ye stand between the abyss of height and the abyss of depth.

34. In either awaits you a Companion; and that Companion is Yourself.

35. Ye can have no other Companion.

36. Many have arisen, being wise. They have said "Seek out the glittering Image in the place ever golden, and unite yourselves with It." {21}

37. Many have arisen, being foolish. They have said, "Stoop down unto the darkly

splendid world, and be wedded to that Blind Creature of the Slime."

38. I who am beyond Wisdom and Folly, arise and say unto you: achieve both weddings! Unite yourselves with both!

39. Beware, beware, I say, lest ye seek after the one and lose the other!

40. My adepts stand upright; their head above the heavens, their feet below the hells.

41. But since one is naturally attracted to the Angel, another to the Demon, let the first strengthen the lower link, the last attach more firmly to the higher.

42. Thus shall equilibrium become perfect. I will aid my disciples; as fast as they acquire this balanced power and joy so faster will I push them.

43. They shall in their turn speak from this Invisible Throne; their words shall illumine the worlds.

44. They shall be masters of majesty and might; they shall be beautiful and joyous; they shall be clothed with victory and splendour; they shall stand upon the firm foundation; the kingdom shall be theirs; yea, the kingdom shall be theirs.

In the name of the Lord of Initiation. Amen.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06006.html>

27 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

LIBER CHETH

VEL

VALLVM ABIEGNI

SVB FIGVRA

CLVI

{23}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER CHETH

VEL VALLUM ABIEGNI

SVB FIGVRA CLVI

1. This is the secret of the Holy Graal, that is the sacred vessel of our Lady the Scarlet Woman, Babalon the Mother of Abominations, the bride of Chaos, that rideth upon our Lord the Beast.
2. Thou shalt drain out thy blood that is thy life into the golden cup of her fornication.
3. Thou shalt mingle thy life with the universal life. Thou shalt keep not back one drop.
4. Then shall thy brain be dumb, and thy heart beat no more, and all thy life shall go from thee; and thou shalt be cast out upon the midden, and the birds of the air shall feast upon thy flesh, and thy bones shall whiten in the sun.
5. Then shall the winds gather themselves together, and bear thee up as it were a little heap of dust in a sheet that hath four corners, and they shall give it unto the guardians of the abyss.
6. And because there is no life therein, the guardians of the abyss shall bid the angels of the winds pass by. And the angels shall lay thy dust in the City of the Pyramids, and the name thereof shall be no more. {25}
7. Now therefore that thou mayest achieve this ritual of the Holy Graal, do thou divest thyself of all thy goods.
8. Thou hast wealth; give it unto them that have need thereof, yet no desire toward it.
9. Thou hast health; slay thyself in the fervour of thine abandonment unto Our Lady. Let thy flesh hang loose upon thy bones, and thine eyes glare with thy quenchless lust unto the Infinite, with thy passion for the Unknown, for Her that is beyond Knowledge the accursed one.
10. Thou hast love; tear thy mother from thine heart, and spit in the face of thy father. Let thy foot trample the belly of thy wife, and let the babe at her breast be the prey of dogs and vultures.
11. For if thou dost not this with thy will, then shall We do this despite thy will. So that thou attain to the Sacrament of the Graal in the Chapel of Abominations.
12. And behold! if by stealth thou keep unto thyself one thought of thine, then shalt thou be cast out into the abyss for ever; and thou shalt be the lonely one, the eater of dung, the afflicted in the Day of Be-with-Us.

13. Yea! verily this is the Truth, this is the Truth, this is the Truth. Unto thee shall be granted joy and health and wealth and wisdom when thou art no longer thou.

14. Then shall every gain be a new sacrament, and it shall not defile thee; thou shalt revel with the wanton in the market-place, and the virgins shall fling roses upon thee, and the merchants bend their knees and bring thee gold and spices. Also young boys shall pour wonderful wines for thee, and the singers and the dancers shall sing and dance for thee. {26}

15. Yet shalt thou not be therein, for thou shalt be forgotten, dust lost in dust.

16. Nor shall the aeon itself avail thee in this; for from the dust shall a white ash be prepared by Hermes the Invisible.

17. And this is the wrath of God, that these things should be thus.

18. And this is the grace of God, that these things should be thus.

19. Wherefore I charge you that ye come unto me in the Beginning; for if ye take but one step in this Path, ye must arrive inevitably at the end thereof.

20. This Path is beyond Life and Death; it is also beyond Love; but that ye know not, for ye know not Love.

21. And the end thereof is known not even unto Our Lady or to the Beast whereon She rideth; nor unto the Virgin her daughter nor unto Chaos her lawful Lord; but unto the Crowned Child is it known? It is not known if it be known.

22. Therefore unto Hadit and unto Nuit be the glory in the End and the Beginning; yea, in the End and the Beginning.

{27}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06007.html>

35 captures

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About this capture

LIBER RESH

VEL

HELIOS

SVB FIGVRA

CC
{29}

A ∴ A ∴
Publication in Class D.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER RESH

VEL HELIOS.

SVB FIGVRA CC

0. These are the adorations to be performed by all aspirants to the A.'. A.'.

1. Let him greet the Sun at dawn, facing East, giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Ra in Thy rising, even unto Thee who art Ra in Thy strength, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Uprising of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Night!

2. Also at Noon, let him greet the Sun, facing South, giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Ahathoor in Thy triumphing, even unto Thee who art Ahathoor in Thy beauty, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Mid-course of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Morning!

3. Also, at Sunset, let him greet the Sun, facing West, {31} giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto Thee who art Tum in Thy setting, even unto Thee who art Tum in Thy joy, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Down-going of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Day!

4. Lastly, at Midnight, let him greet the Sun, facing North, giving the sign of his grade. And let him say in a loud voice:

Hail unto thee who art Khephra in Thy hiding, even unto Thee who art Khephra in Thy silence, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Midnight Hour of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Evening.

5. And after each of these invocations thou shalt give the sign of silence, and afterwards thou shalt perform the adoration that is taught thee by thy Superior. And then do thou

compose Thyself to holy meditation.

6. Also it is better if in these adorations thou assume the God-form of Whom thou adorest, as if thou didst unite with Him in the adoration of That which is beyond Him.

7. Thus shalt thou ever be mindful of the Great Work which thou hast undertaken to perform, and thus shalt thou be strengthened to pursue it unto the attainment of the Stone of the Wise, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness. {32}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06008.html>

33 captures

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About this capture

LIBER A'ASH

VEL

CAPRICORNI PNEVMATICI

SVB FIGVRA

CCCLXX

{33}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER A'ASH

VEL CAPRICORNI PNEVMATICI

SVB FIGVRA CCCLXX

0. Gnarled Oak of God! In thy branches is the lightning nested! Above thee hangs the Eyeless Hawk.

1. Thou art blasted and black! Supremely solitary in that heath of scrub.

2. Up! The ruddy clouds hang over thee! It is the storm.

3. There is a flaming gash in the sky.

4. Up.

5. Thou art tossed about in the grip of the storm for an aeon and an aeon and an aeon. But thou givest not thy sap; thouallest not.

6. Only in the end shalt thou give up thy sap when the great God F. I. A. T. is enthroned on the day of Be-with-Us.

7. For two things are done and a third thing is begun. Isis and Osiris are given over to incest and adultery. Horus leaps up thrice armed from the womb of his mother. Harpocrates his twin is hidden within him. Set is his holy covenant, that he shall display in the great day of M. A. A. T., that is being interpreted the Master of the Temple of A ∴ A ∴, whose name is Truth. {35}

8. Now in this is the magical power known.

9. It is like the oak that hardens itself and bears up against the storm. It is weather-beaten and scarred and confident like a sea-captain.

10. Also it straineth like a hound in the leash.

11. It hath pride and great subtlety. Yea, and glee also!

12. Let the magus act thus in his conjuration.

13. Let him sit and conjure; let him draw himself together in that forcefulness; let him rise next swollen and straining; let him dash back the hood from his head and fix his basilisk eye upon the sigil of the demon. Then let him sway the force of him to and fro like a satyr in silence, until the Word burst from his throat.

14. Then let him not fall exhausted, although the might have been ten thousandfold the human; but that which floodeth him is the infinite mercy of the Genitor-Genetrix of the Universe, whereof he is the Vessel.

15. Nor do thou deceive thyself. It is easy to tell the live force from the dead matter. It is no easier to tell the live snake from the dead snake.

16. Also concerning vows. Be obstinate, and be not obstinate. Understand that the yielding of the Yoni is one with the lengthening of the Lingam. Thou art both these; and thy vow is but the rustling of the wind on Mount Meru.

17. Now shalt thou adore me who am the Eye and the Tooth, the Goat of the Spirit, the Lord of Creation. I am the Eye in the Triangle, the Silver Star that ye adore.

18. I am Baphomet, that is the Eightfold Word that shall be equilibrated with the Three. {36}

19. There is no act or passion that shall not be a hymn in mine honour.

20. All holy things and all symbolic things shall be my sacraments.
21. These animals are sacred unto me; the goat, and the duck, and the ass, and the gazelle, the man, the woman and the child.
22. All corpses are sacred unto me; they shall not be touched save in mine eucharist. All lonely places are sacred unto me; where one man gathereth himself together in my name, there will I leap forth in the midst of him.
23. I am the hideous god; and who mastereth me is uglier than I.
24. Yet I give more than Bacchus and Apollo; my gifts exceed the olive and the horse.
25. Who worshipping me must worship me with many rites.
26. I am concealed with all concealments; when the Most Holy Ancient One is stripped and driven through the marketplace I am still secret and apart.
27. Whom I love I chastise with many rods.
28. All things are sacred to me; no thing is sacred from me.
29. For there is no holiness where I am not.
30. Fear not when I fall in the fury of the storm; for mine acorns are blown afar by the wind; and verily I shall rise again, and my children about me, so that we shall uplift our forest in Eternity.
31. Eternity is the storm that covereth me.
32. I am Existence, the Existence that existeth not save through its own Existence, that is beyond the Existence of {37} Existences, and rooted deeper than the No-Thing-Tree in the Land of No-Thing.
33. Now therefore thou knowest when I am within thee, when my hood is spread over thy skull, when my might is more than the penned Indus, and resistless as the Giant Glacier.
34. For as thou art before a lewd woman in Thy nakedness in the bazaar, sucked up by her slyness and smiles, so art thou wholly and no more in part before the symbol of the beloved, though it be but a Pisacha or a Yantra or a Deva.
35. And in all shalt thou create the Infinite Bliss, and the next link of the Infinite Chain.
36. This chain reaches from Eternity to Eternity, ever in triangles --- is not my symbol a

triangle? --- ever in circles --- is not the symbol of the Beloved a circle? Therein is all progress base illusion, for every circle is alike and every triangle alike!

37. But the progress is progress, and progress is rapture, constant, dazzling, showers of light, waves of dew, flames of the hair of the Great Goddess, flowers of the roses that are about her neck, Amen!

38. Therefore lift up thyself as I am lifted up. Hold thyself in as I am master to accomplish. At the end, be the end far distant as the stars that lie in the navel of Nuit, do thou slay thyself as I at the end am slain, in the death that is life, in the peace that is mother of war, in the darkness that holds light in his hand as a harlot that plucks a jewel from her nostrils.

39. So therefore the beginning is delight, and the End is delight, and delight is in the midst, even as the Indus is {38} water in the cavern of the glacier, and water among the greater hills and the lesser hills and through the ramparts of the hills and through the plains, and water at the mouth thereof when it leaps forth into the mighty sea, yea, into the mighty sea.

[The Interpretation of this Book will be given to members of the Grade of Dominus Liminis on application, each to his Adeptus.]

{39}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06009.html>

47 captures

4 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

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24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHERON

{41}

THREE POEMS FOR JANE CHERON

I

THE WAIF OF OCEANUS

"TO FRANK HARRIS"

SHE is like a flower washed up
On the shore of life by the sea of luck;
A strange and venomous flower, intent

To prove an unguessed continent.
New worlds of love in the curve of its cup!
New fruits to crush, new flowers to pluck.

White waif, white champak-blossom blown
From the jungle to the lost lagoon!
White lily swayed by the wind of time!
Grey eyes that crave the chrism of crime!
Blanched face like a note on a clarion!
Red mouth like the sun through simoon, typhoon!

Hurricanes howl, howl in her heart;
Serpents sleep in her smile; I hear
Horrible happenings long ago,
Direful deeds, weirds of woe, {43}
Things beyond history and art
In the tresses that tumble over her ear!

In what grim gloom did Satan get
This child on what wood-nymph dishevelled?
Whence was the wind that swayed the woods
On their bestial beatitudes?
Or what garden of rose and violet
Lay under the moon wherein they revelled?

She is like a poppy-petal.
All the seas of sleep are hidden
Under the languorous eyelids, whose
Lashes are long and strong to bruise
My heart where her lusts like hornets settle
On sacred leaves, on flowers forbidden.

She is like a drug of wonder.
All the limits of sense dissolve
When we fall like snows from the precipice
Sun-kissed to the black ravines of ice.
I am drowned in the universal thunder;
The hours disrupt, the aeons involve.

Ah! not in any mortal mood
Ends the great verb we conjugate.
From the highest hyperbole she doth swerve
In an incommensurable curve,
And the line of our beatitude
Is one with the sigil of our Fate. {44}

Pallid, a mummy throned, she sits;
The Egyptian eyes, the Egyptian hair,
The band on her brows, the slender hands,
All hieroglyphs of a God's commands
Beyond the rimes that a poet knits
With fruitless travail, sterile care!

Marvellous! marvellous, marvellous!
And again a marvel, a lotus-bud
Dropt from the brows of a Goddess unknown
On the ivory steps of the golden throne,
Virginal brows and luminous
With the star-stream flowing therein for blood.

Ah, but electric thrills the Host
Of the esoteric Eucharist!
The Pagan power of the corn and wine
Mystical, magical, hers and mine,
The dove-plumed snake of the Holy Ghost
That wings and writhes in the wounds unknissed!

Lie there, love --- if I love you indeed
Who adore and wonder and faint for drouth
Of the passion-flower fallen from the other side
Of time and space the tedious tide.
Lie there, lie there, and let me bleed
To death in the breath of the murderous mouth! {45}

II

THE SNOW MAIDEN

"TO MARGARET CALLAGHAN"

MY love is like the lucent globes
That drip from lips of cool crevasses,
To clothe them with the virgin robes
Of mosses, flowers, and grasses.

O spheres compact of fire and dew,
Lamps of the hollows of the mountain,
What dream angelic fathered you
On what celestial fountain?

Nay! but I lay on lower earth
Stagnant in sunless meres! The prison
Of monstrous spawn, detested birth ---
Behold me rearisen!

It was yon fierce diurnal star
That licked me up with his huge kisses,
And dropped me in his rain afar
Upon these froze abysses!

Yea! as I press to the cool moss
My mouth, and drink at its delirious
Delight --- acclaim the Sun across
The menaces of Sirius! {46}

Doth not the World's great Alchemist
Rule earth's alembic with the sun?
Is not the mind a foolish mist,
And is not water one?

The slim white body that you gave,
Wild Jaja', with exotic nautches
Wanton and wonderful, a wave
Of debonair debauches,

Is worth the virgin limbs and lips
Of her the virtuous, the viceless,
With life who never came to grips,
Who gave me nothing priceless.

Give me the purity distilled
From dervish sweat and satyr bruises.
The Holy Graal with wine is filled
From no unbroken cruses.

Doth not the World's great Alchemist
Corrupt His oysters to make pearls?
Shall not these lips praise Him? They kissed
No cold reluctant girl's.

Jaja' hath woven the web of God
From threads of lust and laughter spun.
In heaven the rose is worth the rod;
And love as water, One. {47}

III
JEANNE
A PASTORAL

"TO RAYMOND RADCLYFFE"

"Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon."

I LAID mine ear against your heart,
 Jeanne!
A masterpiece of nature turned
A masterpiece of art,
With your blanced Egyptian beauty foiled
By the hungry eyes, and the red mouth soiled
By the honey of mine that your greed has spoiled,
 Jeanne!
The body a corpse and the soul inurned!

Against your heart I laid mine ear,
 Jeanne!
And the clock went ticking, ticking.
How could I choose but hear,
 Jeanne!
Ah me! what thoughts came pricking
Like spurs in the flanks of a weary horse?
Nor heart nor clock could feel remorse,
But kept their definite deadly course,
 Jeanne!
Alas! for man, for his life's disaster:
The clock beats fast, but a heart beats faster. {48}

Oh, your love was a marvellous thing,
 Jeanne!
It was dawn, it was fire, it was birth, it was spring,
 Jeanne!
But this is the curse, that it quickens its rate,
Lest man by love should escape from fate
And win from the dust to the Uncreate,
 Jeanne!
Nay, we are lovers, you and I ---
And we must die, and our love must die!

How have we striven, each of us,
 Jeanne!
To break the bars of the prison-house,
 Jeanne!
We have raged like cats in a ring of fire,
Driven by desire that was true Desire,
The hate of the lower, the love of the Higher,
 Jeanne!
What is the end of it, Jeanne? Why, that's

A mystery not to be solved by cats!

In the fields we wandered through to-day,

Jeanne!

Hand in hand, this wonderful May,

Jeanne!

This May we have made so marvellous

With the infinite longing and love of us, {49}

In the fields all faery with flowers there lay

The placid cows --- that had nothing to say,

Jeanne!

No flame of words from maddening blood,

But complacent chewing of the cud.

I dared not whisper the sudden fear

Of my heart in your miracle of an ear,

Jeanne!

I tightened my lips, and my hand on yours;

So that you might think I loved you more.

But now in the midnight the thought endures,

And the love --- ah what is the dream we adore?

Suppose the infinite peace of the heart,

Jeanne!

The crest and crown of labour and art,

Of the mystic quest, of the toil of the saint,

The mount on whose slopes the strongest faint,

Jeanne!

Suppose that peace of God, that House

Of Delight of the Bridegroom and the Spouse,

Were only the calm of the chewing cows,

Jeanne!

Suppose that in all the worlds inane

There were one thing only vexed and vain,

Turbulent, troubled, and insane,

Jeanne!

Suppose that the universal plan

Had but one flaw, and that flaw were man! {50}

Then --- even then --- we are here,

Jeanne!

We love --- we shall die, sweet heart, take cheer,

Jeanne!

We are bound to a fate that brings release;

We move in a moil that must one day cease;

We shall win to the everlasting peace,

Jeanne!

And how things are, and why, and whence
Are puzzles for fools that lack the sense
Of cows --- enough of the future tense,
 Jeanne!

For the end of love and the end of art
Is just --- my ear against your heart!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{51}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06010.html>

43 captures

4 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep SEP Feb

19

2021 2023 2024

About this capture
CIRCE

HER mouth a rosebud of delight,
 Low-laughing 'mid the languid curls,
Whose kissing cadence seems to cite
The rhythmic melody of Night.
 Her hair a saraband where whirls
A wanton witch, whose perfumes smite
The shuddering air; a summer night
 Where summer lightning darts and curls.

Her soul a Parian marble shrine,
 Centred in lily-cups that fold
 Their carven petals, smooth and cold,
Far o'er a lake of frozen wine ---
 Yet deep within whose inmost fold
 Sleepeth a snake: the crystal brine
Of endless sorrow seals his shrine;
 Wiser than Sin is he, so old!

ETHEL ARCHER.

{52}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06011.html>

44 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep SEP Feb

19

2021 2023 2024

About this capture
THE ELECTRIC SILENCE
{53}

THE ELECTRIC SILENCE

[This parable is a synopsis of The Temple of Solomon the King, with which it may be collated. --- ED.].

I WAITED for news that my heart beat. The severing night was between me and my love. There was no god of sleep; sleep were traitor. I sought to praise my love, and to lament the hours that divided us; and I could not. Therefore I wrote down the story of my life. And it is this:

* * * * *

Gilded and painted to hide its worm-eaten planks, my pleasure-boat was foundering. I cursed the treachery of the workmen, and resolved to trust myself to my own arms rather than to abide any longer therein.

No sooner had I taken off my clothes and plunged into the river than I perceived that it was now become dark. On the one hand glowed a star, curious indeed, but of no great brightness, and promising but little; while on the other was a sombre and fantastic lamp, whose fascination was its horror.

If I swam lazily towards either of these, it was because their light, confused and difficult on the one part, and tenebrous on the other, was yet light in comparison with that aimless and abiding gloom which had now settled upon the bosom of {55} the river. And these lamps were above the river, children of a nobler element. And in the river is the great Leviathan that devours men.

But before I had come within the sphere of attraction of either of these, suddenly mine eyes were gladdened with a marvellous vision. Infinitely far off, as it seemed, a ray of sunlight shot through the Saturnine gloom of the skies, and lit the surface of the water. And then I perceived that upon the river there floated, within that small circle of light, an ark, or as it might be, a coffin. Then looking up into that pierced cloud I saw within the light a certain house surrounded by a grove. Within, all was dark; yet from it proceeded a ray as silvery as the first ray was golden.

And I desired ardently to enter that house. Yet, having no wings, the task appeared beyond my human force. Then the heavens closed as suddenly as they had opened, and I was left darkling. Yet I had this candle of hope, that within the ark, could I reach it,

might be some help of knowledge or power whereby that house might be attained.

So I swam steadily toward, though with some fear, for the eddies in that great stream were numerous, and my sole guide was a slender snake of light that moved upon the water.

Or so it appeared; for I have since discovered that I had an interior sense of direction as trusty as the mariner's compass; so that, though I knew it not, it was never possible for me to go astray.

Now as I swam I came upon one floundering and spluttering in the stream, who with mighty puffings urged me to continue. {56}

For but a little way beyond us (quoth he) is a mighty swimmer and a dexterous.

So with a mighty effort my comrade put forth all his strength, and we gained upon this one, and greeted him.

Thereupon he (and he was a goodly man, and fair) did most heartily welcome me as a fellow-traveller to that house, and confirmed me in my belief that the ark did indeed hold the secret of the way thereto. And as for the guide that might convey us through the darkness and the tumult of the stream, he spoke (something darkly) of one appointed, and more clearly that he was aware of divers marks upon the way; for, said he, to them that view it from above this trackless waste of water is mapped out and charted with a perfect science.

Behold! quoth he. And at that moment was there a glimmer just before me of a white shining triangle, and what was most strange, rather an impression than a vision of a man that hung upon a gibbet by one heel. This, said the fair man, is a most notable sign that we travel the right road.

Now by the light of the triangle I perceived another wonder; for my friend was not swimming as I was in the stream, but was borne by a boat, frail indeed, yet sufficient. Within this shallop or cockleshell he pulled me, and set me at the bench. Then (still by the light of the triangle) I saw a dark man at the thwart, rowing a strong stroke. We pulled on almost in silence; for when I asked of the fair man his name he answered me only "I wish to know," and of the dark man "I wish it were light," the first clearly a confession of ignorance, the second a patent evasion; which things discomfited me much.

Yet we progressed evenly and rapidly, and were mightily {57} cheered after a while to see just a flash of lightning sundering two dark clouds; next a pale crescent, heavy and slow, yet silvered; next, as if it had dropped from the stars, an unicorn galloped past us and was gone ere we could fix it; next a tall lighthouse upon the water.

"Here," said the dark man my comrade, "is a pleasant place for refreshment before we

turn to the further journey." As he spoke, although no sun was visible, a mighty rainbow appeared, and crowned the tower. I cried out joyfully, "The bow of promise," but they answered nothing. And at that I understood that they had travelled further already, and were but returned for an hour to succour me who had no boat.

Seven days then we remained in the tower, eating and drinking. Also in my sleep I had many marvellous dreams, of greater sustenance than sleep itself. And there was given unto me by my fair brother (for so I may now call him) a little book, wherein it was written how a man might build himself a shallop, and have for steersman one appointed thereunto.

This then I laboured to build, and the toil was great. Moreover, certain vile fish rose from the water, and with their fins beat upon the planks of my boat, that I might not end it.

However, at last I had it perfect, and was about to set sail at dawn. But first the dark man my brother departed from us, and went his way. And then the old man of the tower took me aside and offered me a seat at the funeral feast of his master. And although I verily believe that this old man was a rogue, a very knavish fellow, and a sot, yet in that funeral I took great pleasure. For the gentlest perfume was {58} borne upon the breeze, and the air was lit with faint electric flames that gathered themselves into a hill of light. So I, being lifted up, and my heart overflowing, came into the funeral chamber that was exceeding bright, and there was the table for the feast, and beneath it the coffin wherein lay the body of the master. There too I saw barren wood bear roses, and I heard the voice of the master. After that I was shewn all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and many other things of great use and beauty.

Then I took my leave of the old man of the tower, and boarded the shallop that I had made, when he cried out piteously that he feared earthquake, and asked me for my aid.

So with a heart both heavy and light I abandoned my shallop and the dreadful labour of its fashioning, and came back to him.

Then came earthquake as he had foreseen; and he and the boats also were swallowed up. In the tidal wave of the earthquake I was borne far away, even from the fair man my brother; and in the darkness he was lost to me. I knew not even whether he had perished.

But fashioning a raft from the loose planks of the wreckage, I made shift to paddle. The ark was invisible, and I had no more memory thereof, so turned away was I and absorbed in the bright signs upon the way. And now my raft was like to sink, and my arms were exceeding weary, when a voice sounded but a little above me: "Enter the ark!"

And I looked up and beheld a bearded man, mighty, with the signs of labour and long journeying writ upon him. I knew him; and for this reason was I much amazed, for I had believed him far from that place. But taking my hand {59} he drew me not without pain

into the ark. Here (quoth he) forget all that thou hast seen and heard; for in this ark they are not lawful.

So I obeyed him, else I had drawn after me the raft that had brought me hither.

Then he questioned me, saying:

What lieth above the ark?

And I answered him:

The house of the silver ray, that is lighted by the ray of gold.

"He:" How many roofs hath the ark?

"I:" One.

"He:" Thou must pass through this one. Yet thou lookest eagerly upon the four walls of the ark.

"I:" I seek a door.

"He:" The door is in the roof.

"I:" Lead me to it, I pray thee!

"He:" Fix thine eyes upon it.

"I:" Sir, I will. Yet I pray thee to tell me thy name.

"He:" Thou didst know it of old, didst thou not?

"I:" The son of the mountain?

"He:" The Stone of the Crossways.

"I:" It is enough. Let me fix mine eye upon the door.

"He:" It is well.

Then I obeyed him, and in that obedience forgot him. For though mine eye wandered often, and although once the planks beneath me threatened to give way and plunge me once more into the stream, yet I strove as a man may.

Then, mine eye being accustomed to the gloom, I beheld by my side, yet a little above me, the dark man my brother. {60} Him I greeted most gladly, and told him of the

earthquake. Whereat he sighed heavily.

Brother, quoth I, canst thou now tell me thy name? But he only answered me: "It is a pity!"

And with that I returned to my task, and he guided me therein with his counsel and example. Yet in the ark the gloom is fierce; the river without is but twilight, wherein shadows are free; within is darkness itself, and the essence and quintessence of darkness.

In this terrific silence I abode for very long; then for an instant that seemed longer than many lives the sun of heaven broke in and smote mine eye, so that I fell backward nigh fainting. But he bade me be of good cheer and return to the task. I obeyed; and behold! again the sun, and behind the sun a glimpse of one appointed equally to be hidden and to be seen, each as may be fitting.

But the brightness of the sun and its heat dazzled me and scorched me. My members refused to obey; and I slid backward into the great stream that was here so icy cold, and it refreshed me and comforted me.

Now then I was minded to enter again the ark when there flew unto me, I wot not whence, a dove, and perched upon my shoulder. And thus I swam for a while, and the waters of the stream were soft and warm, caressing me.

Yet I felt that this aimless drifting was enervating my limbs; so I gathered some stray planks of my raft -- for they still floated round the ark --- and began half playfully to paddle, with what purpose I cannot tell.

And so it was ordered that the dove flew to me with an oak-leaf in its beak. {61}

Thereat I was silent. But gazing eagerly thereon, I beheld one appointed, and I understood that the oak-leaf was sent from the House.

Then I took counsel of him who is to this end appointed, and with his own hand he brought to me a champak-blossom, a mustard-seed, and again an oak-leaf.

And these I treasured in my bosom, though I hardly knew wherefore. Nor could I understand what purpose they should serve, save darkly. And seeing this, the dove came to me again bearing an olive-branch; and with this I was so mightily pleased that for awhile I forgot all else, and swam lustily in the stream for my pleasure.

But now came a current of ice-cold water and enwrapped me; and when I looked, it bore spots of blood upon it. Then I went hastily into the ark that was ever near by; and, climbing to the roof by the ladder that I had before made, looked through. And all the sky was a hurricane, a madness of storm.

Now in my eagerness I had approached closely to the roof, so that the storm whirled me away into itself. One might say that I was the storm. And when I came to myself I was floating upon the bosom of the river, borne by that very bark that once I had built myself in the lighthouse. And in the storm I had lost my hair and beard; for the wind had torn all out by the root. So that I heard a voice saying, "It is a babe upon the waters." And looking at the bark, I found it refashioned by him that is appointed to refashion. For it had planks of my old shallop, and planks also of the ark, and it was shaped like a cradle rather than like a boat. And I heard the voice of one appointed to speak saying: "Behold thou me!" {62} And I could not. Nevertheless I gazed earnestly, and paddled in the direction of the sound.

While this was a-doing suddenly the river fell in a cataract. And I looked for the olive-branch, and it was withered, and sunk beneath the stream. And I looked for the dove, and it was wrapped round with a most hideous serpent. And I was helpless. In the end he devoured that rose-winged companion of my journey, and went seeking a new prey.

Now in this cataract I had most surely been wrecked but that I clung tightly to the boat. This indeed floated as serenely as if it had been upon the still waters of a lake; and when I had a little plucked up courage, I saw sitting at the helm him that is appointed to steer; I saw him face to face.

This then endured for a space; and with his aid I began ship-building. "For" (said he) "there are many that swim, and find no boats. Be it thy task to aid them." Of my journey to the House he spake nothing. But in the ship-building came the fair man my brother to my help; and one evening as we sate at meat he said: May it please you to enter the House; for there is prepared for you a goodly bedchamber. But I would not at that time; for I was ashamed, being unclothed; not understanding that in the House robes are provided by him that is appointed to provide them.

Thus we laboured, and built many fair shallops upon the model of that wherein we sailed. In all these there was not one splinter of wood too much, or too little; and there was no ornament; and neither paint nor varnish covered the planks, for they were planks of a tree that cometh neither from the East nor from the West. But the sails were of gold tissue, very brave, with figures inwoven. {63}

Now at last the time being come, did I take my chamber in the House. And upon the secret things that were there shown to me I ponder yet; so that in this place I shall make no mention of them. But this treasure will I give out, that everything noble in that House seemeth vile to them that are swimming in the stream; and everything vile to them appeareth noble. Thus they endure not the delicate stuffs with rough and impure handling; and the rubbish they carry away with them, and devour. Thus wisely hath the master of the House ordained.

Now of the silver radiance that issueth from the darkness of the House I will say nothing; nor of the golden ray that illuminateth the darkness of the House.

But for the sake of one that may come to share my bed-chamber will I speak of the last adventure.

Upon the breast of the river came a wild swan, singing, and for a moment rested upon mine image reflected in the water. And I said: "Come up hither."

And the wild swan said: "How shall I come up thither?"

"I:" I will guide thee.

"The Swan:" Who art thou?

"I:" My Father is the keeper of the King's Cup: I have prepared a little ship wherein I may go my journeys upon the great river.

Who will draw it?

"The Swan:" I will draw it.

So we set forth together; and of the horrible tempests that arose it is unworthy discourse. And of what followed after is discourse unprofitable; but the wild swan still guides my ship. {64}

And the end shall be as is appointed by the master of the House; but this I know, that this ship is the King's ship. And in my bosom are the champak-blossom, and the mustard seed, and the oak-leaf, more lovely than before.

And upon us watcheth ever he that is appointed to watch.

And the wild swan sings ever; and my heart sings ever.

.....

Now then I had laid aside the pen, and a voice cried: Write!

Fear not!

Turn not aside!

Is it not written that Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning?

Sleep therefore in peace and in faith: shall he not watch whose eye hath no eyelid, who to this end is appointed?

And my heart answered: Amen! {65}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06012.html>

46 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep SEP Feb

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About this capture

SONG

COME, Love awaken! O'er the wild salt sea,
Shadows strange-shapen whirl themselves and flee
As eddying mist, by storm winds overtaken,
And sunbeams kissed --- the shafts all curled and shaken
In shuddering ecstasy!
Come, Love, nor list to tired dreams that twist
Thy lithe long limbs in fierce abandonment,
Awake, and learn of me the secret of the sea,
Whose meaning is the sum of all things blent
In fiercest harmony.

Soft winds are calling on the cloudy deep,
(Like foam-flowers falling from the breasts of Sleep
Their Lotus-kiss is), such a world forestalling
Of wanton blisses, that the fear of palling
Makes e'en the Sirens weep.
Ah me! What serpent hisses from out those purple bysses,
Far in the womb of the long-lying sea?
She wakes! Nor dare he creep back to her soul, whence Sleep
Has torn aside the mist-hung drapery;
Too strange the way, and steep.

ETHEL ARCHER.

{66}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06013.html>

48 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE SCORPION

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

"God is Love." --- Epistles of St John.

{67}

To GR:Alpha-Gamma-Alpha-Theta-Alpha in memory of the Hour of Initiation, and to Lampada Tradam and Mohammed ibn Rahman in memory of our wanderings in the Desert, and to my brothers of the O.'. of K. D. S. H. in memory of the Martyrdom of our G.'. M.'.

J. B. M.

I dedicate this tragedy.

THE SCORPION

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT I

SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, "Preceptor of the Knights Templars"

SIR RAYMOND, SIR JAMES, SIR EUSTACHE, and OTHERS, "his Knights"

JOCELYN, "a Troubadour, in their company"<>

ESQUIRES, "etc., to these"

SAID OMAR, "an Arabian Emir. His band of Warriors"

LAYLAH, "his newly-wedded bride"

A NYMPH, "and children attendant on her"

ACT I

SCENE: "The desert. In the foreground, a walled well with a lever. Three palms. Tall grasses. The ground is uneven. In the background other palms, among which are several military charges, held by esquires. Around the well are Knights Templars, armed, reposing. Also" JOCELYN, "a troubadour."

JOCELYN ["sings to his harp"]:

Noon slumbers softly in the palms;
The desert breezes whisper psalms;
And we who rest must rise and ride
Beneath the banner cruciform
That braves the Saracen and the storm,
This blessed Christmastide.
For we are hardy, and worn with blows
And battles,
And languish for our mother snows.

What is the gladness of the well
To us who pine for citadel,

And joyous burg, and Christian feast?
But we are vowed to Christ to fight
For God, our honour, and our right
Against the recreant East. {70}
We have left our ladies, you and I,
My brothers!
To keep our castles, and to sigh!

Oh! could some holy hermit give
One short day's dalliance fugitive!
Speed hither through the enchanted air
Our ladies, for our faith's reward!
Would it not sharpen every sword
And perfume every prayer?
Love sharp as holly and pure as snow,
And kisses
Beneath the moon for mistletoe!

SIR RAYMOND.

Something ill sung, Jocelyn, and too sadly, forsooth! Here the hermits are foul and malicious. I would clear the land of them.

SIR JAMES.

Spies, every one. And enchanter's to boot.

SIR EUSTACHE.

The maids are worse, to my mind. Think of the gallant Florimond, as tall a knight of his hands as ever swung sword or couched lance.

SIR RAYMOND.

Netted like a fish!

SIR JAMES.

And now lives in the desert with the witch, a wild man, and banned.

SIR RAYMOND.

Little better than a robber. And the word goes that he hath apostatized from our holy faith.

[ALL "cross themselves."]

JOCELYN ["sings"]

Heigho! Heigho! the Crescent and Cross!
If the one is a bargain, the other's a loss. {71}
Who would be found
On the ground
Of Mahound
A recreant knight, and a renegade boaster?
Better we each
Leave our bones here to Bleach
And be saved, than go burn with the Paynim impostor!
For the infidel swine
Lack our spirit divine;
There crazy old prophet prohibits them wine!
Drink, every knight!
God and my right!
We'll drive the black dogs to their kennels to-night!

SIR JAMES.

Peace to thy ribaldry! Here comes the Preceptor. To saddle!

JOCELYN.

Why cannot he ride with us, as a good knight and gay?

SIR JAMES.

Who poises in his mind the destinies of Christendom needs not in his ear thy fool's prattle, or thy fool's face at his elbow. Though he have seen but five-and-twenty summers he is wiser than many a greybeard! See, even afar, how weightily he sits his horse. His forehead bent, his shoulders arched ---

JOCELYN.

The seat of a hunchback!

SIR JAMES.

Like Atlas supporting the world.

SIR RAYMOND.

Good Jocelyn, could thy wisest thought match his most foolish, thou would'st sit at the council.

JOCELYN.

Gramercy! I smile awry. With a hawk on my wrist, and a madrigal at my lips, a prayer in the morning {72} given, and a kiss stolen at night, I want none of your dusty conclaves. I had as lief be a scholar.

SIR JAMES.

If the world were like thee, Christendom would perish in a year and a day. Thy good knights comrades would row the Turkish galleys, and a few prize fools --- such as thou --- make sport for their Emirs or guard their women.

JOCELYN.

And a good thing. I am weary of crusading. The sacred Sepulchre is empty --- praise God, Who performed a miracle to make it so! --- and we must perforce come and fill thousands more with good Christian flesh and blood, that was alive and jolly. Let us be off, though! The Preceptor sheds dullness as the sun sheds light, alike on the evil and on the good. One, two, three --- I'll race you all to Sidi Khaled.

["They go off R. toward their horses," JOCELYN "singing as he goes."

What is the worth
Of a hound or a hawk?
A monkey for mirth!
A parrot for talk!
Rosamond's skin
Is whiter than milk,
Seductive as sin
And softer than silk.
Would I were back
From crusade for an hour,
My limbs lying slack
In Rosamond's Bower!

["From the palms C. comes forward" LAYLAH, "veiled, with a pitcher. She attaches it to the cord of the lever and" {73} "dips it into the well. She looks about her, and seeing no one, raises her veil."

LAYLAH.

From the heart of the sand
The water wells up
Purer than the rain.
So in my heart
Love springs
Chaster than the grace of heaven itself.

Earth purifies
More subtly than the sea.
Only through matter
Can spirit understand itself,
Justify itself, become itself.
This mystery I heard
From the holy man of Bassu.
His beard was whiter than snow
Because it had once been blacker than burnt wood.

So will I cherish my love,
The love which I owe,
Which I give, to my husband
The noblest of the Emirs;
For I and my love and my service
And my duty
All are his.
I have no duty to God
But to obey my husband.
So my heart is freer
That all other hearts, {74}
As the dweller among the palms
Is freer than the wanderer in the desert.
The wanderer must find the palms;
The dweller is at ease.

My heart is a young gazelle
Leaping with love toward my husband.
He is black-bearded and bold and magnificent.
Even on the morn of the wedding he rode forth
Against the infidel.
He is so strong and brave:
God must look favourably upon him,
Bidding him return a conqueror
To the flower of his garden
That awaits his hand to pluck.

["During the last part of the song" SIR RINALDO DE LA CHAPELLE, "preceptor of the Knights Templars, has entered L. quietly, dismounted, tethered his palfrey to palm, and approached" LAYLAH. "As she pulls the pitcher from the water he claps his hands over her eyes. She shudders with fear, but gives no sound."

SIR RINALDO.

You are a brave maiden.

LAYLAH.

You are --- an infidel. I had not my dagger, or your shriek --- not mine --- would have summoned my kin.

RINALDO.

I have a score good knights within sound of my horn. And your kin are but the dotards and women and little children. Your fighting men are away.

LAYLAH.

Ay, slaying your good knights. {75}

RINALDO.

It may be so. But you are my hostage.

["He releases her. She faces him."

LAYLAH.

A worthless pledge.

RINALDO.

These silks and pearls! I could draw your veil through a link in my chain mail.

LAYLAH.

I am the bride of the Emir.

RINALDO.

A fair bride. I guessed you his daughter.

LAYLAH.

My feet have not entered his house.

RINALDO.

Your feet are fair. ... Can you tell fortunes?

LAYLAH.

On the forehead of every man his destiny is written.

RINALDO.

Read mine.

LAYLAH.

Let me go to my house.

RINALDO.

Then I will read yours. You are to be captive to a strange knight.

LAYLAH.

Not to you, Sir Knight!

RINALDO.

The rest is dark.

LAYLAH.

You dare not touch me.

RINALDO.

Sit there! ["He seats her on the wall of the well."] Do you guess what I have been thinking as I rode through the sun to these palms?

LAYLAH.

Some new plot to carry fire and sword through our quiet villages.

RINALDO.

No. I was wondering why men should not live at peace. I was wondering what was the quarrel that has beggared Europe and made Asia a shambles these nigh five score years.

LAYLAH.

I cannot tell you.

RINALDO.

This is all I know, that in the time of Pope Urban the Second, some pilgrims to Jerusalem began to {76} grumble.<> And a madman screamed so loud on their behalf that all Europe was infected.<> All pilgrims grumble. All mankind grumbles. Can chivalry do nothing better than redress grievances? Progress and learning are dead in this eternal redressing. Or if we must redress grievances, let us redress the great grievance, man misunderstanding man!

LAYLAH.

Let me go to my house. {"She tries to slip away."}

RINALDO.

Sit there! ["He puts her back very accurately."] We worship one God, as you do. That is the essence of agreement. We have one prophet, as you have; there's little odds in a name. Let our fools go worship at the tomb of our prophets, as your fools go worship at the tomb of yours; and let us break the heads only of those who break the peace.

LAYLAH.

Let me go to my house. You are breaking the peace now, and I will break your head.

["She has unloosened a stone from the Well and strikes him. His cheek bleeds."]

RINALDO. ["unmoved."]

Sit there! ... So this is my reading of the future. I who met you in hate shall leave you in love ... and there an end of the Crusades!

LAYLAH.

Love! ["bitterly sarcastic."]

RINALDO.

Love! ["enthusiastic."]

LAYLAH.

I had rather a scorpion stung me.

RINALDO.

My crest is a scorpion. ["He points to the golden bejewelled crest upon his light helmet."] I am thirsty. Give me water.

LAYLAH.

I would give water to a thirsty dog. ["She pours water into his hands."] {77}

RINALDO.

For water I will give you fire. Twelve hundred years ago came peace on earth and goodwill toward men through a virgin sacrifice. ... History repeats itself.

LAYLAH.

I am on the edge of the well; but I shall not fall in. You are a renegade, I see; and, I think, a monster. You are mad with pride and conceit of your own wisdom. So I know you for a fool.

RINALDO.

The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

LAYLAH.

Prate on! Even the dust mocks at you.

RINALDO.

There are snakes in the dust.

LAYLAH.

What do you mean?

RINALDO.

I saw it in your eyes three minutes since. I did not need to turn my head to know that on the horizon gallop your husband and his band.

LAYLAH.

You are clever.

RINALDO.

And you were forced despite yourself to drop a hint that might warn me to rejoin my knights.

LAYLAH.

No!

RINALDO.

Yes. By that I knew that you loved me.

LAYLAH.

And by this ("she strikes him") know that I hate you.

RINALDO.

You are too young. I have seen lions.

LAYLAH.

You are a savage.

RINALDO.

Nature is savage. Passion is savage. The God alike of Jews and Moslems delights in death. Or why are men and beasts slain in His honour? Brutal force is at the heart of things. Man is dragged crying from his mother's womb in dire agony; man fights his surroundings --- the nearer they are the more bitterly must he fight them {78} --- and at last he is hurled fighting into the hungry mouth of death.

LAYLAH.

The cloud grows.

RINALDO.

Indeed you love me, if you bid me waste no time.

LAYLAH.

Oh no! ...

I must respect you. You treat me as if I were a pebble in the sand. Nothing moves you.

RINALDO.

Love moves me.

LAYLAH.

We are opposites in all.

RINALDO.

So Nature hath ordained. Man hates his neighbour: but when he finds his opposite, he loves it. All joy is the warfare of enemies, from the clash of lance and sabre, when Saracen meets Christian on the plain to --- this, when Christian rushes Saracen in his arms and ---

["He clasps her." LAYLAH.

Oh! ["The pitcher is overturned and the water flows out."

RINALDO.

I love you.

LAYLAH.

I am a speck of dust in the simoom.

RINALDO.

Let it whirl! There is no more Christian and Saracen, but man and woman --- as it was in the beginning and for ever shall be.

"He has borne her in his arms to the tall grasses. She struggles uselessly. They are now invisible."

LAYLAH.

Help me, O God of Battles!

RINALDO.

God is love.

["Music. From the well issues a nymph dressed in silver and azure gauze, with jewels and roses in her hair. After her a cluster of children."] {79}

THE NYMPH ["sings."]

In the well
Where I dwell,
It is cool, it is dusk;

But the truth
Of my youth
Is a palace of musk.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim;
Light and night are one to Him!

In the dark
You may mark
The slow ooze of my springs,
But you know
Not the glow
Where the soul of me sings.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim;
Life and death are one to Him!

There is cold
In the old
Grey gloom of my caves;
There is heat
In the beat
Of my passionate waves.
Truth come bubbling to my brim;
Love and hate are one to Him.

["They dance and return to the well." R. "and" L. "are now seen behind the grasses, she sobbing upon his shoulder."] {80}

RINALDO.

The cloud blackens all the sky. Laylah!

["He takes the scorpion from his helmet."

Keep this token of me.

LAYLAH.

For a token of hate and of revenge!

RINALDO.

As you will. But the Crusades are ended!

["He draws her to the well, and lays her down. With her arms on the low wall, and her face hidden, she sobs." RINALDO "takes his palfrey, and, with one glance over his shoulder towards the enemy and another to" LAYLAH, "rides off, driving the spurs into his horse. "LAYLAH "remains sobbing. After a long interval she half-rises, and

stretching her arms after him, calls brokenly:"

LAYLAH.

Come back! ... Come back! ...

["Sobs again take her more violently than ever. She struggles to her feet, holds out the scorpion crest and calls:"]

Come back! ... Come back!

["She collapses. Dead silence. After a little the distant galloping of horses is heard. It grows louder and louder." LAYLAH "rises, mistress of herself, kisses the golden scorpion and hides it at her heart, and refills the pitcher."

["Enter a band of Saracens, who dismount. Their leader, the" EMIR SAID OMAR, rushes forward to the well."

SAID OMAR.

Victory! we have chased the infidels three days, and the vultures of the desert are gorged, and the jackals burst with fatness. My gazelle, didst thou languish for me? My rose, my tulip, my anemone, slim palm of the oasis, sweet water of the well! We shall feast to-night, {81} little one, star of the night, beautiful young moon over the sand-dunes!

["He clasps her in his arms." LAYLAH ["tonelessly"].

Victory! Ay, victory is sweet. We shall feast to-night.

["She shudders."

SAID OMAR ["seeing that all is not well"].

What is it? What is it?

LAYLAH.

I have had evil dreams.

SAID OMAR ["to his men"].

On to the houses! We must feast; we must sleep.

["He takes" LAYLAH "on his saddlebow."]

You must sleep, whisper of the west wind!

LAYLAH.

I shall have evil dreams.

SAID OMAR.

No! you shall not sleep to-night, white fairy of Paradise, black-eyed gazelle of the wilderness!

LAYLAH.

Be gentle with me ... I ache ... I have been stung by a scorpion.

SAID OMAR.

There are no scorpions in the winter. Where is the wound?

[LAYLAH "puts her hand to her heart, and falls fainting limp across the saddlebow."]

Call Ibrahim, the wise physician! On to the houses!

["Exeunt. The voice of the nymph of the well, faintly from below."]

"Truth comes bubbling to my brim:
Love and Hate are one to Him!"

CURTAIN.

{82}

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

ACT II

LAYLAH, "wife of Sidi Omar"

SILMAN, "her son by Sir Rinaldo de la Chapelle"

OTHMAN, .

AKBAR, : "her sons by Sidi Omar"

MOHAMMED, .

FATMA, "her aged Nubian nurse"

LEDMIYA, "a young handmaiden, musical. Other waiting-women. Pipe-slaves."

ABDUL KHAN, "an eunuch. Other eunuchs"

ACHMET, "equerry to Sliman"

A FAIR-HAIRED CHRISTIAN MAIDEN, "daughter to Sir Rinaldo de la Chapelle"

MESSENGERS

THE POPULACE
{83}

ACT II

"Twenty years later. An Oriental Palace in a city near Jerusalem; the Hall of Audience. In the throne is" LAYLAH "veiled. Around her are waiting-women and her old nurse" FATMA. "At the door an eunuch on guard with drawn scimitar." LEDMIYA ["a young girl with a stringed instrument"].

As the flower waits for the rain,
As the lover waits for the moon,
We wait, we wait, an hungry pain,
For tidings from the battle plain ---
If those we love are hurt or slain,
Or if the Lord hath smitten again
The legions of the Cross, and hewn
A path of blood where glory flares.
The sabre strikes, the trumpet blares,
The war horse neighs, --- Oh let us see
The Crescent borne to victory!

LAYLAH.

Is there no news?

FATMA.

It is rumoured that the battle has begun.

LEDMIYA.

Under the very walls of Jerusalem!

ABDUL KHAN.

Within the southern gate.

FATMA.

Many, many will fall. Alas, alas! {84}

LAYLAH.

Sliman is strong and brave --- my splendid boy.

FATMA.

Ay, there are hairs on his chin. But the strongest and the bravest fall first.

LAYLAH.

Thou ominous owl! Be silent, or I will have thee whipped.

FATMA.

Oh! Oh! indeed I only say what we all know. If he should die indeed, thou mayst have Sidi Omar left, thy dear lord. And Othman, and Akbar, and Mohammed!

LAYLAH.

Sliman is my first-born.

FATMA.

Ay, he is not like his brothers. He is square and solid-set. He is more like the cedar than the palm.

LAYLAH.

Sidi Omar's mother was a princess from Lebanon.

FATMA.

He is silent and stern.

LAYLAH.

Sidi Omar's father was the holiest man of Syria. He lived alone forty years in the mountain.

FATMA.

He is relentless in anger, and obeys not. One would say there was Christian blood in him.

LAYLAH.

On the night of his begetting there was Christian blood on Sidi Omar's hands.

FATMA.

He is as fair as a Christian.

LAYLAH.

The men of Sidi Omar's tribe are white men, thou wizened old black witch.

FATMA.

Ah! Sidi Omar! Sidi Omar! Sidi Omar! Happy the prince whose wife is as faithful as thou. Thou canst not open thy mouth without uttering his name.

LAYLAH.

Do not take it in thine, mother of lies!

FATMA.

My mouth has been shut these twenty years.

LAYLAH.

What? Any time these twenty years thou hast {85} deserved a beating, old scandal-monger! And often thou hast had it.

FATMA.

It was not a beating that thou didst earn, princess. Many a time I have fetched water from the well by ---

LAYLAH.

Abdul Khan! take out this prating hag and beat her soundly. Fatma! this is the last time I leave thy lying tongue in that camel-lipped old face of an unbelieving Jinneeyah!

["The eunuch drags her out, screaming and scolding."

What news! What news!

LEDMIYA ["at the window"].

A horseman gallops from Jerusalem.

LAYLAH.

Oh, quick, quick, quick, his tidings! For pity's sake. Would it were the winged horse of brass! I am distracted. Mind me not! I can wait. A queen must be able to wait.

LEDMIYA.

He is quite near now. And in the distance is a glint, and a faint shouting. I think the battle is coming here.

LAYLAH.

Oh, we cannot have been beaten! Silman is so strong and brave.

FATMA ["re-entering"].

All is lost! All is lost! Let us all flee!

LAYLAH.

Peace, parrot!

["Enter Messenger."

MESSENGER.

Pardon, princess!

LAYLAH.

Thy news, or thy head shall pay it.

MESSENGER.

Glorious news! Sidi Omar hath entered Jerusalem, and sacked the House of the Knights Templars, and the House of the Knights Hospitallers, and --- {86}

LEDMIYA. ["at window"].

Oh, I can see the spears shining through the dust of the horses!

MESSENGER.

--- but ---

LAYLAH.

Speak, if thou wouldst ever speak again!

MESSENGER.

But the Knights of Malta appeared in great strength, riding from the valley on their noble chargers, armed at all points ---

LAYLAH.

Yes? Yes?

MESSENGER.

So that we judged it best to fall back upon the reserves. The Maltese fell upon us --- you may see them fighting now.

LAYLAH.

What news of my brave Sliman?

FATMA.

And Sidi Omar? And Othman? And Akbar? And Mohammed?

LAYLAH.

Peace. What news?

MESSENGER.

Sidi Omar is hurt.

LAYLAH.

And Sliman?

MESSENGER.

I do not know, princess.

LAYLAH.

Get forth, back to the fight. Reward him, ye!

FATMA.

Reward for such bad news! What is the world coming to? In my young days ---

LAYLAH.

Such withered weeds were burnt.

FATMA.

Alas, Sidi Omar! The strong, the brave, the comely! He is dead, he is dead.

LAYLAH.

Hurt, said the messenger.

LEDMIYA.

Now comes another from the fight, riding hard. he bears a fair-haired child across the saddle. Oh, do look!

LAYLAH.

Is there no messenger?

LEDMIYA.

It is Achmet! It is good Achmet! {87}

LAYLAH.

The equerry of Prince Silman! Out of the way, girl!

["She pushes" LEDMIYA "roughly from the window."]

Booty! He must be well and victorious! Bring him in! Now we shall know --- good tidings! good tidings!

["She paces up and down impatiently. Enter" ACHMET "with a young girl."]

ACHMET.

The duty of my Lord! Good tidings from the battle. The spoils of my lord's spear! He prays you to keep her among the women until he return and place her in his harem.

LAYLAH.

A man! He is a man! I have borne a man-child, a lion, a conqueror!

ACHMET.

Indeed, he has slain twenty Christians with his own hand. And still he is in the front of

the battle. He laughed: "To-day I am a man, I need thee no more; by my chamberlain and carry this toy to my mother." I think she is a princess.

THE CHILD.

My father is the Grand Master of the Temple, and he is coming to cut all your heads off.

LAYLAH.

Leave her with us! Ride back on a fresh horse, and bear aid to the prince. ["Exit"
ACHMET

LEDMIYA ["at window"].

There is a tumult in the courtyard, and a great wailing. ["Wailing without."

LAYLAH.

The sun will be set in an hour. One hour more of favour and protection for my boy, oh God of Battles!

THE CHILD.

Our God is love! He will protect me, I know.

LAYLAH.

Imp! Be silent! How you startled me! And now I look at you --- what is it? what is it? You frighten me. Take her away --- there, with the pipe-slaves.

[FATMA "takes the child down stage to the pipe-slaves." {88}

THE CHILD.

You are ugly, you black creature!

LEDMIYA.

Oh! Oh!

["She runs to" LAYLAH "and hides in the folds of her dress."

LAYLAH.

What now?

LEDMIYA.

They are bringing in a corpse.

LAYLAH.

Oh my God --- if Achmet lied!

["The door opens. The corpse of" SIDI OMAR "is brought in by six eunuchs."]

Ah! ["She goes down hall."] Lay him there! ["She rends her veil."] Sidi Omar, these twenty years have I been wedded to thee and thou hast not known my heart! Leave me, that I may bewail him as is fitting.

["All depart but" FATMA and LEDMIYA "and the" PIPE-SLAVES "with their prisoner."]

Fatma, do thou lament. I await tidings of the battle. Is there sign of a messenger?

[FATMA "goes to corpse and mutters over it."

LEDMIYA ["at window"].

There are many that make hither. Some bear the dead away --- two, three, five, eight, oh so many! Some ride weary or wounded ...

LAYLAH.

Some ride like messengers?

LEDMIYA.

No. Yes, one. No, he has fallen from his horse, and lies still.

["Wailing without."

LAYLAH.

Go, bid those fools be quiet. Is there not enough woe in this house but that their shrieks should edge it?

[LEDMIYA "goes out. The wailing stops. Then suddenly it begins again more loudly than before."

FATMA.

More death! More misery!

[LEDMIYA "returns, and goes again to window." {89}

LAYLAH.

Silence, thou blotchy spider! Thou baboon of ugliness! Mother of curses!

["Four eunuchs bring in the corpse of the boy"

MOHAMMED.

Ah God! my youngest, my own delicate darling! Lay him by his sire! ["She goes down and bends over him."] Was not this arm too tender to bear a sword? Why would he go to the battle? He was made for luting and the zephyr. His eyes were larger and lovelier than the gazelle's! His eyebrows were blacker than the kohl upon mine eyelids. Alas, my baby! My young one, my tender one! ... Is there tidings, girl?

LEDMIYA.

One rides fast. His horse stumbles at the gate. He leaps clear. The horse has fallen. He runs hither.

LAYLAH.

News! News!

[LEDMIYA "goes out. Enter a Messenger."

2ND MESSENGER.

The duty of my lord to his mother! We keep the hounds at bay now. Prince Sliman is like the Angel of Death. No man can stand before him. The Christians tremble, and give back when he rides against them.

LAYLAH.

A man! A man! He is not hurt?

2ND MESSENGER.

Scratches. As if a lion were at play with kittens!

LAYLAH.

I am glad he has scratches. Every one shall be sung by the poets as if it were the axe-blow of old Duke Walter.

["Again the wailing surges in the courtyard." LEDMIYA "rushes in."

LEDMIYA.

Alas, alas, my queen! I cannot say it! Do not ask me to say it! ... They are bringing him in.

LAYLAH.

Who? Devil-child! ["She strikes her. Four eunuchs bring in the corpse of" AKBAR.]
Forgive me! I am not myself. I am not a woman. Lay him there, beside his {90} father!
["She goes down to corpse."] Akbar, my little one! Strong wast thou and greater than thy
brothers. Thou hadst the hawk's eye, and the deer's foot; and thine hand on the
bowstring was surer and stronger than thy father's! Three, of my five, my five that
should guard me and cherish me! Three taken, and two left! Yet, while one is left ...

LEDMIYA ["at window"].

The battle is fiercer every moment. Hundreds and hundreds must be killed. But the
press is thinner. I can make out the banners. Oh! I can see Sliman's banner!

LAYLAH.

Let me see! let me see! ["She rushes to window."] Yes! it flows free in the good air! How
fierce he fights. I cannot see him; but he must be there. Yes! it moves forward now; the
Christians part before him like the air before an arrow. The dust swallows all up again.

["Wailing rises without, louder and more insistent."

A curse upon these fools! But for them I could hear his battle-cry. ... Has he ever cried,
and I not heard him? Oh, why did the strange knight not bear me on his palfrey? I must
be mad.

FATMA.

You must be mad!

LAYLAH.

Bewail the dead, thou bald vulture, shaggy toothless crone, dam of perdition! There
floats the banner again, above them all. The Templar's banner dips; some one has cut
through the staff. The Christians are in rout. ...

["Four eunuchs enter, bearing the corpse of "OTHRMAN.

FATMA.

Othman is dead! Alas! Alas! Weep, mother, three brave boys beside their sire! All dead! dead!

LAYLAH ["not turning from window"].

Lay him beside his father and his two brothers! Brave banner! Brave {91} banner! We go through the Christians as a wedge cleaves a plank, as a ship cleaves the sea, as a bird cleaves the air! Victory! Sliman! Sliman! Drive them, like cattle, to their walls again!

FATMA.

She has always been mad! I wonder what really happened.

LAYLAH.

The sun is setting in blood. There are storm-clouds lit like burning charcoal blown upon by the mightiest of the Djinn. I cannot see the banner. It grows dark. They must stop fighting soon. They will withdraw to their walls --- nay, let them camp among the dead! Come back with tidings! Tell me, Sliman is safe. Ah! there sounds the horn of truce.

THE CHILD.

My father is the Grand Master of the Temple, and he will come and cut all your heads off.

LAYLAH ["goes down to her"].

Thou preposterous little curd of sour milk! Thy father is dead! I saw the Banner of the Temple snap like a dry twig. My brave son Sliman cut it at a single blow. He will whip home the dogs, your friends, and you shall be his toy to play with and break and make sport of. He will twist your skinny arm --- so!

["She catches the child's wrist, twists it, and makes her scream."

Spindle-legged little spider! {"The child bites her wrist."}]

Venomous as a scorpion!

THE CHILD.

My father's crest is a scorpion.

LAYLAH.

No! No! it cannot be. I am mad. I hear a strange thing. Now I know what I saw in your face. Child! Child! I am sorry I hurt you. I want to be friends with you. I am all-powerful here. No harm shall come to you! His child! Come and kiss me! ["The child shrinks away."] {92}

No! I am sorry. I am your good friend. I will take you back to your father. He is not dead. I am sure he is not dead.

THE CHILD.

I do not understand you.

LAYLAH.

Oh, you shall understand. Your father will make you understand! ["changing again to roughness"]. What was your mother like? Had she your golden hair, and the complexion like a shaved sow? And the simper, and the grey eyes! I have grey eyes too; but mine are steel-grey, true as steel; and yours are chill and watery. But you have your father's temper, and his silence, and his will.

THE CHILD.

What do you know of my father?

LAYLAH.

Nothing. I only jested; I wanted to try you, to hear what you would say. Tell me about your mother.

THE CHILD.

She was a fair and noble lady. She died when I was born.

LAYLAH.

Thank God!

THE CHILD.

I do not understand.

LAYLAH.

Oh! will your father say, "I do not understand?" What am I? Yet I gave him my greatest gift --- and I have yet a greater gift to give him --- and I have a gift that he has always had and I have never lost.

THE CHILD.

Are you an enchantress? You do not talk sense.

LAYLAH.

Your are the child of an enchanter.

THE CHILD.

My father burns enchanters alive when he catches them.

LEDMIYA ["at window"].

There is a great concourse without. The men are returning. They ride slowly, as in peace. {93} But one rides fast, for I can hear his hoofs ring the gallop above all the trampling.

LAYLAH.

It is Sliman! His horse has silver shoes. Wait there, child! I have joy for you to come.

["A horse is heard galloping into the courtyard, and a battle-cry, La Allah illa Allah, rings out in a boy's clear voice, a voice weary yet supremely happy."]

["Almost beside herself"] Sliman! to me! to your mother!

["Sliman enters, in his right hand his sword still dripping blood."]

SLIMAN.

Splendid fun, mother! We should have had the whole city, but those cursed Knights of Malta threatened our flank. And father told me I was a better leader for withdrawing than if I had gone on and taken the city. There! Aha! little one! you are caged safely, canary. Thanks, mother! Don't kiss me. I'm all blood.

["She smothers him with kisses."]

LAYLAH.

Oh, you're wounded. Ledmiya, the kerchief, quick. And the Arabian oil, and the balsam.

SLIMAN.

Nonsense, mother, it's nothing. But think! I slew twenty knights --- they haven't the

strength of babies. It was like cracking eggshells. All except one. He was as strong as I, but not so quick. So I cut him down, and took his crest for a brooch for you, mother dear.

["He holds out a golden crest."

LAYLAH.

The scorpion!

THE CHILD.

The scorpion! ["She retires and watches."

LAYLAH.

Boy, you have killed your father.

["She stands thunderstruck."

SLIMAN.

Oh, no, mother! Father and the boys all died in {94} the melee when we were thrown back on the reserve. The Knights of St John charged in line. It was rough-and-tumble for a few minutes, indeed it was. When I got out, their banners were swept far down the fighting line. There was a mess of varlets between us; before I could sweep them away the Knights had rolled over Sidi Omar and my brothers --- the whole wing was destroyed. I rallied the right on the centre, and --- why, mother, you are not listening!

LAYLAH ["taking his sword"].

This sword killed your father. Listen! Sidi Omar was not your father. Your father ravished me, a virgin and a princess, and left me only this for token. ["She takes the jewelled scorpion from her breast."] I took it for hate and revenge; wherein I lied, for I loved him, and I love him. God has punished my lie, making you --- the token of love --- the minister of revenge. So then --- be he avenged!

["She strikes the neck of" SLIMAN "and he falls dead. She stands stupefied."

THE CHILD ["coming forward and picking up the scorpion that" SLIMAN "had in his hand"].

I thank thee, lady. My brother is avenged.

["She dips the scorpion in his blood and fastens it in her dress."

LAYLAH ["shortly"].

Your brother lies there dead.

THE CHILD.

I am sorry, if he was my brother. He was a brave boy. He picked me up and threw me to a servant just as if I had been an old tabard.

LAYLAH.

Your father's trick!

THE CHILD.

I do not understand.

LAYLAH.

Understand this. I have slain my son because {95} he slew his father; and all I look for is for some one to slay me also!

THE CHILD.

But you say his father is my father.

LAYLAH.

Was! was!

THE CHILD.

But is is my brother who was slain by Sliman. My father is in Rome; he is coming hither with the next fair wind.

LAYLAH.

Fair wind! God! It is I than who have slain our son. The scorpion! My sole token.

["She falls on" SLIMAN'S "corpse."]

My son! only son of my love! one sole jewel of the world wert thou. And the accursed scorpion has betrayed me. Oh, let me from this hour throw off all womanhood, all kindness, all compassion --- all but my love that has made my heart a hell. From this hell spring forth fiery scorpions --- Eunuchs! Girls! let us be men! Take swords! take spears! Truce or no truce, night or no night, out to the field. Let us slay the dogs as they

lie. God, hear me! Make me mightier than Semiramis! Hate and revenge! Battle and death! To arms! To arms! Out into the night!

"During this speech the eunuchs, girls, and slaves, catching her madness, have all armed themselves from the trophies on the wall. They troop out, running and jostling."
LAYLAH "turns to the Name of God above the throne, and waving her sabre, cries:"]

Hear me, hear me, thou God of Battles! ["Exit."

THE CHILD.

God is love. And he has protected me. ["Alone among the corpses."]

CURTAIN.
{96}

PERSONS OF THE TRAGEDY
ACT III

SIR RINALDO DEL LA CHAPELLE, "Grand Master of the Temple"
A BISHOP
REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KING OF JERUSALEM
THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST JOHN
THE GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA
CLERKS, USHERS, ADVOCATES, "etc."
TORTURERS
A PHYSICIAN
THE KING OF JERUSALEM
MANY DIGNITARIES AND THEIR LADIES
THE CROWD
ISAAC, "a Jew"
AN URCHIN
LAYLAH, "now known as Princess Koureddin"
{97}

ACT III

SCENE I: "Twenty years later. Jerusalem. The Council Chamber of the Grand Tribunal. A Bishop, as Grand Inquisitor. On his right, "RINALDO"; now become Grand Master of the Temple; on his left the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. Beyond these, the Grand Master of the Knights of St John and the representative of the King of Jerusalem. Clerks, Ushers, etc. A military guard. Clerical functionaries of all sorts. Under guard"
LAYLAH, "unveiled, scarred with sword-cuts, a stern savage virago."

BISHOP.

Let the indictment be read.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT.

Princess Kahar-ud-din or Koureddin, you are arraigned of witchcraft. Firstly that on the night of the victory to the Crusaders' arms, by God's grace, during a period of truce, you did sally forth with a horde of slaves and women, by many accounted devils, and did attack and destroy the armies of the Crusaders.

PROSECUTOR.

We say this was by witchcraft. How else could a rabble of slaves and women defeat the heroes who, though barely two thousand strong, had that day destroyed four hundred thousand and above of your best warriors?

LAYLAH.

On our side was the God of Battles.

BISHOP.

My daughter, God is love. {98}

LAYLAH.

Lord Bishop, I have heard that phrase thrice in three score years. The first time a man used it to destroy a child: the second time a child used it to murder her brother; this time you use it to torture and burn an honourable adversary.

BISHOP.

Child of the devil, you blaspheme. Be silent! On the first count, guilty.

["Several" JUDGES, "but not" RINALDO, "echo "Guilty." Throughout this scene"

RINALDO "sits absolutely silent and motionless, except that now and then he makes a gesture of weariness and impatience."

THE CLERK.

Secondly, that you have in these twenty years past gathered a band of lawless ruffians, and constantly assailed the defenders of the sepulchre, with malice and deadly hatred.

PROSECUTOR.

We say that no woman could do thus, unless aided by Satan.

LAYLAH.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was renowned as a warrior, and Semiramis, Queen of Nineveh.

BISHOP.

Both pagans. On the second count, guilty.

[JUDGES "echo "Guilty."

CLERK.

Thirdly, that you did discard the modesty of womanhood and put on armour enchanted.

PROSECUTOR.

We say that, forasmuch as many good knights have ridden against it with sword and lance and not availed to pierce it, this was by magic and forbidden art.

LAYLAH ["contemptuously"].

It was good armour.

BISHOP.

The prisoner mocks us. On the third count, guilty.

[JUDGES "echo "Guilty."

CLERK.

Fourthly, that you did at midnight upon Martinmas, {99} eighteen years ago, in the valley of Hinnom, on the stone called Succoth, bind yourself in a diabolical pact with Satan, whereby he granted the power to change your sex at will, since which time you have become the father of an innumerable brood of devils, and in particular have travelled by night in the form of an owl to assault the virtue of many holy servants of the True Faith, notably at the Convent of St Anne in this city, whereby the bodies and souls of the nuns were possessed and destroyed.

PROSECUTOR.

We say this is plain witchcraft.

[LAYLAH "takes no notice."

BISHOP.

Silence under such a charge is contumacious, and equivalent to confession. On the fourth count, guilty.

[JUDGES "echo "Guilty."

CLERK.

Fifthly, that you do take the form of a bat, and suck the blood of sleeping children, and moreover have bewitched divers cows to the prejudice of the Holy Orders of Knights Hospitaller and others, lawful owners of the aforesaid cows.

PROSECUTOR.

All clear marks of a witch!

LAYLAH.

Your Saviour sent devils into swine.

BISHOP.

Blasphemy on blasphemy! ["crosses himself"]. Sure only the devil could speak thus. On the fifth count, guilty.

[JUDGES "echo "Guilty."

CLERK.

Sixthly ---

BISHOP.

Stay, gentle sir. Have we not heard enough? Must the ears of the Court be further polluted with a recital of these abominations?

G. M. OF ST J.

We have heard enough.

G. M. OF ST MALTA.

Enough, my lord Bishop. {100}

REP. OF K. OF JERUSALEM.

Enough.

BISHOP ["to" RINALDO].

And you, Grand Master?

RINALDO.

More than enough.

BISHOP.

My beloved daughter! God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should repent and be saved. It is therefore the most merciful provision of our just and merciful law that none be condemned without confession. Let me urge you to make peace with God and man.

LAYLAH.

Peace, peace! when there is no peace.

BISHOP.

There spoke a lost soul. Confess, my dear daughter. Break the bonds of Satan at the last.

LAYLAH ["straining at her handcuffs"].

They hold fast.

BISHOP.

We are not moved by insult from our most merciful purpose. Summon the executioners.

["A" CLERK "goes with the order. Enter torturers with their implements. Also a Physician."

LAYLAH.

Your steel against my will. It is a fair bout.

BISHOP.

Apply the thumbscrews.

["The torturers bind" LAYLAH "and apply the torture."

["To G. M. of St John"]

My cook is a great knave, you must know. I bade him prepare me a pasty of quails toward to-night, and the varlet swears there are no quails on the market. Now this morning riding I saw quails with these eyes. The air was as thick with them as when the Children of Israel were miraculously fed.

G. M. OF ST J.

A new miracle if the knave escape. But will not your lordship sup with me to-night?

BISHOP.

Thanks, good Grand Master.

FIRST TORTURER.

My lord, I think I heard a sigh.

PHYSICIAN.

Only a natural motion of the body, by your {101} leave, my lord, I venture to opine. Her lip is bitten through.

BISHOP.

What wickedness! Truly, my lords, Satan hath great power in these latter days, spoken of by St Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. Force the mouth open. ["A torturer obeys."

PHYSICIAN.

Pardon, my lord, if she utters no sound. She hath swallowed her tongue, a notorious devilry of Arabian enchanter's. By your leave, my lord, the tongue should be pulled forward. Her soul would be lost (begging your Lordship's pardon) should she choke now.

BISHOP.

Rightly said. And on your head be it! Redouble the thumbscrews.

["A torturer pulls her tongue forward with pincers." LAYLAH "groans."

TORTURER.

I certainly heard somewhat.

BISHOP.

Articulate?

TORTURER.

I dare hardly say, my lord.

BISHOP.

The needles.

TORTURER.

They are white-hot. How many, my lord?

BISHOP.

Three behind each eyeball should suffice.

TORTURER.

It is done. There is a sound like "wa."

PHYSICIAN ["in triumph"].

"Aiwa," my lord Bishop, "aiwa" without a doubt. It is "yes" in their heathen tongue.

BISHOP.

I heard it. We all heard it. Glory to God! Release the prisoner.

[LAYLAH "is released. She is unconscious and falls limp."]

Sir Clerk, write down that the prisoner made full confession and repented of her crimes, desiring to be reconciled {102} with God and His holy church. My own chaplain shall baptize her and administer the sacrament. Glory to God in the Highest for one more soul torn from the grasp of Satan.

My beloved daughter, behold you now at peace with God and with His holy church. Your sins are forgiven you. But the secular arm is not yet satisfied; your crimes, the crimes to which you have confessed, must be expiated according to law. The sentence of the Court is that you be handed over to the secular arm; and I beg of you ["turning to the Representative of the King of Jerusalem"], the Court begs of you, that you will deal

mercifully with the Prisoner, without shedding of blood.

REP. OF K. OF J.

A stake shall be prepared. ["To the soldiers"] Remove the prisoner to the strongest dungeon, and let the guard be trebled. Witchcraft has many tricks.

BISHOP.

The Court is dissolved. My lords, will you please breakfast with me? [JUDGES "murmur assent."

RINALDO.

Thank you, my lord, but I have my bellyful.

["The others exchange glances and go out. "RINALDO "is left alone. He goes to the place of torture."]

There is blood on the floor. It fell from her lip that she bit through. ... Pilate washed his hands in water. Had I power I would wash mine in blood, in the blood of these monsters of cruelty --- no, of stupidity. But I am too old. I gave all for power, and I used all my power to reconcile, to heal, to amend the matter. So at the end I find myself a toothless dog. Bigotry I could have beaten: it is this mountain of stupidity that crushes me. Shall I summon my {103} knights and join the Saracen army? That were only to change the balance, to change the cross, soaked in the blood of humanity, for the crescent, pale flame of madness. Oh could I destroy both! ... Forty years ago I strove to reconcile them by love, by sympathy. What came of it? A frolic crime, sterile as all my thoughts are. Nothing, nothing has ever come of anything that I have ever done. Yet that came nearest to success; for it was my one touch of love. I have never loved since, as most surely I had never loved before. She is dead long ago. ... Oh, these years of carnage! The Holy Sepulchre that hid the body of Him whose innocent blood was shed is not worth one drop of innocent blood --- like this. ["He bows, takes the blood on his finger and crosses his forehead with it."] The brand of Cain! Would it have saved her if I had thrust my poniard into that hypocrite's throat? I can do nothing but wait, binding chosen knights with an oath --- the oath of the Knights of the Royal Mystery ... that God is one; that to love God and man is enough. ... Peace, Tolerance, Truth. Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase. If I cry out "Down with tyranny! Down with superstition and imposture!" the first knight thinks me mad; the second that I have some politic baseness toward; the third that I mean Saracens; the fourth suspects the truth, and destroys me. Anon ... Anon ...

["He goes sorrowfully out."

CURTAIN.

{104}

"SCENE II. A few days later. A public place in Jerusalem. In the midst a stake with faggots. Seats for the dignitaries, some thirty or forty of whom are present, most with their ladies. There is present moreover a motley crowd of all classes of society, Christian and Saracen. Note especially" ISAAC, "a fat good-tempered Jew, and an" URCHIN "of some twelve years old. In front are jugglers, tumblers, singers and dancers, hucksters, etc., all of whom ply their trade merrily. The Official Procession now enters, the guard clearing away these folk. All take their seats, chatting. The bishop is enthroned, in full canonicals. He is supported by three acolytes, bearing bell, book and candle."

LAYLAH "brought in and bound to stake. The Bishop rises at a signal from the King, and begins a long declamation in Latin. The general confusion gradually subsides."

URCHIN.

Uncle Isaac, take me on thy stout shoulder. I want to see the witch burnt.

ISAAC.

All in good time. The holy Bishop is still cursing, I think.

BISHOP ["concluding, raises his voice to drown the general conversation"].

In Saecula Saeculorum. Amen!

ALL.

Amen!

K. OF J. ["enthroned near the Bishop"].

Let the sentence be executed.

["The Executioner brings forward his torch, which he lights at the" BISHOP'S "candle."

BISHOP ["blessing"].

Absolvo te.

["The Executioner thrusts his torch into the pyre. The" {105} "flames spring up. At this moment the wind suddenly rises in a fury, and the sky darkens. There is no light but the flicker of the straw."]

["All present are alarmed; many cry out."

BISHOP.

Witchcraft! ["He cowers on his throne."]

["The people move confusedly about, some trying to escape, others to get better places."]

K. OF J.

Keep order, guards!

["The guards restore order after a struggle."]

URCHIN.

O do lift me up, Uncle Isaac!

ISAAC.

What do you want to see a witch burnt for, boy?

["He takes the boy on his shoulder."]

URCHIN.

O, it's jolly!

ISAAC.

Well then, you're a fool for your pains. This woman isn't a witch at all. But she was a better and braver soldier than any of their knights, so when they caught her at last --- there you are!

URCHIN.

She's a Saracen, isn't she?

ISAAC.

Yes. If we only had a Jewess now-a-days like her! There was Deborah once, and Jael, and Judith. But the glory is departed, boy, the glory is departed.

URCHIN.

I'm a Saracen, you know.

ISAAC.

You're a heavy little old Man of the Sea!

URCHIN.

The flames are creeping up her body now. Oh! I'm so angry; I'm so angry.

ISAAC.

You mustn't be angry, or you'll never be fat.

URCHIN.

I don't want to be fat. I want to kill all the people.

ISAAC.

Well, well, you shall one day, if you're good.

URCHIN.

Yes, I will. {106}

ISAAC.

There, the wind has blown her robe open. What's that? Diamonds, by Abraham! What waste! What terrible waste!

RINALDO ["leaping from his seat"].

The scorpion!

["He rushes to the pure and clasps" LAYLAH "in his arms."]

Laylah! my one love!

LAYLAH.

Rinaldo!

RINALDO.

We might not live together. God is love; He lets us die together.

LAYLAH.

Together at last!

RINALDO.

You and I, love, you and I.

LAYLAH.

You and I.

["The flames blaze to heaven with a roar." RINALDO "and" LAYLAH "are blotted out."

URCHIN.

What has he done?

ISAAC.

He was trying to save his diamonds. That was the Grand Master of the Temple. It was his crest; she must have stolen it. A diamond scorpion! Oh dear! Oh dear!

URCHIN.

I'll be a dragon, with wings. They shan't burn me; I'll burn them.

ISAAC.

Of course, you will, you little fire-eater. What's your great name?

URCHIN.

Saladin.

CURTAIN.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06014.html>

37 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE EARTH

THE child of miracle to the world, greeting.

I reach my hands to the leaves and dabble in the dew: I sprinkle dew on you for kisses. I kneel down and hold the grass of the black earth to my bosom; I crush the earth to my lips as if it were a grape. And the wine of Demeter flushes my cheeks; they burn with joy of youth.

Why should I greet the world? Because my heart is bursting with love for the world. Love, say I? Why not lust? Is not lust strength, and merriment, and the famine that only the infinite can stay?

And why do I call myself the child of miracle? Because I have entered a second time into my mother's womb and am born. Because to the knowledge of manhood has come the passion, even the folly, of adolescence; with all its pride and purity.

It is for this that you see me lying upon the thick wet grass, unquenchable; or rejoicing in the fat black loam.

Now the manner of the miracle was this. In the beginning is given to a youth the vision of his mate. This one must he henceforth seek blindly; and many are the enchantments and disenchantments. Through this his vision fades; even his hunger dies away unless he be indeed Elect. But in the end it may be that God shall send him the other half of that Token {108} of Paradise. Then, if he have kept the holy fire alight, perhaps with much false fuel, that fire shall instant blaze and fill the temple of his soul. By its insistent energy it shall destroy even the memory of all those marsh-lights that came to greet it; and the priest shall bow down in the glory, and grasp the altar with his hands, and strike it with his forehead seven times. Now this altar is the earthen altar of Demeter.

Then understanding all things by the light of that love, he shall know that this is love, that this is the soul of the earth, that this is fertility and understanding, the secret of Demeter. Nay, (even!) the Oracle may speak in his heart and foretell or foreshadow the greater mysteries of Persephone, of Death the daughter of Love.

Those, too, who are thus reborn will understand that I who write these words am stretched on the wet earth on the day of Spring. It is night, but only the sea whispers of Persephone, as the stars intimate Urania whose mystery is the third, and beyond. My body is absorbed in scent and touch; for the consuming fire of my sight has burnt itself out to blindness, and in my mouth is only the savour of an infinite kiss. The moist earth burns my lips; my fingers search down about the roots of the grass. The life of earth itself is my life: I shall be glad to be buried in the earth. Let my body dissolve into hers, putrefy in her reviving limbeck. He never loved who let them case him in a coffin from the supreme embrace.

It is from the earth, bride of the sun, that all bodily strength derives. It is no figure that Antaeus regained all his force when he touched earth. It is no pedantry and folly of the Hindus, who (fearing bodily lust) isolate their acolytes from earth, no futility their doctrine

of Prana and the Tamo-Guna. {109} It is not mere faith healing, this hygiene of Father Kneipp, and his failures are those who retain decorum and melancholy, who follow the letter and not the spirit, cold-blooded treaders upon earth instead of passionate lovers of its strength.

It is no accident of mythology that the Titans made war upon the Gods, and in Prometheus overthrew them.

It was when Canute failed to drive back the sea that his dynasty was lost to that Norman William who caught hold of Mother Earth with both hands.

When I was a child I fell; and the scars of the earth are on my forehead at this hour.

When I was a boy I was hurt by the explosion of a buried jar of gunpowder; and the scars of the earth are on my face at this hour.

{WEH NOTE: The incidents recounted here are from Crowley's life. Francis Bendick, Martial Nay and some other names used in authorship of the "Equinox" are pseudo-names for Crowley, intended to conceal that it was largely the work of one person. There were other contributors, but after No. 6 most of the work was Crowley's.} Since then I have been the lover of the earth, that wooed me thus roughly. Many a night have I slept upon her naked breast, in forest and on glacier, upon great plains and upon lonely crags, in heat and cold, fair weather and foul; and my blood is the blood of the earth. My life is hers, and as she is a spark thrown off from the whirling brilliance of the sun, so do I know myself to be a spark of infinite God.

Seek earth, and heaven shall be added unto you! Back to our mother, drive the shining spade into her womb! Wrinkle her with your furrows, she will only smile more kindly!

Let your sweat, the sweat of your toil, which is your passion, drip like benediction from on High upon her; she will render corn and wine. Also your wife shall be desirable in your eyes all the days of your life, and your children shall {110} be strong and comely, and the blessing of the Most High shall be upon you.

Then let your grasp relax in the satiety of death, and your weight shall cumber the earth, and the little children of the earth shall make merry with you until the rose strike its root into your breast. Then shall your body be one again with the mother, and your soul one with the Father, as it is written in the Book of the Law.

All this have I been taught by her whose purity and strength are even as Earth's, chosen before the foundation of Time. Lioness with lion, may we walk by night among the ruins of great cities, when, weary with happiness too great even for our immortality, we turn from the fragrance and fertility of Earth. And at the sunrise return where the peopled valleys call us; where, bronzed and buoyant, our children sing aloud as they drive home the spade.

Glory be to the Earth and to the Sun and to the holy body and soul of Man; and glory be to Love and to the Father of Love, the secret Unity of things!

Glory be to the Shrine within the Temple, and to the God within the Shrine, to the Word and to the Silence that bore it unto Him that is beyond the Silence and the Speech!

Also thanksgiving in the Highest for the Gift of all these things, and for the maiden in whom all these things are found, for the holy body and soul of man, and for the sun, and for the earth. AMEN.

FRANCIS BENDICK.

{111}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06015.html>

28 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

SLEEP

Along the silver pathways of the moon,
(With lilies strewn to mark her passing hours)
A mighty goddess strays.
Her rapt eyes gaze in calm undying swoon,
Like stars in June that guard earth's sleeping flowers,
The guests of summer days.
Moving she plays some sweetly slumbrous tune,
As mothers croon; through faint AEolian showers,
Her mist-hung garment sways.

And in her shadow chaste as starlit snows,
A vestal goes, scattering sweet roses:
Roses deep-thorned and red ---
Whose leaves are shed in perfumed dreams, where glows
A world that blows and fairy-like discloses
The fields that Flora fled.
And some are sped where dream brings that repose
The thorn bestows --- (where naught that is, reposes) ---
Goring the sleeper's head.
ETHEL ARCHER.

{112}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06016.html>

44 captures
12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024
Sep FEB Mar
24
2021 2024 2025

About this capture
THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON
{113}

THE ORDEAL OF IDA PENDRAGON
"TO I, J, AND K"

I

THE RED HOUR THERE was myrrh in the honey of the smile with which Edgar Rolles turned from the facade of the Pantheon. "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante" --- he reflected that the grateful fatherland never gives her great men anything but a tomb.

Then the full blast of it struck him. The Gargantuan jest! The solemn ass that had devised the motto; the laborious ass that had put it up there; the admiring asses that had warmed their skinny souls at the false fire of its pompous sentimentality.

Perhaps he was the first to see the joke! He rocked and reeled with laughter --- to find himself caught, as he stumbled against a table, in the sturdy arms of a solidly built young woman, who --- he had in her a glance --- joined in Celtic harmony the robust brutality of the peasant to the decadent refinement of the latter Greek. The face of a Bacchanal, even of a satyr, perhaps; but a satyr of Raphael; the face of a madonna, perhaps; but a madonna of Rodin. Besides this, {115} she was seductive, alluring, a Messalina rather than an Aspasia. Chienne de race! She was young, and her lips rather sheered than smiled, rather gloated than sneered. One instinctively muttered the word "cannibal." She had a perfect and perverse enjoyment of life, a perfect and perverse contempt of life; the contempt of the philosopher, the enjoyment of the wallowing pig. Procus e grege Epicuri.

This much Edgar Rolles smelt rather than saw; for as he turned to her, he caught her eyes. They were the eyes of an enthusiast, of a saint, of an ascetic --- but of a saint who, strong in his agony through faith and hope and love, still endures the Dark Night of the Soul.

"You shall lunch with me, nice boy" (she said), "and beg my pardon for your stumble, and pay for your lunch by telling me what drives you mad with laughter at the sight of the Pantheon. Is it 'L'homme aux trois sous'?" For so the irreverent Frenchman, mindful of his daily need, calls Rodin's "Le Penseur."

"Mademoiselle," Said Rolles, "I accept your kind invitation; I abandon the Church for the Tavern." They turned into the Taverne du Pantheon, threading their way through the professors and their mistresses, a clever, incurious, domestic, fascinating crowd.

"I kiss your hands and your feet, and I will tell you the joke before lunch; so that you may repent in time if it is not amusing. In your ear, enchantress! The truth is --- I am a great man."

She saw it in a flash. "Then, my friend, I must bury you!"

"In your hair!" he cried. She had huge rolling masses of {116} brown-bronze hair, as if a great sculptor had wished to immortalise the sea in storm.

"Anoint me first," he added, with a low sob, suddenly clairvoyant of some vision of Christ and Magdalene.

"Need you die?" They were seated, and her hand fell on his lap. "Great men die never."

"Nor kind words," he retorted. "You have flattered me; tu veux me perdre." His English had no equivalent. She have a little shiver.

"What do you want?" he said, with the man's alarm when he at last meets the woman he may be able to love.

"Your body and soul," she answered solemnly; her eyes sank into his, like a dagger into the belly of a faithless Kabyle woman. "But beyond that, your secret! You know life, yet you can laugh from a mad heart!"

"It is easily said. I am going to London to-morrow. There they will make me bankrupt, because I love my neighbour better than myself, and prosecute me for blasphemy and indecency, because I uttered a few simple truths that everybody knows."

"Why, my friend, you will be famous!" she cried. "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!"

"Probably," said he. "Already I run to a full page in the American papers, my name intimately coupled with that of a duke's daughter whom I have never seen."

"Good, good!" she agreed --- "so much for fame. But are you really great? Your laughter was better than Zarathoustra! What is your real secret? Why did you love your neighbour? Why did you speak the truth? How did you come to know anything at all well enough to be able to laugh as {117} you laughed! Such abandonment to mirth implies a standard of seriousness unshakable."

"You are a witch," said he. "It is sorcery to know that I have a secret. But to discover it you must be an adept."

"I know this," she answered, making a secret sign.

"This," he retorted, with the mano in fica.

"If you can laugh at me," she said, "you must indeed be a great man!"

"Know," said he pompously, "that you speak to an Absolute Grand Patriarch of the Rite of Mizraim.

"A button!" she laughed back. "I was born to undo them. So I always wear laced boots."

"True enough," said Edgar Rolles. "I will take you seriously then. If you really understand the sign you gave me, you know that the mano in fica is but a caricature of the answer to it. Why are you painted and perfumed?"

"Because I am ambitious, may I not be vicious?" she rimed. "If I see anyone that seems likely to amuse me, I try and amuse him --- or her," she laughed. "Is not that the Golden Rule?"

"Well," said Edgar hesitatingly, "well ... "

"I am so abstemious, so self-restrained, that I fear the reproach of the ascetic. Love is my balancing-pole." She threw her arm round his neck, and her mouth shuddered on his in a long, deliberate, skilful kiss.

"Art?" sighed he, fallen back half fainting in his seat.

"Art concealed;" she glowed, radiant, intoxicated with her own enthusiasm.

"Yes," he agreed, "consummate art!" {118}

"And to all arts there is but One summit!" continued the girl.

"You are a "nymphomane," he said; "your aspiration is the lie you tell yourself."

She struck him across the face. "Devil;!" she cried, so loud that even in the Taverne Pantheon folk looked up and laughed, "have I not heard that from conscience since I was sixteen? A blow is the one answer possible."

"A blow is but your male desire," he said, unmoved.

"How shall I prove my truth?" she sobbed, disquieted and angry.

"Live it down, little girl," he said kindly. "Trust me; I will prove you and justify you. Afterwards!"

"Do you think! --- now --- ?" she began indignantly.

"I know it," said he. "In the grey light, to-morrow, we will talk."

She suddenly felt chill and afraid. "I am not ready," she said; "I am not worthy ..."

"It is to prove you worthy," said he, "that I was sent to you."

"Well, God aid me," said the girl. She was serious and almost sobbing, her face drawn and white beneath its paint. Her emotion added piquancy to her voluptuousness, pathos to her brute appeal.

"At this moment, of all moments? How should I find you? It was one chance in a million million."

Edgar lifted the knife that lay by his side. There was a fly on the tablecloth. Adroit and salmon-swift, he cut it fairly in half. "Bad luck on the fly?" he laughed. "But I did it. Chance only means ignorance of causes." {119}

"Then you believe in the Brothers?"

"As I revel in the kisses of your mouth," said the boy, crushing her face against his.

A rich gladness filled her eyes, moist gladness; one might say the first gush of an artesian well amid the seas of sand.

"Well," quoth she, cheerful and brisk, to let the mask fall on her blushing soul, "we have got through six dozen oysters and a devil of a lot of Burgundy. ... I wonder if I am hungry!" She looked him between the eyes.

"Hors d'oeuvres!" said Edgar. "I have a box for the Sam Hall fight."

"Oh do take me," she panted. "Will he beat Joe Marie?" she added, with a touch of anxiety. "He has the weight, and the experience, and the record."

"Fools are betting he will. My money is on the man with three years younger, six inches taller, and twelve inches longer reach to his credit. And a twenty-four times harder skull."

"It's his skin I love."

"The only thing a woman ever can love."

"And his activity."

"Exactly. You cannot understand Being, which is Peace."

"Don't! You are near "my" secret, now."

"Wait till the grey hours!"

She dropped three napoleons on the plate, and disdaining to wait for the change, took Edgar's arm in hers. They hailed a fiacre.

"By the way, I don't know your name," he began, as they clattered down the Boul' Mich'.
{120}

"Ida Pendragon. But call me Poppy, because my lips are red, because I give sleep, and death!"

A pause. "And you name, nice boy?"

"Edgar Rolles --- you may call me Monkshood."

"What --- "the" Edgar Rolles?"

"As ever is."

"Oh, they'll hang you! They'll certainly hang you! for that last book of yours. ... But you shall hang here first." Her long white fingers went to her neck, like a cuttle-fish feeling for its prey. Her eyes closed: her throat worked convulsively for a moment. Rolles too leaned back, pale with excitement. He drank the fresh air. Then, like a man shot, he lifted himself and fell forward, his head in the nest of her bosom.

"Please sit up and behave sensibly, Mr Rolles!" was the next word that fell on his ears. "We are crossing the Seine. Passion may not pass the gloomy river; here stalks Vice, and the Englishman on its heels. The very coffee sent son Anglais."

"Et les femmes," muttered Edgar.

She slapped his hand half fiercely.

"It's Poster Art of immorality."

"I remember going with an American girl to the Guignol once. They played a comedy one could have acted in a Sunday-school in Glasgow; but Verro-nika, as they called her, who didn't understand a word of French, said the atmosphere was one of the most awful lust. Poor girl! she had paid a lot to see Yurup and its wickedness. I had not the heart to undeceive her."

"You sympathised, and offered to take her away?" {121}

"Of course."

"And she preferred to stay?"

"Of course."

"Here's the Cirque, anyhow."

"We'll hope for a clean fight."

The second round was just over as they took their seats. Sam Hall was solid and furious, looking an ounce or two overtrained; Joe Marie looked hardly human, his black skin gleaming, his arms so long as to seem almost disproportionate. He seemed apathetic; he reminded one of indiarubber.

It was not till the sixth round that any warm exchanges took place. Then Ida sat up. Joe had sent a sharp upper cut to the Englishman's lip. She dug her nails into Rolles' hand, that lay idly on her knee. Sam Hall returned a blow on the heart that sent the negro staggering across the ring. He was after him like a flash, thinking to finish the fight; but the black countered unexpectedly hard, and the round finished in a clinch.

In the seventh round both men seemed cautious and afraid of punishment. Joe Marie, in particular, seemed half asleep. The lazy grace of his feints was admirable; he was tiring the Englishmen, and paying nothing for the advantage.

In the ninth round Sam Hall reached his eye; but he only laughed, and leapt at his opponent, rushing him to the ropes despite the extra stone and a half. In the furious exchanges both men gave and took a great deal of punishment. In a sense, it was bad boxing.

The tenth round showed Joe Marie awake at last. He led repeatedly, and thrice got home on the white man's face.

Ida was rubbing her body against Edgar's like a cat. {122} "He is like a black leopard," she purred. "Is anything in the world so beautiful as that lithe black body?"

"I have seen blood in the sunlight on a bull's shoulder," replied Rolles.

"I love to see the pure animal beat the mere brute. White men ought not to fight: they ought to think, and do lovely physical things, things gracious and of good report."

"Ida! my Ida! Could you see your nostrils twitching! I can imagine you fighting with all their fierceness, incapable of keeping to the rules of boxing."

"I hate you," she said. "In everything you see --- "

"Your lust of blood," he answered gravely.

"It is true," said Ida slowly. "There is no light of battle in your eye. You see it as a picture."

"It is a hieroglyph."

"But it is a fight!"

"I do not believe in fights. I only believe in beauty."

"Oh how true, how right your are! How noble!" She hid her face in her hands and began to cry to herself. "I see! I see! That is how God must see the universe, or He could never tolerate such cruelty, such idiotcy, ineptitude."

"Exactly. Suppose now that the world is only symbol --- I had rather say sacrament --- suppose for example that all these stars swimming in boundless aether are but corpuscles in the blood of some toy terrier of the Creator."

"You frighten me. I don't want to suppose."

"Think of the eternal battles of haemoglobin, oxyhaemoglobin, carboxyhaemoglobin in our blood. It is the same idea. Do we express sympathy for the fallen? Have we a stop-the-war party? On the contrary, we take good care that these {123} murderous conflicts shall go on. So when you call the God to whom you aspire 'The Compassionate,' 'The Merciful,' pray be very careful as to exactly what you mean!"

"I am cold. I am frightened. The world has fallen away from me. Take me away. Put me into the ordeal; I have nothing more to lose."

"In the grey hours of the morn."

But the crowd was already on its feet, cheering. Joe Marie had fallen on his opponent, now too weak to counter or to guard, and smashed him here, there, and everywhere. It was as one-sided as a man beating a carpet. Twice he knocked him through the ropes. The first time he rose unsteadily, only to fall instantly. The second time his friends, careless of the rules, helped him to rise. A mistaken kindness; the black rushed him round the ring under a hail of pitiless blows, and with a last smashing drive flung him clean through the ropes out of the ring before the referee had time to stop the fight.

Edgar Rolles drove Ida Pendragon back to his studio in Montparnasse. All the way she clung to him, sobbing like a child. He sat very still, save to caress her hair from which the turban had fallen. "It is the victory of Essence over Form," he mused, "of Matter over Motion. Woman is Form, and thinks Form is Being. Oh my God!" he started up. "I am a man. Suppose I, who am Being, think Being is Form! ... I cannot even attach a meaning

to the phrase! I am blinder than shorn Samson. Both must be equal, equally true, equally false, in His eyes wherein all is false and true, He being beyond them. Only the brains of a child --- of The Child --- can grasp it. 'Except ye become as little children, ye {124} cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven!' I am blinder than shorn Samson! ... Well, I'm in charge of Delilah at present, and here's the House where we don't admit Philistines! Get up, little girl!"

He lifted her gently from the fiacre and paid the driver. "Stamp!" said he, "stamp like Dr Johnson! The ground is firm."

"E pur si muove," murmured she, and clung (O illogical sex!) still closer to his arm.

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II

THE GREY HOUR "TO resume," observed Rolles as he removed the tea-tray, "since you have done no prescribed practices (wicked little sister!) you cannot banish the body by bidding it keep silence. So it must be banished by exhaustion, and the spirit awakened by a sevenfold dose of the Elixir."

"Have you the Elixir?" she asked, rather awed.

"It is entrusted to me," he answered simply. "To this laudable end I have appointed a sufficiency of Bisque Kadosh at the Cafe Riche, followed by Homard Cardinal and Truffles au champagne. With a savoury of my own invention. The truffles au champagne of the Cafe Riche are more to be desired than all the hashish dreams of all the wicked, and than all the divine dreams of all the good. We shall walk there, and drive back. This incense shall be kindled, and this lamp left burning."

He took a strange object from a locked cabinet. It had flowered chased pipes of gold, copper and platinum, coiling about an egg of crystal. The three snakes met just above the egg, as if to bite or to kiss. Rolles filled the egg with a pale blue liquid from a Venetian flask, then pressed the heads of the serpents just a little closer together. Instantly a coruscating flame leapt between them, minute, dazzling, radiant. It {126} continued to burn with a low hissing noise rarely interrupted by a dry crackle.

"It is well," said Rolles, "let us depart."

Ida Pendragon had not said a word. She put on her hat and followed to the door as fatalistically as the condemned man walks to the gallows. She had passed through anticipation; she was content to await what might be.

At the door she whispered, hushed in awe of the real silence of the room with its monotonous hiss, in his ear. "You have the Lamp. I almost begin to wonder if you have not the Ring!"

"This is a secret sign," he quoted, "and thou shalt not disclose it unto the profane.'
To-night yours be the ring --- the Eternal Ring, the Serpent to twine about my heart."

"Ah! could I crush it!"

He closed the door. Like a priest celebrating his first high mass he led her through Paris. Neither spoke. Only as they mounted the steps of the Cafe he took her arm and said, sharply and sternly: "Attention! From this moment I am Edgar Rolles, and you are Ida Pendragon. No more: not a thought of our real relation. Man and woman, if you will; beasts in the jungle, if you will; flowers by the wayside, if you will; but nothing more. Else you will not only fail in the ordeal, but you will be swept aside out of the Path. You were in greater danger than you knew this afternoon; you will yet pay the price."

"I understand," she said. "You devil! I love you." "And I love every inch of your white body!"

They ran laughing arm in arm through the swing doors.

. {127}

Edgar Rolles sat curled up Hindu fashion on his bed. The sacred lamp still hissed. At his side lay Ida, her arms stretched out cruciform. She hardly breathed; there was no colour in her face. One would have said the corpse of a martyred virgin. On her white body its own purity hovered like a veil.

Edgar Rolles watched the lamp, erect, attentive. It went out. Hardly a hint of grey filtered through the blackness. In his hands he held two threads. "One is black, and one is white, he mused, and only God knows which is which. So only God knows what is sin. In our darkness we who presume to declare it are liars --- charlatans, groping quacks at the best. Will the sun never dawn? For us on whom the lightning of ecstasy hath flashed for a moment --- 'much may be seen by its light' --- the light of the tempest. But the Light of the Silver Star? Oh, my Brothers (he began to speak aloud) give me wisdom as you have given me understanding! Knowledge and grace and power? These are nothing and less than nothing. Is not this a precious thing that you have given into my charge? Am not I too young among you to bear so wonderful a burden? It is the first time that I have dared so far. The Abyss! The Razor-Edge! Frail bridge and sharp! Yet is it not a ray of the Evening Star, a ray of Venus, of the Love Supernal! ... "

Can I tell black from white? It seems I can --- and then the certainty flickers, and I doubt. I doubt. I am always doubting. Perhaps a wise man grows angry, and declares his will. 'It shall be what o'clock I say it is,' or ... see ! I lay the threads on her white breast. No doubt remains."

Then clear and loud: "Ave Soror!" {128}

The girl, as it seemed mechanically, murmured the words "Rosae Rubeae."

"Et Aureae Crucis," he rejoined.

Then together, very slowly and distinctly: "Benedictus sit Dominus Deus Noster qui nobis dedit signum."

It seemed hardly possible that her voice joined his. The lips hardly moved; it was as if an interior voice spoke in her heart. Yet the room was suddenly filled with a pale green light --- or was it rosy? --- or was it golden? --- or was it like the moon? That was the strange thing about it. To every name one put to it an inward voice answered: No, not that; like that, but not quite that. Luminous, spectral, cloudy, shimmering --- it was all these, and something more.

He placed his hand upon the girl's forehead.

"Are you perfectly awake?"

"I am awake, frater."

"Can you give me the sign of your grade?"

"I must not move. But I am poised for diving, frater."

"The word?"

Haltingly came the answer: "Ar---ar---it---a."

"One is His beginning; one is His individuality; His permutation one. Do not forget it, little sister."

"Are you ready?"

"I am ready. Farewell --- farewell for ever!"

"Farewell."

He took his signet-ring, and pressed a spring. The bezel opened and disclosed a small jewelled wheel, divided into many compartments. He pressed a second spring. The wheel began to revolve, and in the silence sang a tiny tune. {129} It was a faint tinkle, like a distant cow-bell, or like a chime heard far off, heard from the snow. There was an icy quality in the note.

"Where are you?"

"I --- I ---" she broke off.

His eyes lit with joy.

"I am in the sand; I am buried to the waist in the sand. I see nothing but sand."

His face fell again.

"What is sand?" he asked.

"Oh --- just sand, you know. Leagues and leagues of sand; like a great bowl of sand."

"But what is sand?"

"Sand --- oh! sand is God, I suppose." There was a patience and weariness in her voice, as of one who has suffered long and is at rest, or convalescent.

"And who are you?"

She did not answer the question. "Now I see sky," she said. "Sky is God, too, I think."

"Then do you see God?"

"Oh no! I think I am God, somehow. It is all like it was before, long ago. I was once a spider in the sand. God is a spider; the Universe is flies. I am a fly, too. ... And now the desert is full of flies."

Roller bit his lip; his face was drawn with pain. At that moment he looked an old man.

"Black flies," she went on. "Horrible white maggots. And now there are corpses. The maggots play about their mouths and eyes. There are three corpses that were God when they were alive. I killed Him. That was {130} when I was a camel in the sand. Now there are only my bones."

"It may be only a veil," he muttered, not wishing her to hear. But she heard.

"It is a veil," she said. "But is there anything behind veils?"

"Look!"

"Only the sand."

"Tear it down!"

"There might be Nothing behind."

"There is Nothing behind. It is through that that you must pass."

"This veil is God. I am a holy nun in the trance called Rampurana. I am canonised. My name is on every banner. My face is worshipped by every nation. I am a pure virgin; all the others are soiled. Thought is worse than deed. All my thoughts are holy. I think. I think. I think. By the power of my thought I created the Word; and by the Word came the Worlds. I am the creator. I will write my law upon tablets of jade and onyx."

Rolles bowed his head in silence.

"I am thought itself," she went on quietly. "And all thought is I. I am knowledge. All knowledge is in three. Three hundred and thirty-three. I am half the Master. I have cut him in two."

The adept shuddered.

"That was when I was an axe. I will not be an arrow. I will be an axe. ..." She gave a giggle.

"I am gleeful by reason of hate."

There was a pause. {131}

"And I am gleeful because I am reason. ..."

"All reason ends in two. I have cut the Master in two."

"Can she pass through?" wondered Edgar. "Is it a fault to be identified so well with that which she beholds?"

"There are devils," she cried. "Black, naked screaming devils. They touch, and at a touch each oozes back to his slime. This slime is Chaos."

"Ararita!" he breathed the word upon her brow.

"Don't touch me! don't touch me!" she screamed. "I am holy! I am God! I am I!" Her face was black and distorted with sudden passion.

"It's quite different to my own experience in many ways," thought the watcher. "Yet --- is it not the essence of all ordeal, all initiation, that it should be unexpected? Otherwise, the candidate would have passed through the gate before he approached it. Which is absurd."

The last word must have been audible.

"Absurd!" she cried. "Indeed, it is not absurd. It is all rational. It is you who are absurd."

"Do you understand what you are saying?"

"No! No! I hate all who understand. I will bite them. I will bite their waists." Dropping her voice suddenly: "That was when I was a mouse-trap."

"Dear God! this is like delirium."

"Oh! go on about God. I don't mind God. I could tell you wonderful things about what I have done to God. I was a Nonconformist preacher once: I had secret sins. They were mine! Mine! How proud I was of them! Every Sunday I used to preach against the sin that I had done most in the week. There are many butterflies in the desert; {132} ever so many more than one would think. This proves that God is good. And then, you see, there are beetles. Beetles and beetles. And scorpions. Dear little amber beasts. There! one has stung me. It is the sacrament of hate. I will sleep in a bed of scorpions and rose-leaves. Scorpions are better than thorns. Why do I wander about naked? And why do I thirst? And this torment of cold? It ought to be hot in the desert. And it isn't. Now that proves --- oh yes, my cat! you shall have milk. I will strike a rock for you. Milk and honey."

She started up suddenly, and put her hands to her face, then threw them round his neck.

"Edgar, darling!" she cried, "your pussy has had such a dreadful dream. Come and love his girl!"

He dared not tell her that she had tried and failed, that she had come come {sic} back as she set out. He flung his will into that act of mercy; his kisses ravished her into delight.

It was late morning when they woke, faint with rapture, fresh kisses blossoming on their young lips, as the sun himself lit their awakening with his love.

Only then came memory, and solemnity, and sorrow.

"I must catch the four o'clock," he said, as he left her; "one of these addresses always finds me. Telegraph if you need me. I would come from the ends of the earth, if I must: but you know the Brothers? When you need me really I shall be at your shoulder. O my darling! my darling!" he broke out, falling to tenderness, half human and half superhuman; "how I love you! how I love you! I hate going to England."

"Oh yes! your martyrdom! I wish I were worthy to share it." {133}

"God! God! why must we part? It's my fool vanity that makes me want the martyrdom. And all the time I only want you."

"But you're not only Edgar Rolles."

"And when I return, be more than Ida Pendragon. Keep a stout heart, wench!"

So, with a thousand tear and kisses, they parted. She would not come to see him off; her self-command was weakened alike by her new love and by the terrible ordeal that she had undergone. Her mind remembered nothing of it --- such is the merciful order of things; but her soul, beaten with rods, was sore.

So Edgar Rolles went to England to his martyrdom, with a lock of her hair in his pocket-book; and he turned martyrdom to battle, and battle to victory. Kingdoms have been won for an eyelash, before now.

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III

THE BLACK HOUR "DISGUSTING!" said Ida Pendragon. She was at the Luxembourg Gallery, regarding a too faithful portrait of an orator addressing his constituents. She spoke over her shoulder to the long negro, Joe Marie. His eyes rolled, and his hands twitched, and his thick mouth grinned. He seemed to sniff her hair. A pitiable creature --- a tamed leopard. All smiles and yes! yes! to a discourse of whose purport he had no idea.

"Realism!" she went on. "We want truth, but we want beauty too. We don't want what our silly eyes call truth. We want the beauty that is seen by artists' souls. A photograph is a lie because a camera is not a God. And we would rather the truth coloured by the artist's personality than the lie that his mere eyes tell him. The women of Bougureau and Gerome are more like what the eyes tell one of life than the women of Degas and Manet. I want the truth of Being, not the truth of Form. Do you hear?" she cried, "I want truth, I want Truth."

"I want you," said Joe Marie.

"We are both in trouble, then," she smiled back. "And perhaps if we had our wish, we should both be disappointed. Now I am going home to write letters, and if you are good you shall lunch with me to-morrow." {135}

"Then let me pay! I want to pay for your lunch."

"You shall have a great treat, Joe! I have a friend and his girl coming, too. You shall pay for all of us."

The negro beamed. "Ida Pendragon!" he spluttered. "I love you, Ida Pendragon."

"And Ida Pendragon loves her leopard. Now leave me." She glanced round. They were alone in the gallery.

"You may kiss the back of my neck, if you like."

The negro buried his head between her shoulders.

She shivered; her hair hissed under his kiss. She writhed round, and gave her mouth to his for one clinging moment. Then she pushed herself away, and he, poor troubled animal, went swiftly and sleekly from the room. At the corner he staggered. The girl saw it; her smile was like sheet lightning.

A quarter of a mile away, at that moment, Edgar Rolles was tearing the edges from a "petit bleu."

"I am paying the penalty," he read. "Lunch with me at Lavenue's at one to-morrow. Bring a girl."

"Right," said he. "But I wonder what she means." And he strolled out to the Dome to find good-hearted Ninon, "la grande hysterique" of the Quarter, half-mad and wholly amorous, half gamine and half great lady, satiated and unsatisfied indeed, but innocent withal. La Dame de Montparno they called her; she dominated her surroundings without effort. Yet none could analyse or explain the fascination to which all surrendered. She had more friends than lovers, and no one ever told a lie about her, or let her want for anything.

She welcomed the invitation with joy. "Ida Pendragon!" {136} she said, "oh! I know the type. Name of a tigress ..." and she rattled off a story of a stag-hunt at Fontainebleau in which the Cornish girl had played the principal, an incredible part.

The cafe pricked up its ears, and dissolved in laughter at the culminating impossibility.

But Edgar Rolles only frowned. "I am sorry for Ida," he said slowly. "If your story were true I should be glad; but she is only the painter with his palette mixing paints: she never gives her soul up to the canvas. Tigress? yes: but not the Bodhi-sattva who let the tigress eat him. She always wins; she cannot lose. As the proverb says: 'Lucky at play, unlucky in love --- and 'God is love.'"

"Listen! he is saying the Black Mass again," cried Ninon, and springing on a table began the Dance of the Postman's Knock, just then the rage of Montparnasse before the infection spread to Paris and London. A Polish youth jumped on to the table opposite and joined her; in a minute the whole cafe was aflame with it.

But Edgar Rolles, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and the threat of tears in his eyes, was walking back to his studio.

"If only life were folly!" he sighed. "But the silliest things we do are wisdom --- somehow, somewhere ----"

And he let himself in.

* * * * *

The lunch in the private room at Lavenue's was secretly amusing. Joe Marie had only dog's eyes for Ida; Ninon amused herself by trying to distract him. Edgar held forth at length upon Art, passionlessly expository. {137}

"Art," said he, "and do not imagine that Art or anything else is other than High Magic! --- is a system of holy hieroglyph. The artist, the initiate, thus frames his mysteries. The rest of the world scoff, or seek to understand, or pretend to understand; some few obtain the truth. The technical ability of the artist is the lucidity of his language; it has nothing to do with the degree of his illumination. Bougereau is better technically than Manet; he explains more clearly what he sees. But what does he see? He is the priest of a false God. Form has no importance except in this sense; we must not be revolted by the extravagance of new symbolic systems. Gauguin and Matisse may live to be understood. We acquiesce in the eccentricities of Raphael."

Ida gave a little laugh of pleased scorn of him.

"My good girl, perspective is an eccentricity, a symbol; no more. How can one ever represent a three-dimensional world in two dimensions? Only by symbolism. We have acquiesced in the method of the primitives --- do you think men and women are really like Fra Angelico's pictures look to the eye of the untaught? We may one day acquiesce in all the noughts and crosses of Nadelmann! It's the same everywhere. I draw a curve and a circle and a waggle up and down; and everybody who can read English is perfectly satisfied that I mean that placid ruminant, female, herbivorous, and lactiferous, to which we compare our more domesticated courtesans and our less domesticated policemen. So Being is not in Form; it is however only to be understood through Form. Hence incarnations. The Universe is only a picture in the Mind of the Father, by which He wishes to convey --- what? It is our Magnum Opus to discover what He means! Hence 'the eye {138} of faith.' Mere eyesight tells us that a plaster mould is truer to nature than the greatest masterpiece of Phidias; so does science, with her gross calipers. Sensible men prefer a good photograph of nature to a bad landscape. The photograph shows them the view of their own normal eye through the medium of an accepted symbolism; the picture shows the view of an indifferent bad soul through a medium of mud. But Corot! But Whistler! But Morrice! Corot sees a wood, and paints Pan; Bougereau sees a pretty model, and paints a pretty model. He doesn't paint Woman. Morrice paints the Venice of Byron, of our historic and voluptuous dreams; not the Venice of the Yankee and the churning steamers. Raphael found Madonna in his mistress; Rembrandt a queen of sombre passion and seduction in his wife. In one way or another we must get to God's meaning through a medium that itself is meaningless."

"Just as through dejeuner we get to the dessert!" laughed Ida, who had something more to say than her face showed. All through lunch she had allured the big black savage, until beneath her glances he was in agony. All the primitive passions fought one another in his heart. He could have killed Rolles for the very nonchalance of his small-talk. It hurt

him that anyone should speak to Ida save in words of love. Equally, he could have killed him for a trace of inflection in his voice.

Edgar Rolles understood his torture, understood the suppressed intensity of Ida's purpose, though he could not guess its nature. Somehow he distrusted the event.

"Take literature!" he went on, in that even vigilant voice of his. "Take Zola with his million marshalled facts. What {139} do they matter? Nothing. We get the truth about the Second Empire --- and if Zola's facts were all false, it would not alter the truth he came to tell, poor, provincial, time-serving truth as it is."

"Take Ibsen! It is no accusation to say that Norwegians never act as his characters do; no defence to prove that Norwegians always do act so. It has nothing to do with the question. Romeo and Juliet make love in English --- nobody minds! Macbeth is not obliged to say, 'Hoots! ma leddy!' every time he addresses his wife. The fool who bothers with local colour misses the sunshine. The man with the burette misses the sea. Some pious Dutchman of yore, who wanted to paint Abraham and Isaac, gave the old man a blunderbuss. Why not? You can shoot your soon with a blunderbuss! I tell you it's all symbolism, all hieroglyphics. Take Wagner!"

"Take a cigarette," said Ida.

He shrugged his shoulders, and surrendered to the event.

"Mr Rolles," she said, "it is your advice on life that we are asking. Let us talk seriously. This dear boy (she took the negro's lips in her slim fingers and pinched them) likes me."

"I love her! I would die for her!" broke in the black, crying with pleasure and pain, utterly unable to hold himself in. He caught the table to draw himself to it, so violently that two glasses fell. "I love her! I love her! I want her."

"Hush, Joe! Well, you see, Mr Rolles, I love him too. ..." Rolles flashed one glance at her. She would not see it. --- "I love him passionately, indeed I do. Oh, I love him, I love him!"

She threw herself on the broad chest of the boxer and hid {140} her face. His long arms wound convulsively round her. His eyes seemed to start from his head; foam gathered on his dry lips; he could not speak. The breath came through his dilated nostrils hot and fierce; one would have said a bull in the arena. She disengaged herself.

"You see, he wants to marry me. I love him! I want to be with him for ever. But ---" the great fighter was limp in his chair. "It is difficult," she went on. "There are complications. My mother ..."

Edgar Rolles detected the false note in her voice. He understood. He was angry, angry at his implication in such an affair. His teeth snapped.

"Yes?" he said, though he wanted to shout, to break the furniture.

"We cannot marry," she went on, and this time the mordant malice almost tore her silky pathos with a rending shriek. "So, Joe ...". She turned her great eyes on him, lustrous, pleading.

"I want you!" was all he said. But his voice was like the low and terrible cry of an elephant.

"You would not make me" --- she hesitated a moment --- "you would not make me --- "impure?" Her inflection was low and tremulous; but the Caucasians understood. It was like the scream of the typhoon, ripping the sails.

Ninon broke into a high hysterical sob of utmost laughter. She had not seen such a comedy since --- she had never seen such a comedy. What a dull brute that black creature was!

Edgar Rolles rose with a jerk. He did not know what was coming.

And then light dawned in the dense brain of the African. {141} The thousand meshes of her spider web were torn. He understood. He understood that she cared nothing, had never cared, would never have given a hair of her head or all his body and soul. Understanding was to his brain a momentary death.

Then with a silent snarl he sprang at her. She and her chair crashed backwards to the floor, and the black leopard was upon her, his teeth sunk in her throat.

Edgar Rolles was only just in time. His boot caught the murderer behind the ear --- and Edgar Rolles had played football.

The beast was dead.

Edgar stooped and caught her up, blood leaping from her throat, while Ninon, shriek upon shriek rising in torment, rushed to rouse the people of the restaurant.

"Oh, my brother," gasped the girl. "Could you not understand? I wanted to die, so."

There were her last words for long.

Lavenue's was a storm of chattering and gesticulating fools. The police pushed them aside. The corpse to the mortuary; the girl to the hospital; the man to the Poste. Ninon, wringing her hands and crying and laughing, had run like a Bacchante up the Boulevard to the Dome.

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IV

THE HOUR OF GOLD IT was easy to satisfy French justice. Ida Pendragon was compared to several early Christian martyrs whose names I have forgotten; Edgar Rolles was asked to sit for a picture of St George by Follat, the success of the year's salon. Humanitarian papers urged the law to suppress boxing and its brutalities. Texans in Paris argued and rejoiced; Parisians in Texas went with a clear conscience to such lynchings as occurred.

Ida was convalescent. She would never lose the awful scars that jagged her throat; but would her face ever lose its mysterious exaltation? When Edgar saw her, he was almost afraid to understand. Leaving her, he went through the heart of Paris to a certain house. He wished to be certain; he wished to consult a Brother of the Silver Star.

Now it is very easy to find a Brother, when you know the password. But it is not always easy to get that Brother to tell you what you want. He is almost certain to be exceedingly rude; he is extremely likely to insist on talking common sense, which is annoying when you go for exalted mysticism; and quite possibly he may just nod, and continue his labours, which is maddening when your business is of the highest importance to you, and to him, and to the Brotherhood {143} itself, not to mention humanity --- while he is occupied in playing spillikins, and further insults you by explaining that he is trying to prove that, if you only do it carefully enough, you can detach planets from the solar system without hurting it.

On this occasion, however, Rolles was fortunate enough to find the Brother whom he knew at leisure --- even for him. His feet were on the mantelpiece; a long pipe was in his mouth, and he was twiddling his thumbs.

"Ave, Frate!" said he, as Rolles entered. "Also Vale. How you young brothers manage to find trouble!"

"Miss Pendragon will be out of the hospital in four days," began Edgar in explanation.

"Lucky dog!" said the great man. "But the funny thing is that I am in trouble too."

"Oh! I am sorry."

"I wonder if you could help. It's this way. Sometimes I twiddle my thumbs so --- we call that the plus direction: and sometimes "so" --- the minus direction. Now I lost count years and years ago; and so whichever way I twiddle, I may be getting further and further from equality. Then how --- I ask you! --- may man attain to the Universal Equilibrium?"

"Wouldn't it be safer not to twiddle at all?" suggested Rolles meekly.

"Inglorious youth!" retorted the Brother. "Base Buddhist! So you could never equalize

the count! No! My plan is --- always to widdle one way. It is an even chance that my way is right."

"But if you should be wrong?"

"I shall be damned, I suppose." {144}

"And if you should succeed, and equalise the count?"

"I have no idea."

"But ----"

"Ungenerous, unsympathetic youth! I wager you have not divined my difficulty?"

"It "all" seems very difficult."

"But my supreme, my crushing doubt?"

"I cannot guess, sir."

"This! In your ear, my young friend. This! I cannot remember which way always to twiddle."

Rolles drew back dazed.

"Read Nietzsche!" snapped the Brother.

"But --- but ---" he stammered. "Oh! this is it. Miss Pendragon comes out in four days' time ..."

"I wish you'd learnt twiddling," said the Brother sadly.

"But what am I to do, sir?"

"Twiddle, you damned fool!"

"I know you always mean something ..."

"Never. There is Nothing to mean!"

"Oh!"

"Be off, I can't be bothered with you --- be off! I send you packing. Is that" clear?"

"You have nothing to say to me?"

"What have I been saying this priceless past fourteen minutes twenty-seven seconds? Ape! Goat! Imbecile! Dullard! Poopstick! Do you think one can recover lost time? One must talk English to you --- English, you hotel blotting-paper, you unabsorbent wad of pulp! English, you Englishman!"

Rolles nearly lost his temper at the final insult. {145}

"Well, then, I send you packing. Go and pack, dolt! Pack! Trunks, portmanteaux, bags, boxes, and for the Lord's sake pack some brains! Take the girl to Jericho or Johannesburg, and get some sense, and triplets, if you can!"

"Twiddle so --- Being! Twiddle "so" --- Form! Balance them, cheating grocer! Nation of shopkeepers! Twiddle! Twiddle! Twiddle! Isn't the Balance in the Babe? Teach her to understand children!" The Brother paused to re-light his pipe, thrusting the bowl into the glowing carbon of the grate.

"To understand children? It is hard. But we love children, sir."

"And what the devil is the difference between love and understanding? If you have one, you have the other. Oh, twiddle, twiddle! --- You can send me one of those rotten paper knives from Jericho, added the adept more peaceably. With the rotten Sephardi pointing --- blasphemers! And here! don't "you" blaspheme, young feller my lad. You've got a good woman: make the most of her."

"A great woman, perhaps."

"A good woman. In the next siege of Paris I hope I shall not have to boil your head; I prefer thick soup. A good woman. A sister of the Silver Star, my good goat!"

"I do not understand, master!"

"You never will, I think. O generation of vipers! O prosy princox! O coxcomb of Kafoozelum!"

"I beg your pardon, sir! You know she failed in the abyss?"

"I? You? This is intolerable. Give me mere Hafiz! Here, thickhead! she was your mistress, I suppose? Most women in Paris seem to be." {146}

"Sir!"

"Yes or no? Well, silence gives consent --- No! she wasn't! You lie! she never gave herself but once --- go and look at the mark on her throat!"

Rolles reeled back, stunned by the bludgeon truth.

"I am no Fool!"

"Not by a long chalk! Keep your end up, and you'll be a Magus in this life yet, though. In the meantime --- oh, be a Devil!"

The younger man divined the infinite love and wisdom beneath the brusquerie of the Brother.

His eyes filled with tears.

"I'll win her, sir, by God!" he said enthusiastically.

"Lose yourself to her. Only so. Off now, boy! I am busy. I must twiddle---twiddle---twiddle."

Edgar bowed and went. He could not trust himself to speak: the Love that was the whole being of the Brother melted the snow of his soul. He loved. Not Ida, not the world, not anything. It was pure love; love without object, love as love is in itself. He did not love; he was Love.

But he strode straight back to Ida Pendragon. Before she left her bed, they were married. A week later they drove through the cool swift air to the South; and there, among the vines, they learnt how --- once in a century --- the phoenix Passion may rise from the fire of Vice, and how in the beak of the phoenix proved by the fire is the ring of Love.

* * * * *

A year later. They were in a villa at Mustapha. The sea and sky strove enviously which should best answer the sun's question with the word blue. {147}

But Ida Pendragon, pale and fragile as rare porcelain, twisted herself and found no peace. Edgar bent over her, as vigilant as on the night of her first ordeal. In the shadow stood a physician; at the bedside sat a nurse, and in her arms a child.

"Brother!" she said faintly, "the number of the grade is Three, and I have given myself three times. Once to the brute, once to the man --- my man! (her hand pressed his, oh! too feebly!) and now --- to God!" The tears sprang to his eyes.

"It is for you," she whispered, "to understand the child."

She fell back. The physician ran forward. He knew that he had no useful purpose there: but he motioned Edgar away. Too late. Edgar had understood the Event.

He fell upon the dead girl's breast, crash!

The nurse shook herself, half angrily, as a retriever shakes off water. Then she put the child into his arms.

MARITAL NAY

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06017.html>

43 captures

27 Sep 2001 - 24 Feb 2024

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

The eye of Fate is closed; the olden doom
Lies in the wrack of things. There is no sigh;
Only the wind cries through the lonely woods,
And the barren motherhood of the world is manifest
Shamelessly; in the dank, pale Autumn woods
The fallen leaves lie squelching under the feet
Of the desolate gnomes; and now the birds are silent,
And the streams flow sluggishly through the veins of the world.
Dark gray and cloudy, the skies no more are blue,
And grayness reigning solitary makes music
Drearly through the wind-harp. The dripping rain
Soddens the earth, and the stones lie thick and wet
Among the leaves; and the trees wave naked arms
In despair to the sky. The light is quickly dying,
And there is no more day; the dull red sun ---
A sore and aching eye in a face of gray ---
Droops down to slumber. All the world is dead.

Rose! Rose! Where art thou? O my Rose, my Rose!
My secret Rose, art lost among the gray?
There is no voice in the silence; in the woods
The brownness glistens under the weeping rain, {149}
And I am in despair of Thee and Time.
Weeping the trees, and all the streams grown sullen
Under the lowering skies, and the bitter winds.
There is no living thing in the temple of Summer,
And the ashes of Spring lie cold on the hearth of day.

Gray dreams again! And all my hope is fled.

Gray dreams, gray dreams, and the day is tired and dead.
The bitter aftermath of Summer brings
Time's memory back to the world: there are no stings,
In the world's pain, but only bitterness
Of the memory of Time; no sore distress,
Save for the thought of Summer waned and dead,
And faded with the gold skies overhead,
And the young green beneath; ah! secret Rose,
Here in the heart of the woods I pluck thee forth,
Fraught with the swell of Summer, crimson-bright!
And for the world under the stars to-night ---
It shall be thine, and thine the star that draws
The world to worship thee: the days are fled
Under the heavens; there is no more sun,
And no more love; the world is hushed and dead.

Slim-passing dryad through the lonely woods!
I will follow thee in the paths of dank decay;
Decadent Autumn, with thy lonely broods
Of active gnomes, and little red-capped Fays,
Feasting in the Summer dead under the trees
Dripping with Autumn rains --- ah! take me too,
Me too into the silence of the past, {150}
The grave of desolation! I am weary
Of all things; let me sleep my life away!

The breast of Fate is pregnant with despair
Got on her by the piercing shaft of Time.
Ah! Unborn child of Fate and Time, I am weary
Of them that gave thee birth. Shall I love thee?
O darling, wilt thou come to me in the silence,
Saying: I hear the mystery of Time,
And the secret of Fate? I know not yet, but surely
Thou shalt know of the Rose, the rose, the Rose of the world;
With thee shall I bear the chalice of blood-tipped lilies,
The chalice of red, sweet lilies under the moon?

But now there is no moon, nor any sun;
The world's gray noon only is for thee and me;
There is no sound in the nerveless silences
Of the fading world; there is a quiver of light
On the river of life; we are unwed, my Rose,
Nor knoweth each the other; we are undone,
My Rose, my secret Rose, my unknown Rose!

And still the Autumn woods are rustling dumbly

With sodden leaves made brown by wind and rain;
And the satyrs are fled under the earth to hide
From the sunless world, and the nymphs are faded to air,
To be reborn in the sun-light: there is no more joy,
For mournfulness is fallen on the world,
And decadence and decay and the odour of eld. {151}

The spirit sleeps; the Rose of the world is buried
Under the soil of every star that glows,
A hanging lamp, under the firmament.
There shall be no more roses, no more roses,
Until the spring of the stars shall fall on the world.
Then shall be light again, O secret Rose,
And thou shalt be born anew, with radiant star-light
For dew, and all thy petals shall be dreams
Crystallised of the gods who swing the chains
Of the worlds in space; and at the heart of thee
Shall be the secret knowledge, the sacred word,
The logos of the throbbing universe.

And the years shall pass in myriads over the tree
Whereon thou bloomest, O my Rose of the worlds!
And one shall pluck thee forth, and love and death
Shall lie together, and there shall be born
He who shall bear for ever into life
The rose-tipped lilies under the silent stars,
The silent stars, and the red-blushing roses.

O Rose, my Rose of the world, my Rose of Roses,
Thou shalt be born anew, and live for ever!

VICTOR J. I. NEUBURG.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no6/eqi06018.html>

36 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

THE DANGERS OF MYSTICISM

"AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO

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A CURIOUS idea is being sedulously disseminated, and appears to be gaining ground, that mysticism is the "Safe" Path to the Highest, and magic the dangerous Path to the lowest.

There are several comments to be made on this assertion. One may doubt whether anything worth doing at all is free from danger, and one may wonder what danger can threaten the man whose object is his own utter ruin. One may also smile a little grimly at the integrity of those who try to include all Magic under Black Magic, as is the present trick of the Mystic Militant here on earth.

Now, as one who may claim to a slight acquaintance with the literature of both paths, and to have been honoured by personal exposition from the adepts of both paths, I believe that I may be able to bring them fairly into the balance.

This is the magical theory, that the first departure from the Infinite must be equilibrated and so corrected. So the "great Magician," Mayan, the maker of Illusion, the Creator, must be met in combat. Then "if Satan be divided against Satan, how can his kingdom stand?" Both vanish: the illusion is no more. Mathematically, $1 + (-1) = 0$. And this path is symbolised in the Taro under the figure of the {153} Magus, the card numbered 1, the first departure from 0, but referred to Beth, 2, Mercury, the god of Wisdom, Magic and Truth.

And this Magus has the twofold aspect of the Magician himself and also of the "Great Magician" described in Liber 418 (EQUINOX, No. V., Special Supplement, p. 144).

Now the formula of the mystic is much simpler. Mathematically, it is $1 - 1 = 0$. He is like a grain of salt cast into the sea; the process of dissolution is obviously easier than the shock of worlds which the magician contemplates. "Sit down, and feel yourself as dust in the presence of God; nay, as less than dust, as nothing," is the all-sufficient simplicity of his method. Unfortunately, many people cannot do this. And when you urge your inability, the mystic is only too likely to shrug his shoulders and be done with you.

This path is symbolised by the "Fool" of the Tarot, who is alike the Mystic and the Infinite.

But apart from this question, it is by no means certain that the formula is as simple as it seems. How is the mystic to assure himself that "God" is really "God" and not some demon masquerading in His image? We find Gerson sacrificing Huss to his "God"; we find a modern journalist who has done more than dabble in mysticism writing, "This mystic life at its highest is undeniably selfish"; we find another writing like the old lady who ended her criticism of the Universe, "There's only Jock an' me'll be saved; an' I'm no that sure o' Jock"; we find another who at the age of ninety-nine foams at the mouth over an alleged breach of her {154} alleged copyright; we find another so sensitive that the mention of his name by the present writer induces an attack of epileptic mania; if such are really "united with" or "absorbed in" God, what of God?

We are told in Galatians that the fruits of the Spirit are peace, love, joy, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and somewhere else, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Of these evil-doers then we must either think that they are dishonest, and have never attained at all, or that they have united themselves with a devil.

Such are "Brethren of the Left Hand Path," described so thoroughly in Liber 418 (EQUINOX, No. V., Special Supplement, pp. 119 "sqq.").

Of these the most characteristic sign is their exclusiveness. "We are the men." "Ours is the only Way." "All Buddhists are wicked," the insanity of spiritual pride.

The Magician is not nearly so liable to fall into this fearful mire of pride as the mystic; he is occupied with things outside himself, and can correct his pride. Indeed, he is constantly being corrected by Nature. He, the Great One, cannot run a mile in four minutes! The mystic is solitary and shut up, lacks wholesome combat. We are all schoolboys, and the football field is a perfect prophylactic of swelled head. When the mystic meets an obstacle, he "makes believe" about it. He says it is "only illusion." He has the morphino-maniac's feeling of bien-etre, the delusions of the general paralytic. He loses the power of looking any fact in the face; he feeds himself on his own imagination; he {155} persuades himself of his own attainment. If contradicted on the subject, he is cross and spiteful and cattish. If I criticise Mr X, he screams, and tries to injure me behind my back; if I say that Madam Y is not exactly St. Teresa, she writes a book to prove that she is.

Such persons "swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw, Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread," as Milton wrote of a less dangerous set of spiritual guides.

For their unhappy followers and imitators, no words of pity suffice. The whole universe is for them but "the glass of their fool's face"; only, unlike Sir Palamedes, they admire it. Moral and spiritual Narcissi, they perish in the waters of illusion. A friend of mine, a solicitor in Naples, has told me strange tales of where such self-adoration ends.

And the subtlety of the devil is shown particularly in the method by which such neophytes are caught by the Black Brothers. There is an exaggerated awe, a solemnity of diction, a vanity of archaic phrases, a false veil of holiness upon the unclean shrine. Stilted affectation masquerades as dignity; a rag-bag of mediaevalism apes profundity; jargon passes for literature; phylacteries increase about the hem of the perfect prig, prude, and Pharisee.

Corollary to this attitude is the lack of all human virtue. The greatest magician, when he acts in his human capacity, acts as a man should. In particular, he has learnt kindheartedness and sympathy. Unselfishness is very often his long suit. Just this the mystic lacks. Trying to absorb the lower planes into the higher, he neglects the lower, a

mistake no magician could make. {156}

The Nun Gertrude, when it came to her turn to wash up the dishes, used to explain that she was very sorry, but at that particular moment she was being married, with full choral service, to the Saviour.

Hundreds of mystics shut themselves up completely and for ever. Not only is their wealth-producing capacity lost to society, but so is their love and good-will, and worst of all, so is their example and precept. Christ, at the height of his career, found time to wash the feet of his disciples; any Master who does not do this on every plane is a Black Brother. The Hindus honour no man who becomes "Sannyasi" (nearly our "hermit") until he has faithfully fulfilled all his duties as a man and a citizen. Celibacy is immoral, and the celibate shirks one of the greatest difficulties of the Path.

Beware of all those who shirk the lower difficulties: it's a good bet that they shirk the higher difficulties too.

Of the special dangers of the path there is here no space to write; each student finds at each step temptations reflecting his own special weaknesses. I have therefore dealt solely with the dangers inseparable from the path itself, dangers inherent in its nature. Not for one moment would I ask the weakest to turn back or turn aside from that path, but I would ask even the strongest to apply these correctives: first, the sceptical or scientific attitude, both in outlook and method; second, a healthy life, meaning by that what the athlete and the explorer mean; third, hearty human companionship, and devotion to life, work, and duty.

Let him remember that an ounce of honest pride is better than a ton of false humility, although an ounce of true {157} humility is worth an ounce of honest pride; the man who works has no time too bother with either. And let him remember Christ's statement of the Law "to love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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REVIEWS

THE BIG STICK

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. ROBERT HICHENS. Methuen. 6"s."

Mr Hichens once wrote "Flames." This was a pretty powerful book. To-day (tempted, as

I suppose, by a heavy bribe, for he is an artist in his way) he gives us this book with a title borrowed, not from Lytton, whom he has obviously not read, but from some eighteenth-hand source, and contents borrowed from his own "Flames." Hence a tedious novel,

dull novel	unconvincing novel,
stupid novel,	futile novel,
pseudo-occult novel,	banal novel,
pot-boiling novel,	senseless novel,
tired novel,	ground-out novel,
pointless novel,	unreal novel,
fatuous novel,	sorry novel,
etc., etc., etc.	

The above method of filling space I took from Rabelais. Mr Hichens' method is just as obvious.

PANURGE.

MYSTICIAM. EVELYN UNDERHILL. Methuen. 15"s." net.

This lengthy treatise upon the simplest of subjects is more free from pedantry and theological bias than was perhaps to be expected. It is very complete in its way as regards Christian mysticism; but the attempt to restrict the term mysticism to Christian mysticism must fail. It is indeed self-destructive. To exclude the authors of the Bhagavadgita, the Voice of the Silence, Knox Om Pax, and the Tao Teh King is to exclude by implication St. Teresa. To deny Crowley is to deny Christ. Similarly, the attempt to define Magic in terms contrary to its tradition, is sectarian folly. I may disagree with Huxley, but I shall not confute him by saying that he was a bigoted opponent of Evolution.

Roosevelt, in calling Thomas Paine a dirty little Atheist, when he was demonstrably a clean tall Deist, established only the record for falsehood. Mr {160} (or Mrs or Miss?) Evelyn Underhill does the same thing when he abuses the Magi by attributing to them the doctrines and practices of sorcerers. And we think that his sense of awe misleads him in one respect. The Buddha, the Christ, and He whom some of us know as Frater Perdurabo, were all men before they became lost in the Infinity of what some call the One, others the All, others the Naught; and their documents are accessible. These documents are of immeasurably greater value than the lesser writings of the mediaeval saints. In fact, this word mediaeval is of use to us in describing Evelyn Underhill's state of mind. He, she, or it is rather narrow, vastly learned and curiously ignorant, capable of seeing far from within, utterly incapable of seeing an inch from without, a bit of a heresy-hunter and so on. It is clear that the mystic vision even is not his, or how could he remain sectarian? Had he only enough imagination to think of the earth as seen from Cor Scorpionis, all such diatribes would seem infinitely petty. We may splutter about with our little verbal fireworks, as I am doing now; but to take it seriously! "There's nothing serious in mortality;" God is All in All. The Universe is but a mote playing in that sunbeam; why bother to fill 600 dull pages? Nothing is worth writing but literature. Art is

the expression of divine Truth; Mr. Underhill, being no artist, expresses only human error. CANDLESTICK.

DEATH. HEReward CARRINGTON and JOHN R. MEADER. Wm. Rider & Son, 8"s." 6"d." net.

A most interesting and fairly able book. Mr Carrington's hysteria is thoroughly diluted by Mr Meader, or else he has taken a little nourishment and feels better. The Vitality book was the scream of a schoolgirl.

The "theories" of these writers are, however, too comic to discuss seriously. One believes in "Life," a mystical entity flowing through one like a grease-spot through a greenback; the other believes that Death is caused by a man's hypnotising himself into the belief that it must come!

Big as is the present volume, it is necessarily far from complete. Yet I am compelled to admit much against my will that he makes out a very strong case for the persistence of personality after death, and its manifestation through certain mediums. Yet I think that the "coincidence" argument is a little better than is supposed.

The point is that the failures are unrecorded. Take "pure chance" roulette for example. Scientifically, any given run (say 500 on the red) is no more and no less remarkable than any other given run, say R B B R R B B B R R R B B B B, etc., to 500 coups. But the one is acclaimed as a miracle, the other goes unremarked. {161}

Now in the millions of seances of the last sixty years the "evidential" records can be counted in the fingers of one hand.

And it is not antecedently so very improbable that pure chance might dictate correct answers in so small a proportion of cases.

Further, the spiritists have thrown upon science the task of proving a universal negative.

If Sir Oliver Lodge, or Professor Munsterberg, or Lord Cholly Cauliflower, or Mr Upthe Pole comes to me with a tale of unicorns in Piccadilly, I merely humour him. Munsterberg, at least, might be dangerous.

But I should not investigate his statement, and I certainly should not claim to be able to disprove it on "a priori" grounds.

Even in the evidential cases, there is so much room for a mixture of fraud, telepathy, chance, and hysteria, and humanity is so cleaver at stopping chinks with putty and then leaving the door open, that we must continue to suspend judgment.

An amusing case occurred some years ago at Cambridge. I offered to reproduce roughly the performance of the Zancigs (which was then puzzling the foolish in London) without preparation. A stranger to me offered to act as my "medium."

The conditions were these. The ten small cards of a suit were laid on the floor; one was to be touched in the medium's absence and in my presence. The medium was to return and say which it was. The rest of the company were to prevent us from communicating if they could.

Well, they tried everything. In a minute's interview I arranged a button-touching code with my medium, and as each new restriction was put on me I managed to invent a new code. Shifting my pipe, coughing, arranging books, winking, altering the position of my fingers, etc., etc., all were provided against. Then I obtained a confederate. Ultimately the grand sceptic of all devised the following test just as I had passed the note to my medium, "If I can't manage any of the old ways, I'll try and write down the number and put it on the mantelpiece."

And this was the test.

The medium was to be taken from Whewell's Court (were we were) over to the Great Court of Trinity --- well out of all hearing. I was to be left alone with the sceptic, who by this time suspected everybody of being a confederate. He was to touch the card in my presence and then take me away in the opposite direction. The medium was then (at a given time) to return, and tell the card. Now it happened that in the course of general argument about fairness, which I encouraged to enable myself to plot unnoticed in the confusion of talk, that I had stipulated for my sceptic to write down the number that he had {162} touched, to avoid dispute. This he agreed to; he was allowed to hide it as he chose.

I gave up all hope but in bringing off the 9 to 1 chance of my medium's being right. The sceptic kept both eyes on me all the time; if I stirred a finger, he was up in arms. I did keep my back to the mantelpiece, but there was no way of writing down the number.

But it was just at that point that my sceptic's magnificent brain broke down. He had correctly argued everything so far; but then his brain said, "It is important that Crowley shall not know where I hide the paper with the number on it: I must hide it somewhere where he cannot see."

So instead of slipping it into one of the hundreds of books on the shelves, he hid it behind my back, "i.e." on the mantelpiece, where it was duly found!

I must tell just one other story to the point. It throws possibly some light on one or two of the "miracles" which Blavatzky performed in order to disgust the more foolish of her followers.

In June 1906 I was at Margate (God help me!), and asked my friend J_____ to lend me his copy of Abramelin.

"Sorry!" said he. "I lent it to So-and-so, and it has not been returned."

He forgot this conversation: I remembered it.

Staying at his house six months later, I was alone one morning and found the book, which he "knew for a fact" to be in London sixty miles away. It was hidden by the panel of a glass-fronted bookcase.

I hid it in the stuffing of a music-stool, led the conversation at lunch-time to "apports," got my host to suggest my doing this very thing which he was sure I could not do, and, in the evening, did it.

If I had been a cheat, could I have produced better evidence? My host would have sworn that the book was in London in a house unknown to me, whose occupants were unknown to me. He is a man of science and of most accurate and balanced judgment. One little lapse of memory: he forgot that he had told me that the book was not in his shelves; another little lapse of memory: he forgot where the book was; and there is your miracle!

Now for my constructive policy. I suggest that a "spirit" be cultivated on the lines laid down by Eliphaz Levi, "Dogma and Ritual," Chap. XIII., so that he may manifest more wholly. Then let him dictate to two or three segregated mediums a long passage, or a long set of meaningless figures, and get so high a degree of agreement that hardly any doubt remains.

Or if anybody wants a really high evidential proof, let him get the proof of Fermat's Last Theorem, which Fermat died without revealing, and which the united efforts of mathematicians have hitherto failed to discover.

ALEISTER CROWLEY. {163}

THE PORCH. Vol. I., No. 8. 3"d." J. M. WATKINS. THE MIRROR OF SIMPLE SOULS. Of all this admirable series this is the best. Such prose I have rarely found in all my reading. I am beggared of wit to review it; but I implore all who seek the pure Light mirrored in flawless imagery to obtain it.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE APOCALYPSE UNSEALED. "Being an Estoeric Interpretation" of THE INITIATION OF IOANNES. By JAMES M. PRYSE. New York; John M. Pryse, 9-15 Murray Street, 1910. London: J. M. Watkins. 8"s." 6"d." net

It is possible to write upon this book in a freer manner, without offence, than upon any other book in the Canon of Scripture, for there is no other book which has caused so much disquiet to theologians, in all ages, as has the "Revelation of St John the Divine," and it is but in comparatively recent times that it has been generally accepted as Canonical, and this even by those who admit that they do not understand it; and to such as these the "Apocalypse Unsealed" will be a veritable "Revelation" indeed. Mr James

M. Pryse accepts it unreservedly as the work of the Apostle John, but we ought to mention that there is a long string of authorities against this view. Dionysius, who was surnamed the Great, of Alexandria, was a pupil of Origen, and he of Clement of Alexandria, all catechists of the "Arcane Discipline" which taught a Christianised version of the older Gnosis, which Clement and others had brought into the Church from the older secret, or occult, societies of which they were, or had been members. This Dionysius makes a certain John the Presbyter, as of note in Asia Minor in the 1st century, and distinct from the Apostle, to be the author of the book. Presbyter Cajus, or Gaius, of Rome, and the Alogi, attributed it to Cerinthus, a Gnostic of the independent sect of these, and Eusebius quotes both Dionysius and these Alogi; Nicephorus Callistus uses the same as saying that some who had preceded them had manipulated the book in such way, in every chapter, that the original could not be recognised. This may be an exaggeration, but amongst the eminent critics who have denied the authenticity of the book may be mentioned these, and what else can we expect when none to the present time could understand it? Against it are De Wett, Bleek, Ewald, Credner, Schott, Lucke, Neander, Michaelis, who treat the style as utterly foreign to that of John the Apostle. The first-named observes that "Revelation" is characterised by strong Hebraisms, ruggedness, and exhibits the absence of pure Greek words, whilst in the Gospel of John is to be found a calm, deep feeling, but in the Apocalypse we have great creative power of fancy; --- the two minds are at variance with each other. St Jerome had an {164} exalted opinion of the book, and says that it has much of mystery therein; possibly he saw it with the same eyes as Mr Pryse. Even both Luther and Erasmus were doubtful as to its acceptance. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" argues that its allusions are of the 4th or 5th century. It may be mentioned here, that Dom John Chapman, D.O.S., has made an examination of the question this year, and argues, with doubtful success, that John the Presbyter and John the Apostle were the same person, and accepts both the Gospel and the Apocalypse as the works of Apostle John, and accounts for the difference in style as that of the amanuensis whom the Apostle John employed.

Two noticable, but irreconcilable, attempts have in recent years been made to interpret the book, theologically and historically. The learned Dr E. V. Kenealy made sense out of it, but overdid the subject. He believed it to represent the Apocalyptic church of Adam, and found in its addresses to the "Seven Churches" the existence of a great Asian hierarchy of the seven temples of the "twenty-four Ancients," and further, in its various characters, the acts of the twelve divine incarnations, or messengers, who follow each other at periods of 600 years, as taught in regard to the manifestations of Vishnu.

Then, in 1906, we have a book of the astronomer, Nicholas Marazoff, verified by the astronomers Ramin and Lanin, who attempt an astrological view, grounded on the state of the heavens at Patmos on the 30th September 395, at 5 o'clock at night. Jupiter --- the white horse --- was then in Sagittarius; whilst Saturn --- the pale horse --- was in Scorpio; the sun in Virgo, and the moon under her feet. John Chrysostom was then in Patmos, and immediately after 395 was called to Rome to become a presbyter; but Rome finding that the "Second Coming" did not take place, it is argued that he was deprived and banished as a "false prophet." Against this we have the fact that

Chrysostom does not mention the book, but the date assigned agrees with criticisms as the book now stands.

We must defer to the superior knowledge of this modern "Unveiler," though personally I am inclined to accept the views of those early Fathers who assign the authorship to Cerinthus, and also the later German critics, who believe that the first three chapters and the last have been added by a later hand, and other portions altered to agree with the Scriptures held to be orthodox. Of course this, if it were so, does not effect in any way the views of Mr Pryse, but rather strengthens them, as I look upon the imagery of the book as essentially that of the earlier and pre-Christian Gnostics. Though we may not have absolute proof of the great antiquity of the Gnosis, such as Mr Pryse unveils, yet it is clearly Aryan, dating from the time of Momu --- the thinker; then again the development of the Kundalini --- serpent fire --- world's mother, also termed rousing the Brahm --- is said to be shown as issuing from the foreheads of early {165} Egyptian kings; Apollonius of Tyana, a contemporary of our Jesus, visited the Gymnosophists of the Upper Nile, but said that they were not equal to those of India. The British Druids must have had a knowledge of the "Serpent fire" in their secret instruction, or why exclaim, "I am a serpent." The Mythraic Mysteries, and all the Eranoi Societies, were equally protected by the laws of Solon seven centuries B.C., and Mr Pryse observes that only once does the word Halleluiah occur in the Bible, yet we know that it formed the close of a chant in the "Rites of Purification" in a call to the slain god for deliverance, in pre-Christian centuries, and further there are Mythraic traces in Revelation. We also know from a large mass of inscriptions found in recent times, that the early Christians made use of the very ancient societies, and by that course spread their doctrine. Before the issue of the "Unsealing," the same translator published the "Magical Message of Ioannes," a translation of great value which receives much additional light from the later work, and the more so as it supplies, in a knowledge of Hermetic Greek, much meaning which escapes us in the authorised version.

In the "Unsealing," Mr. Pryse goes solid for the book, the whole book, and nothing but the book, as the veritable work of the Apostle John, hence the clergy may extend a welcome hand to it. He quite believes it is a work of the Apostle John, and defends the style; amongst these there are some doubtless who are narrow-minded, but here, and still more prominently in America, there are broad-minded clergy who will welcome the Unsealing.

The Freemasons too in their higher grades, which have more or less reached us through the Rosicrucians, have very strong allusions to the Apocalypse, and may profit by it, and this refers to several systems practised throughout the world. Thus the Order of Heredom (Harodim) Rosy Cross, which has an unchanged Ritual from 1740, at least, draws upon Dionysius the Areopagite, a disciple of St Paul, and it has also a rhythmetical description of the New Jerusalem. Again, two entire degrees of the Scottish Rite of 33 Degree are drawn from the Apocalypse, and certainly entered the Rite before 1758, and seem as if they were drawn bodily from the Rosicrucian Militia of the Cross: I allude to the 17 Degree Knight of the East and West, and the 19 Degree of Grand Pontiff, which treat upon the Heavenly Jerusalem, and the opening scene of the

Revelations. It was rather a pity that when the late Albert Pike was revising the Rituals, he did not consolidate the Rite by changing the places of the 17 Degree with the 20 Degree, which latter treats of Zerubbabel. His predecessor Morin, in 1767, did a like thing by the Amalgamation of Prince Adept, which he had in his patent of 1762, with Knight of the Sun, and supplying the blank thus created with Patriarch Noachite. There is also the Royal Oriental Order of the Sat Bhai which was founded 1743-5 by a Brahmin Pundit at Prag, for certain Anglo-Indian officers, and which is now well established in America. {166}

The idea that Revelation is a book of Initiation is not altogether new to Freemasons, as the late Dr Geo. Oliver elaborated that view at considerable length, but Mr Pryse's view is quite a different sort of Initiation; it is the development of the semi-miraculous powers of the Gnosis of Clement, Origen, and the early Christian Church, the birth of the divine three principles, the Crestos, in the human soul. The key to this "Unsealing" is the text itself, in which is found the Nos. 333, 444, 666, 777, 888, 999, 1000, as applied to the seven principal "chakras" of the human body, as taught by Greek Yogis. Apart altogether from the possession of a reliable literal translation of the book, there are seventy-five pages upon the development of the "Kundalini," and each subject is followed in the text by a commentary in application. Mr Pryse expresses the view that the book is necessarily incomprehensible to the conventional theologian, yet easily comprehended by the esoteric Initiate, "i.e." by him who possesses the Gnosis, and that the drama is perfect in all its parts. I may add that most of this class of Initiative books had a double interpretation, and hence that the same may be equally found in the Apocalypse, but into this Mr Pryse does not enter. JOHN YARKER.

Mr Pryse has undoubtedly found the key of the Apocalypse, and many of his interpretations are profound and accurate. But he is afflicted by sexual mania to an extent positively shocking, and does not understand the harmony of the principles. Adeptship is balanced growth, not lopping. A rose dies if you remove the root and stalk, Mr Pryse!

He is unfortunately a poor scholar, and has developed the American literary sense to an incredible point. He translates

GR:alpha-kappa-rho-alpha-sigma-iota-alpha, "impotence, lack of control," as "sensuality," GR:alpha-gamma-gamma-epsilon-lambda-omicron-sigma as "divinity," and gives us "saucers" for "vials"!

Unfortunately, too, he has studied Eastern Mysticism at second-hand, through Theosophical spectacles. Nor has he kept even to Blavatsky the genius, but relied upon her commentators, who had neither her learning nor her experience.

But he has the key, and it opens the way for a real study of "St John" by a person of greater ability.

It is a very remarkable fact, however, that Akrasia (333) and Akolasia (333) should so

accurately describe Choronzon (333). No higher test of the truth of "The Vision and the Voice" could be desired.

Again, 666 is GR:'Eta Phi-rho-eta-nu, not the Lower Mind, as Mr Pryse unhellenically says, but Tiphereth, the Lion that lieth down with the Lamb. Nor, by the way, is Iacchos a phallic God except as 'Omicron Nu-iota-kappa-omega-nu himself is phallic, and has his mystic {167} name written upon that organ, according to Mr Pryse! Iacchus = IAO = Jehovah, and concentrates I.N.R.I.

We recommend the book for its suggestion and insight; it is one of the best of the kind.
NICK LAMB.

SALAMAN ET ABSAL, POEME ALLEGORIQUE PERSIAN DE DJAMI. Traduit par AUGUSTE BRICTEUX, Ph.D., Litt.D., etc. etc., avec une Introduction sur le Mysticisme persan, etc. Bruxelles, 10 rue de la Tribune (Librairie Ch. Carrington). 10 "francs."
A magnificent volume without and within. This, with the single exception of the "Bagh-i-muattar" (Probsthain & Co., 1910, 3 "gs.", and therefore difficult of access), is the greatest of Persian mystic treatises, though it is rather elementary. But we can recommend no better volume for those who know but a little. Dr Bricteux has no experience of mysticism, and so makes mistakes. This was to be expected, but I am surprised at the scholar's error of asserting that the Hindu system lacks the method of love. As ninety-five Hindus practise Bhakti-Yoga for five that practise any other kind, we advise Dr Bricteux to be more careful. But this is a small blemish on a very fine essay.
ABHAVANANDA.

RUBAIYAT D'OMAR KHAYYAMI. Mis en Rimes francaises par JULES DE BARTHOLD. Bruxelles, 10 rue de la Tribune (Librairie Ch. Carrington). 5 "francs."
Since the "loathsome and abominable" disclosures with regard to Edward Fitzgerald and "Posh," I suppose every decent Englishman has burnt his copy of the Quatrains. It is consequently very pleasant to find a new translation, accurately representing the original, in beautiful and lucid French. The verses flow with the sound of wine poured in a thirsty country. We can recommend this book to all lovers of whom the "Daily Telegraph" would call "the astronomer-poet of Persia," and then "the tent-maker of Naishapur." A.L.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Par GERARD HARVEY. Bruxelles, Ch. Carrington. 2.50 "francs."

I hope I shall find a Gerard Harvy at the Day of Judgment. There is none of that nasty carping spirit which spoils so many sunny natures. When the great Maurice dines alone, it is his almost monachal asceticism; when he has company, it is his genial bonhomie. He smokes --- how brave of him; but of course it is denicotinised tobacco --- how prudent of him! He sometimes sleeps alone --- the modern Galahad; and sometimes with somebody else --- "even his {168} Heinesque moods are steeled through with a strong man's virility." In short, Dr Pangloss was indeed the greatest of philosophers --- until Gerard Harvey wiped the floor with him. A.L.

THE LIMIT. By ADA LEVERSON. 6"s."

Mrs Leverson is easily the dantiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece "the limit." Mrs Leverson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled, and bedizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge, and chalk, until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of "An Idyll in Bloomsbury," but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or in Bayswater. FELIX.

THE SOUL OF THE MOOR. William Rider & Son. 2"s." net.

"Success meant life! Failure --- worse than death, for there would be the everlasting self-reproach! Dare I attempt the experiment?"

This sounds familiar, but, if memory serves me right, Mr Dion Clayton Calthorpe's drama continues in this strain, --- "He carefully surveyed his ashen face in the tiny glass suspended over his washhand stand, then, with hasty, trembling fingers, he dipped his leaky shaving-brush into the icy water, and proceeded, at the ghastly hour of 6 a.m., TO SHAVE!"

Perhaps the fact that "My wife was very ill" accounts for the variation.

Mr Stratford D. Jolly is much too busy a man to devote much time to the "Serious study of the occult," and it is a pity he should have spent so much time upon the forty-five chapters which comprise this work, instead of upon some other subjects with which he might be more conversant.

In short, it is a flabby, gentlemanly book, which should find a ready sale among the more "goody" portion of Suburbia, the only place where the Hero could be appreciated!

Despite the author's obvious endeavour, there is absolutely nothing immoral in this book, and I can recommend it to great-grandchildren as a suitable Christmas present for their grandmother's aunt.

My congratulations to the illustrator for so thoroughly seizing the spirit of the book.
BUNCO {169}

CHRONICLES OF PHARMACY. By A. C. WOOTTON. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 21"s."

The title of this work justifies itself as the reader reaches the end of the second volume. To the pharmacist it is an extremely useful book, and in a great many instances furnishes information of an interesting character, which the busy man would have difficulty in finding in pharmaceutical history. To the student of the occult it ought to appeal strongly, as the author gives a long list of drugs used in religious ceremonies in different ages, and although the present century is so much in advance, we find that the

incenses and sweet odours used in ceremonial magic to-day are the same as those used in Egypt, in the worship of Isis, and in the services held in the Temple of Solomon. Mention is also made of the preparations made by the ancient alchemists which were thought to have magic power. Short biographical sketches of some of the old masters of pharmacy appear, but after Liebig we have no special mention of the pharmacists of the last century.

A interesting chapter on Poisons in History, introducing the stories of poisoners and the drugs employed, furnishes material for the budding novelist, to whom in fact the whole of this excellent work may be recommended. To the occult reader the concluding chapter on names and symbols would be of considerable service, and might be useful for reference.

The book, which is published in two volumes, is profusely illustrated, and well printed and bound. Had the author not been known as the popular editor of a pharmaceutical newspaper and an authority on all matters connecting with pharmacy, "The Chronicles" would have proved an excellent monument to his memory; unfortunately Mr Wootton died before his book left the publisher's hands. E. WHINERAY, M.P.S.

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"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be! "Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself --- fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.' "You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

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About this capture

"SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT"

NOTE

The Rites were written
and produced by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

except parts of the Rites of Mars
and of Mercury
which were written by an adept
who wishes to remain anonymous.

The solos were chosen from her
repertoire by Miss Leila Waddell.

[In view of the absurd statements as to the character of these rites
which have been made in certain quarters, it has been thought that the
best reply is the publication of the text in full. ED.]

{}

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS AS
PERFORMED AT CAXTON
HALL WESTMINSTER IN
OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER
1910 BY MISS LEILA WAD-
DELL AND MR ALEISTER
CROWLEY WITH DIS-
TINGUISHED ASSISTANCE

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III. THE RITE OF MARS.
IV. THE RITE OF SOL.
V. THE RITE OF VENUS.
VI. THE RITE OF MERCURY.
VII. THE RITE OF LUNA.
{v}

TO MY FRIEND
COMMANDER G. M. MARSTON, R.N.
to whose suggestion
these rites
are due
they are gratefully dedicated.

{vi}

THE RITE OF SATURN

{1}

THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

MAGISTER TEMPLI, "the representative of Binah, Saturn."
MATER COELI, "Venus in Libra, the house of Saturn's exaltation."
BROTHER AQUARIUS, "the house of Saturn; in Chesed, because Pisces is water:
"Hope."
BROTHER CAPRICORNUS, "in the throne of Capricornus, the house of Saturn; in
Geburah, because Mars is exalted therein. He is Mars in Capricornus."
BROTHER CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS.
THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS, or CHORAGOGE.

SCENE. --- "In the East is a veiled shrine, containing an altar. To its Chokmah, Binah, Chesed, and Geburah are M. T., M. C., Bro. A., and Bro. C. respectively. Bro C. E. is disguised as an ordinary member of the garrison."

{3}

THE RITE OF SATURN

PART I

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS "enters and turns off Blue light. Red lamps are brought in by" BROTHER CAPRICORNUS "and the" LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

"First the Temple is lighted by two red lamps." PROBATIONERS "chant the Capricornus and Aquarius sections from" 963 "while others wait without in darkness. Red lights are then hidden within veil." BROTHER CAPRICORNUS "turns on the Blue light."

"The Temple being in darkness, and the assistants seated, let" BROTHER CAPRICORNUS "arise from his throne, and knock thrice with his spear-butt upon the floor." MAGISTER TEMPLI "in the shrine, with" MATER COELI.

CAPRICORNUS. Procul, O procul este profani!

["He performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram.
He next lights the hell-broth and recites:"]

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

Even as the profane hand
Reacheth to the sacred sand,
Fire consumes him that his name be forgotten in the land. {5}

Even as the wicked eye
Seeks the mysteries to spy,
So the blindness of the gods takes his spirit: he shall die.

Even as the evil priest,
Poisoned by the sacred feast,
Changes by its seven powers to the misbegotten beast:

Even as the powers of ill,
Broken by the wandred will,
Shriek about the holy place, vain and vague and terrible:

Even as the lords of hell,
Chained in fires before the spell,
Strain upon the sightless steel, break not fetters nor compel:

So be distant, O profane!
Children of the hurricane!
Lest the sword of fire destroy, lest the ways of death be plain!

So depart, and so be wise,
Lest your perishable eyes
Look upon the formless fire, see the maiden sacrifice!

So depart, and secret flame
Burn upon the stone of shame,
That the holy ones may hear music of the sleepless Name!

Holy, holy, holy spouse
Of the sun-engirdled house,
With the secret symbol burning on thy multiscient brows!

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, let us awaken the Master of the Temple.
[THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS "beats the tom-tom, and the other brethren clap
and stamp their feet. No result."] {6}
Silence --- it is in vain! Brethren, let us invoke the assistance of the
Mother of Heaven!
["He goes to veil and reaches through with his hands."]

MATER COELI. ["Passes through Throne of" MAGISTER TEMPLI "and enters the Temple."] Children, what is your will with me?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, we beseech thee to awaken the Master.

MATER COELI. What is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, it lacks a quarter of midnight.

MATER COELI. Be it unto your desire!

["She plays.<> As she ends she kneels: the veil

slowly parts, and" MAGISTER TEMPLI "is seen standing in shrine. He slowly enters Temple." Mater Coeli "returns to throne, having been blessed and raised by him."]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, beloved of the Stars, wherefore hast thou awakened the Poison of Eld, the Dweller in Eternity?

MATER COELI. Shabbathai.

[MAGISTER TEMPLI "comes down to hell-broth and recites "The Eyes of Pharaoh."]

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out the tomb
Burned like twin planets ruby-red.
Enswathed, enthroned, the halls of gloom
Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh sate:
No breath went whispering, hushed or scared.
Only that red incarnate hate
Through pylon after pylon flared. {7}

As in the blood of murdered things
The affrighted augur shaking skries
Earthquake and ruinous fate of kings,
Famine and desperate destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone
The hate and loathing that compel
In death each damned minion
Of Set, the accursed lord of Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire there sate
Some cruel knowledge closely curled
Like serpents in those halls of hate,
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those eyes
The ashen skull of Pharaoh shone
White as the moonrays that surprise
The invoking Druse on Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered round
To pylon an unearthly tune,
Like phantom priests that strike and sound
Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable perfume
Beat the black air with golden fans
As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb
With damascened yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead
Of ancient queens corrupt and fair
Struck through the temple, subtly sped
By demons dominant of the air.

Last, on the flesh there came a touch
Like sucking mouths and stroking hands
That laid their foul alluring smutch
Even to the blood's mad sarabands. {8}

So did the neophyte that would gaze
Into dead Pharaoh's awful eyes
Start from incalculable amaze
To clutch the initiate's place and prize.

He bore the blistering thought aloft:
It blazed in battle on his plume:
With sage and warrior enfeoffed,
He rushed alone through tower and tomb.

The myriad men, the cohorts armed,
Are shred like husks: the ensanguine brand
Leaps like a flame, a flame encharmed
To fire the pyramid heaven-spanned

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and stares,
Swathed in the wrappings of the tomb,
With eyes whose horror flits and flares
Like corpse-lights glimmering in the gloom

Till all's a blaze, one roar of flame,
Death universal, locked and linked: ---
Aha! one names the awful Name ---
The twin red planets are extinct.

["A pause."

["The lamp burns out, and darkness covers all."

[LEADER OF THE CHORUS "secretly removes hell-broth vase." {9}

PART II

"The Temple in Darkness"

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1.<> Brother Aquarius, what is the time?

AQUARIUS. Midnight.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Capricornus, what is the place?

CAPRICORNUS. The Fortress that is upon the Frontier of the Abyss.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brothers Aquarius and Capricornus, is the Beloved with us?

AQUARIUS "and" CAPRICORNUS. The Mother of Heaven is enthroned.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

["Recites Swinburne's "Ilicet".<>"]

[MATER COELI "plays accordingly.<>"]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Aquarius, to what end are we assembled?

AQUARIUS. ["Rises and whispers in his ear."] Shabbathai.

ALL ["aloud"]. Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Are the brethren fed? {10}

AQUARIUS. Upon the corpses of their children.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Have they quenched their thirst?

AQUARIUS. Upon poppy-heads infused in blood.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The raven has croaked.

AQUARIUS. The owl has hooted.

CAPRICORNUS. The bat has flapped its wings.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Then ...

Lights! [CAPRICORNUS "switches on the blue glare."

1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. 1. Master, there are evil things abroad. ["To" CAPRICORNUS]
Turn out the guard!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, stand to your arms!

["All" PROBATIONERS "rise and follow him. He pricks all assistants with his
spear, inspects doors, etc."]

Master, every man is vigilant at his post. There is no alarm.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. 1. Master, there is a traitor within the gates. ["To"
CAPRICORNUS] Inspect the garrison!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, purify your hearts!

["He rises and looks into every eye. When he comes to" BRO. CAPRICORNUS
EMISSARIUS, "he hales him forth by the hair, before the altar, and
plunges his spear into him. He completes inspection. Returns and

bows to" MAGISTER TEMPLI.]
Master, justice has been executed upon the traitor. Only the faithful remain.
MAGISTER TEMPLI. So perish all traitors!
[CAPRICORNUS "extinguishes light."
["A pause." {11}]

PART III

"Darkness"

AQUARIUS. ["Comes forward and kneels to" MAGISTER TEMPLI.] Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.
MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no crackling in the dried leaves.
[CAPRICORNUS "joins" AQUARIUS "kneeling."
AQUARIUS "and" CAPRICORNUS. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.
MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no heart in the black lamb.
["All" PROBATIONERS "join" AQUARIUS "and" CAPRICORNUS "kneeling."
ALL. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.
MAGISTER TEMPLI. The sacred python was found dead.
[MATER COELI "comes forward, kneels before" MAGISTER TEMPLI, "thus making the apex to the pyramid of petitioners, rises and plays her petition,<> then again kneels."]
MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let the ceremony proceed.
[MATER COELI "returns to her throne." AQUARIUS "rises, and" CAPRICORNUS "returns to his post and lights the lamp." {12}
AQUARIUS "and all present dance wildly for joy to the sound of the tom-tom."]
["During the confusion" BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS "slips into the temple and hides behind the veil, where he removes his disguise and dons his dancing robe."]
MAGISTER TEMPLI. Silence! ["A pause."
MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1.
AQUARIUS. 1.
MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Holy be the Lamps of Joy!
AQUARIUS. Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow!
MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let us enter the ark of Increased Knowledge!
CAPRICORNUS. Hail, thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids!
AQUARIUS. Hail, thou that art encamped upon the Great Sea!
MAGISTER TEMPLI. Hail, brethren!

CAPRICORNUS. Master, what is Increased Knowledge?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Death.

AQUARIUS. Master, what is the Ark thereof?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The grave.

AQUARIUS "and" CAPRICORNUS. Master, how shall we enter it?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Arise and follow me!

["He rises and circumambulates the temple widdershins." CAPRICORNUS "plucks forth every third person and makes them follow him, continuing this process until one only is left. To this one" MAGISTER TEMPLI "addresses the allocution, as he hales him forth."]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Thou also must die!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI "stops in "E. {13}

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brethren! let us humbly seek for help behind the veil!

["He throws veil open, showing the empty shrine." BRO. CAPRICORNUS

EMISSARIUS "must have well dissimulated himself so that he is not

discovered." MAGISTER TEMPLI "draws veil again." CAPRICORNUS "puts out light."]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Alas! there is no God!

["Returns to his throne. All move confusedly about wailing aloud."]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Silence.

["All resume seats."

Behold, I declared it unto you and ye believed me not!

["A pause." {14}

PART IV

"Darkness"

AQUARIUS. In truth, master, the ceremony cannot proceed. There is no god in the shrine.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brother Aquarius, let search be made.

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, let search be made.

["Light on."

[CAPRICORNUS "enters veil and walks up and down. He returns."]

["Lights off."

Brother Capricornus, what do you find?

CAPRICORNUS. Master, there is nothing but a little pile of dust.

AQUARIUS. There is no living thing therein?

CAPRICORNUS. There is no living thing therein.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. ["Recites poem: "Colloque sentimental."

In the ancient frozen solitary park

Two figures passed anon --- now mark!

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey;
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two ghosts evoke the past --- oh hark!

"Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?"
"Why do you wish to remind me?"

"Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow?
"Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear?" "No." {15}

"Ah! the fair days of joyance and of glee
"When our mouths kissed, ah hissed!" "Maybe!"

"How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear!"
"Hope has gone down to Hell's nadir."

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.

AQUARIUS. Master, it is not to be borne.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!
["Recites Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine."
[MATER COELI "plays accordingly.<>"

CAPRICORNUS. Master, it is not to be borne!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us work together!

MATER COELI. Behold thine handmaiden!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI "And" MATER COELI "go together hand in hand, within the
veil."

CAPRICORNUS "turns light up."]

[MATER COELI "plays a Paean of despair.<>"

[MAGISTER TEMPLI, "rending veil, appears standing on altar."

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark!
O battling in black floods without an ark!
O spectral wanderers of unholy Night!
My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,
With bitter blood-drops running down like tears:
Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale!
Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail
And perish in your perishing unblest.

And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope
Of all our universe, with desperate hope
To find some solace for your wild unrest. {16}

And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave,
Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
To other beings, with their own time-doom
Infinite aeons are our kind began;
Infinite aeons after the last man
Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,
Which never had for man a special clause
Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate:
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,
Is it by favour or by wrath of fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
By countless interactions interknit:
If one is born a certain day on earth,
All times and forces tended to that birth,
Not all the world could change or hinder it. {17}

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse:
I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
A few short years must bring us all relief:
Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.

["Blow out red lights."

[BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS "runs out with tom-tom and dances wildly. At the conclusion" AQUARIUS "and" CAPRICORNUS "run up, tearing the veil asunder." BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS "flings himself at foot of altar."

CHORAGOGE "lights salt again, or other glare." MAGISTER TEMPLI "is discovered lying dead, his head supported by" MATER COELI "weeping."]

[CAPRICORNUS "extinguishes the light."

[AQUARIUS "draws the veil."

[MATER COELI "plays the final hopeless dirge.<>"

["Silence."

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, what is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Noon.

AQUARIUS. Let us depart; it is accomplished. ["Full light."

[CAPRICORNUS "stands with drawn sword before the veil; the others escort the people out."] {18}

THE RITE OF JUPITER

OFFICERS

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO. "Black Robe, Swastika,"

SPHINX. "Green Robe, Violin and Sword."

HERMANUBIS. "Violet Robe, Caduceus."

TYPHON. "Red Robe, Prong two-forked, or Sword."

HEBE. .

GANYMEDE. . "Cup-bearers and Dancers. White Robes."

"The Temple represents the Wheel of Fortune of the Tarot. At its axle is the Altar on which sits C.I.C.T. On the rim, S. at East spoke, H. at North-West, T. at South-West. Hebe and Ganymede are seated at the feet of C.I.C.T. To the West of the Wheel is the Veil."

{21}

THE RITE OF JUPITER

PART I

C.I.C.T. 1-333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

HEBE. Pisces Section from 963. [See Equinox, No. III., Special Supplement.]

SPHINX. Brother Hermanubis, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

HERMANUBIS. 4444, Brother Typhon, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

[TYPHON "draws aside veil as" GANYMEDE "begins his dance. Lights down."]

HERMANUBIS. Welcome to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

Bear the bowls of Libation! ("done").

Be silent and secret! For it is by stealth that we are here assembled.

Know that Saturn hath been deceived, having swallowed a black stone, thinking it to be his son, the child Jupiter. But Jupiter is here enthroned, and shall

overthrow his father. Beware then lest ye break silence --- until Jupiter be ready to make war!

TYPHON. Him that speaketh will I slay forthright!

["A long pause." {23}

PART II

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO 1.

SPHINX 1. HERMANUBIS 1. TYPHON 1.

TYPHON. Hail unto thee, thou great god Hermanubis!

Art thou not the messenger of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto thee, thou great god Typhon!

Art thou not the executor of his vengeance?

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the hour?

HERMANUBIS. Noon. Brother Typhon, what is the place?

TYPHON. The summit of Olympus. Brother Hermanubis, what is thy position?

HERMANUBIS. Upon the rim of the Wheel. And Thine?

TYPHON. Upon the rim of the Wheel.

HERMANUBIS. Let us seek the centre of the Wheel.

["They with" SPHINX "rise and walk, faster and faster round the rim,
returning exhausted to their places."]

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, we are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

HERMANUBIS. We are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

TYPHON. Hast thou no message from the Gods?

HERMANUBIS. None, brother. Let us seek an oracle of the Gods.

["They rise and go round the rim, stopping and prostrating themselves before
the" SPHINX.] {24}

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto Thee, that hast the secret of Jupiter!

Declare unto us, we beseech Thee, the mystery whereby we may approach the centre of the wheel.

[SPHINX "plays a riddling sarcastic music.<>"

[TYPHON "goes to his place in terror."

[HERMANUBIS "goes to his place in wonderment."

SPHINX. Neither by sloth nor by activity may even my secret be attained.
Neither by emotion nor by reason may even I be understood. How then should ye come to the centre of the wheel?

HERMANUBIS. Mother of mystery, what is thy position on Olympus?

SPHINX. Upon the rim of the wheel.

C.I.C.T. Feeling, and thought, and ecstasy

Are but the ceremonies of Me.

Thrown off like planets from the Sun

Ye are but satellites of the One.
But should your revolution stop
Ye would inevitably drop
Headlong within the central Soul,
And all the parts become the Whole.
Sloth and activity and peace,
When will ye learn that ye must cease?

TYPHON. How should I cease from lethargy?

HERMANUBIS. How should I quench activity?

SPHINX. How should I give up ecstasy?

C.I.C.T. What shines upon your foreheads?

S.H.T. ("together"). The Eye within the Triangle. {25}

C.I.C.T. What burns upon your breasts?

S.H.T. ("together"). The Rosy Cross.

C.I.C.T. Brethren of the Rosy Cross! Aspirants to the Silver Star! Not
until these are ended can ye come to the centre of the wheel.

When the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted at the glance
Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms dance
With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn, and with the bloom
Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden valley's gloom;
Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the solemn ways
Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry rays;
Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and all its peace;
And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard sounds hush and cease.
In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of death and birth,
In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a heaven and earth,
Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever dear,
Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful tear.
These are with me, these are of me, these approve me, these obey,
Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of the night and day.
These are real, these illusion: I am of them, false or frail,
True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-veil,
Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world beneath its stem;
Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counterpart in them
As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,
Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to disappear,
Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing bud dissever:
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are nothingness for ever.
In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes these visions pass,
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no stain upon the glass.
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last certain calm of will,
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and grow still.
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's utmost flame,
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and form and name!
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre; lake, rise up in mist to sun;

Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Master's work is done.
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and sweet and strong,
Cleanse the world with light of healing in the ancient House of Wrong! {26}
Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being tossed!
Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether lost!

["A pause."]

SPHINX 1. HERMANUBIS 1. TYPHON 1.

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO 1.

["A pause."]

{27}

PART III

TYPHON. I desire to begin the banquet.

HERMANUBIS. Brother Typhon, I will inquire of the Oracle.

Mother of Mystery, I beseech thee to begin the Banquet; for it is certainly necessary that this should be done.

[SPHINX "turns, bows, and stretches her hands in mute appeal to "C.I.C.T.]

C.I.C.T. 1. I heed not the passion, or the reason, or the soul of man.

Mother of Mystery, declare my will.

[SPHINX "plays the most exalted (passionless because beyond passion) piece that she may.<>"]

HERMANUBIS. This means nothing to me.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. 1. Mother of Mystery, declare my mind.

[SPHINX "plays a cold, passionless, intellectual piece.<>"]

HERMANUBIS. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. 1. Mother of Mystery, declare my heart.

[SPHINX "plays an intensely sensual passionate piece.<>"]

TYPHON. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter. {28}

HERMANUBIS. Accursed! Accursed! be the soul of impurity, the body of Sin!

C.I.C.T. 1. Irreconcilable, my children, how shall ye partake of the Banquet of Jupiter, or come to the centre of the wheel? For this is the secret of Jupiter, that He who created you is in each of you, yet apart from all; before Him ye are equal, revolving in time and in Space; but he is unmoved and within.

["A pause."]

TYPHON. 1.

[TYPHON "recites."]

Sweet, sweet are May and June, dear,

The loves of lambent spring,
Our lamp the drooping moon, dear,
Our roof, the stars that sing;
The bed, of moss and roses;
The night, as long as death!
Still, breath!
Life wakens and reposes,
Love ever quickeneth!

Sweet, sweet, when Lion and Maiden,
The motley months of gold,
Swoop down with sunlight laden,
And eyes are bright and bold.
Life-swelling breasts uncover
Their warm involving deep ---
Love, sleep! ---
And lover lies with lover
On air's substantial steep.

Ah! sweeter was September ---
The amber rain of leaves,
The harvest to remember,
The load of sunny sheaves.
In gardens deeply scented,
In orchards heavily hung,
Love flung
Away the days demented
With lips that curled and clung. {29}

Ah! sweeter still October,
When russet leaves go grey,
And sombre lovers and sober
Make twilight of the day.
Dark dreams and shadows tenser
Throb through the vital scroll,
Man's soul.
Lift, shake the subtle censer
That hides the cruel coal!

Still sweeter when the Bowman
His silky shaft of frost
Lets loose on earth, that no man
May linger nor be lost.
The barren woods, deserted.
Lose echo of our sighs ---
Love --- dies? ---

Love lives --- in granite skirted,
And under oaken skies.

But best is grim December,
The Goatish God his power;
The Satyr blows the ember,
And pain is passion's flower;
When blood drips over kisses,
And madness sobs through wine: ---
Ah, mine! ---
The snake starts up and hisses
And strikes and --- I am thine!

["He crouches at the feet of" SPHINX "toward" C.I.C.T.
[HERMANUBIS "recites."

HERMANUBIS. 1.

O coiled and constricted and chosen!
O tortured and twisted and twined!
Deep spring of my soul deep frozen,
The sleep of the truth of the mind!
As a bright snake curled
Round the Vine of the World! {30}

O sleeper through dawn and through daylight,
O sleeper through dusk and through night!
O shifted from white light to gray light,
From gray to the one black light!
O silence and sound
In the far profound!

O serpent of scales as an armour
To bind on the breast of a lord!
Not deaf to the Voice of the Charmer,
Not blind to the sweep of the sword!
I strike to the deep
That thou stir in thy sleep!

Rise up from mine innermost being!
Lift up the gemmed head to the heart!
Lift up till the eyes that were seeing
Be blind, and their life depart!
Till the Eye that was blind
Be a lamp to my mind!

Coil fast all thy coils on me, dying,
Absorbed in the sense of the Snake!

Stir! leave the flower-throne, and up-flying!
Hiss once, and hiss thrice, and awake!
Then crown me and cling!
Flash forward --- and spring!

Flash forth on the fire of the altar,
The stones, and the sacrifice shed;
Till the Three Worlds flicker and falter,
And life and her love be dead!
In mysterious joy
Awake --- and destroy!

["He crouches at the feet of" SPHINX "toward" C.I.C.T.
SPHINX. 1.
C.I.C.T. 1. [SPHINX "plays an enchantment.<>"
C.I.C.T. ("recites.") {31}

Lift up this love of peace and bliss,
The starry soul of wine,
Destruction's formidable kiss,
The lamp of the divine:
This shadow of a nobler name
Whose life is strife, whose soul is fame!

I rather will exalt the soul
Of man to loftier height,
And kindle at a livelier coal
The subtler soul of light.
From these soft splendours of a dream
I turn, and seek the Self supreme.

This world is shadow-shapen of
The bitterness of pain.
Vain are the little lamps of love!
The light of life is vain!
Life, death, joy, sorrow, age and youth
Are phantoms of a further truth.

Beyond the splendour of the world,
False glittering of the gold,
A Serpent is in slumber curled
In wisdom's sacred cold.
Life is the flaming of that flame.
Death is the naming of that name,

The forehead of the snake is bright

With one immortal star,
Lighting her coils with living light
To where the nenuphar
Sleeps for her couch. All darkness dreams
The thing that is not, only seems.

That star upon the serpent's head
Is called the soul of man.
That light in shadows subtly shed
The glamour of life's plan. {32}
The sea whereon that lotus grows
Is thought's abyss of tears and woes.

Leave Sirenusa! Even Greece
Forget! they are not there!
By worship cometh not the Peace,
The Silence not by prayer.
Leave the illusions, life and time
And Death, and seek that star sublime,

Until the lotus and the sea
And snake no longer are,
And single through Eternity
Exists alone the Star,
And utter Knowledge rise, and cease
In that which is beyond the Peace!

[GANYMEDE "dances and falls as dead."

TYPHON. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

HERMANUBIS. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

SPHINX. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

C.I.C.T. Let the banquet of Jupiter begin!

["All go without veil, except" C.I.C.T. "and" SPHINX. HERMANUBIS "and"
TYPHON draw and guard the veil." SILENCE.]

C.I.C.T. 1-333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

[HERMANUBIS "and" TYPHON "draw veil." SPHINX "is standing before altar."

C.I.C.T. "has disappeared. He has donned a white robe, and panther-
skin, and white and gold nemmes." HERMANUBIS, TYPHON, "and others
return to their places." HERMANUBIS "and" TYPHON "come forward and
salute" SPHINX.]

TYPHON. 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter? {33}

HERMANUBIS. 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

[SPHINX "plays a triumphant melody.<>"

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the place?

HERMANUBIS. The Summit of Mount Kithairon.